Retro Hell! (part one) / Issue #25

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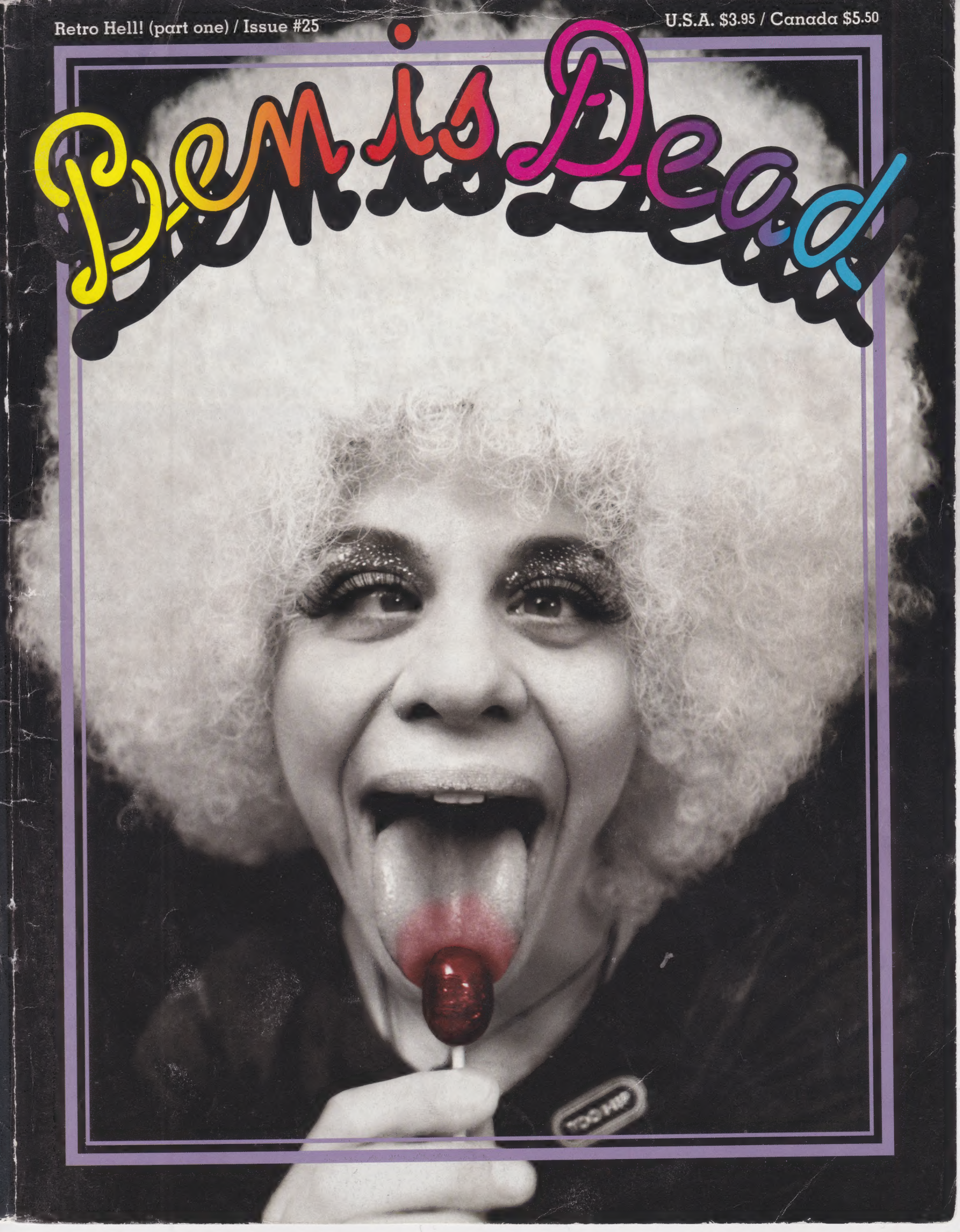

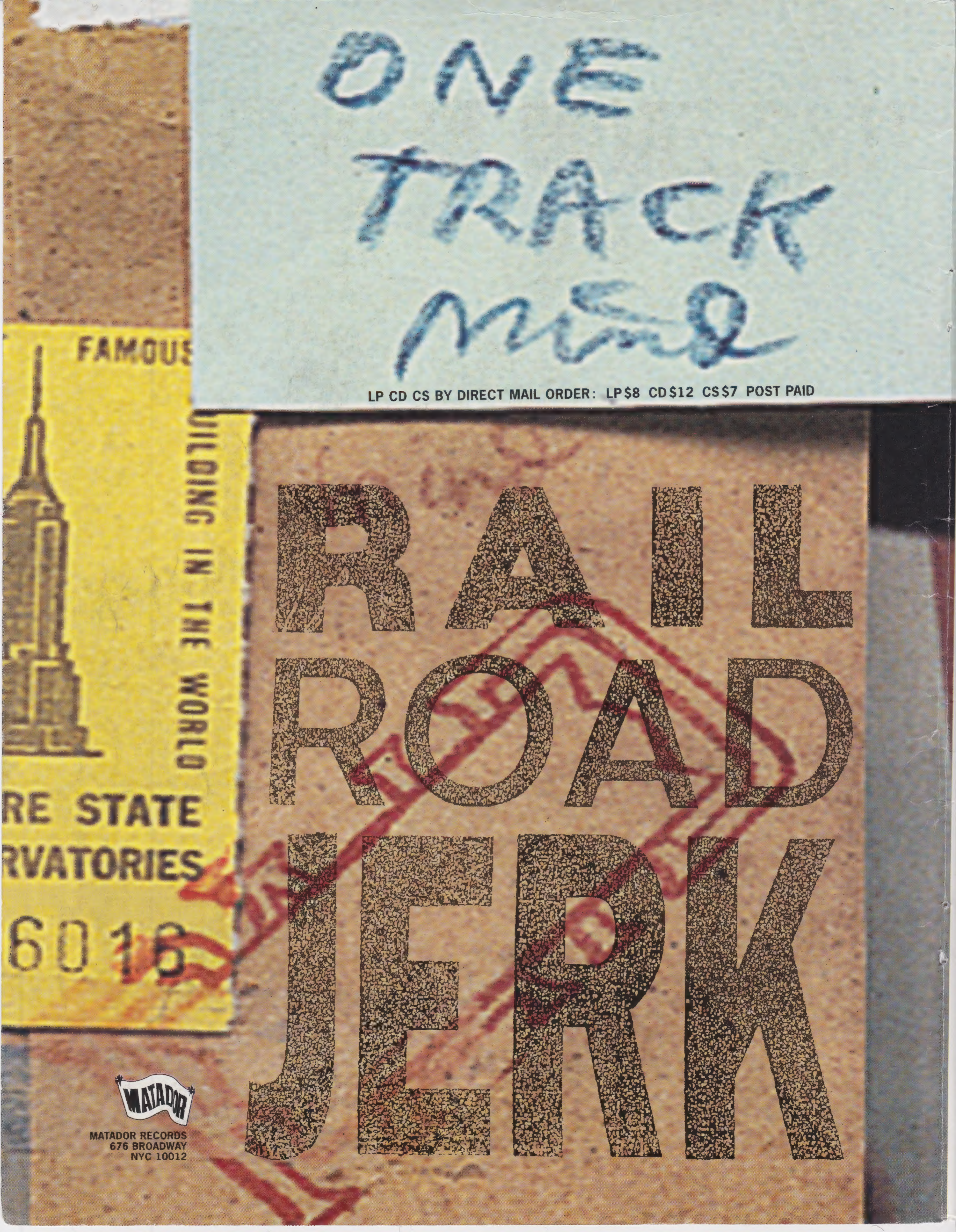
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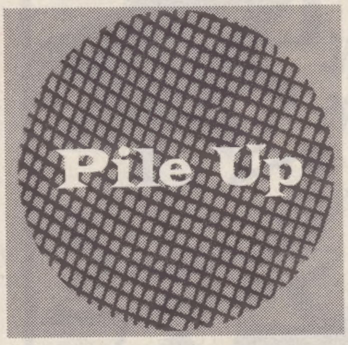

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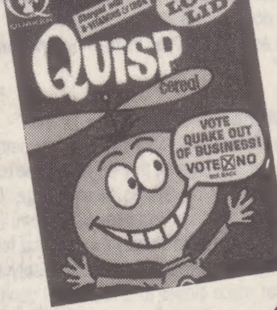

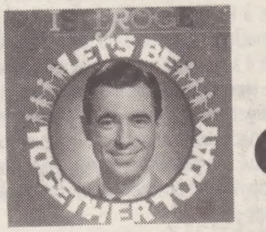

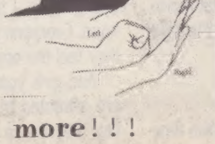

Cover model Niko thinks she's a black woman born in the age of Aquarius. She enjoys streaking through NYC on hot summer nights. And she is *beautiful*.

edit
orial
by darby

THE PLEASURES OF YOUTH

As long as I can remember I've worried about getting old. When I was just a girl I went through a Peter Pan complex after realizing that older people didn't get much thrill out of life – like eating candy, or being at an amusement park, or letting loose and going crazy.... They didn't seem to get a real thrill out of *anything*. It became apparent as the years went by that work and money and fighting comprised the adult's main itinerary. I was certain then that "growing up" wasn't for me. In contrast, most kids I knew yearned to be older – to be able to drink, drive, do whatever they wanted to do. But even though I wanted that independence, it seemed pretty obvious that when you were young you were closer to freedom than you might ever be as an adult.

I wanted to stay young and naïve – believing that the two went hand in hand. I had come to the conclusion that kids got excited about life because they were learning or doing something new and that by the time you were an adult you had just run out of these things and that's why you ended up old and jaded. I intentionally stayed away from politics, trivia, newspapers, and other adult-oriented things. Being sorta out of it already, I ended up even more out of the loop. I was glad though. Living differently than others gave me the illusion that I wasn't going to get sucked into all the pitfalls of life like everyone else. *I* wasn't going to age at all!

I would pause to consciously record certain moments I wanted to remember, and talk myself into *never* forgetting. Since I couldn't stop the clock, I thought that by remembering each detail of the experience I could find it inside me – if ever I wanted to feel it again. And in doing so I could retain, in a certain respect, my youth.

TIME KEEPS ON SLIPPING SLIPPING SLIPPING...

When my teacher made us read *Catch-22* I found solace in the discovery of the character "Dunbar" – my fictional soulmate. Though he had a different angle, I could certainly appreciate it.

> *Dunbar loved shooting skeet because he hated every minute of it and the time passed so slowly.... "Do you know how long a year takes when it's going away?" Dunbar [asked] Clevinger. "This long." He snapped his fingers. "A second ago you were stepping into college with your lungs full of fresh air.... A half minute before that you were stepping into high school, and an unhooked brassiér was as close as you ever hoped to get to Paradise. Only a fifth of a second before that you were a small kid with a ten week summer vacation that lasted a hundred thousand years and still ended too soon. Zip! They go rocketing by so fast. How the hell else are you ever going to slow time down?" Dunbar was almost angry when he finished. "Well, maybe it is true," Clevinger conceded unwillingly in a subdued tone. "Maybe a long life does have to be filled with many unpleasant conditions if it's to seem long. But in that event, who wants one?" "I do," Dunbar told him. "Why?" Clevinger asked. "What else is there?"*

I also utilize a variation of his technique – that a good way to slow down time is to anticipate events. Adults usually dread the future – unable to meet deadlines (hello) or just putting off shit they have to deal with. While kids, on the other hand, are always looking forward – to school vacations, that trip to Disneyland...they spend the whole year counting off the days 'til their next birthday – no wonder it takes so long.

BAD TECHNIQUES TO STAYING YOUNG

There are lots of different approaches to slowing down time or to not getting "old," but I think too many people confuse it with not maturing. Just as I thought not knowing things would keep me young, there are droves of people who avoid it by being immature. They act stupid or goofy, like a little kid looking for mommy or daddy to say, "Oh, isn't that cute."

For drug addicts and alcoholics it's similar (we've all tried this one). With so much of their lives spent being fucked up and recovering from being fucked-up (with a little sleep and work – and maybe even some food and sex) there's not time for much else.

It's the same for most people who end up in jail. Thirty year old prisoners are still writing us letters about the LA punk rock scene and asking if there are any cool punk shows and telling us about all the punk bands they saw ("If you see the Circle Jerks tell them I say hi.") Their only link to "growing up" was within society and since they have so few ties to it any longer they stay at the level they were at when they first got locked up.

Than, of course, there's the people who can't grow up because they cannot, for whatever reason, get over their past. They are so haunted by it that they can't get beyond it. They live in it. And they can forever use it as an excuse for their failures or shortcomings. Like for example, there's this guy who fancies himself above all others and feels he can do whatever he wants and be righteous about it because he was "beaten in the womb." How can you top that? You can't go back any farther then that, can you? Unless, perhaps, you were beaten, raped, or murdered in one of your past lives. But really, his reasoning for everything he does is that *he* was beaten in the womb. "Were *you*?!" he asks. "Were *you* beaten in the womb? No, I didn't think so."

OTHER WEAK POSSIBILITIES

Some people bring you back to places of youth. Parents, for instance. Parents pretend that they want you to grow up, but your maturity just reconfirms their old age. Like druggies wanting you to stay drugged with them, parents love treating you like a child so they can feel that feeling of being a parent again. If you're still a stupid irresponsible kid, then they're that much closer to it too. And I don't really understand the mechanism but parents have this way of making you feel like a kid by just being around them. They don't have to do much at all, it could just be the way they interact with you, but it snaps you back. Beware if you're the kind of person who likes that feeling. In this circumstance, sentimentality will get you nowhere. These are situations in which you can gain back only a corrupted version of youth. For this is not a playful, imaginative or daring youth, but usually a repressed, dominated and dependent one – regardless of the way it may seem.

People who live at home after high school and/or go to school as a career often fit into this section as well.

CAN BEING "CUTE" KEEP YOU YOUNG? *or* "CUTE": THE FINE LINE BETWEEN INNOCENCE AND EVIL

Fuck Kim Gordon. Clinging to youth through anorXia! Can you imagine the high she gets off knowing girls are barfing themselves silly to fit into her toddler designs? Are you even going to say that she didn't imagine that would happen? No excuses, there's not one item in her line of clothing for a healthy, "mature" girl. She's either stupid (doubt it) or just fucking every girl over for being half her age.

Personally I like a little youth in dress, but that doesn't mean I don't think there's some demented psychological affliction at the root of these kiddie trends. Baby dolls, Hello Kitty, kiddie barrettes (the worst!), cutesy girlie bands, Olympia (a whole town trying to be cute).... Young girls playing up their youth. Older girls acting like little girls to feel young again – making their last attempts to avoid womanhood. Everyone's scared of growing up so they act like what they feel the opposite extreme is – being CUTE!

And girls young and old know that the majority of "men" are attracted to sweet innocent little girl types. They may say they like a strong woman but usually can't deal with them (see Luscious Jackson's "Strongman.") This is why I could always appreciate Courtney Love wearing baby doll dresses. If there's one person who might fuck up the concept of a women in girly clothes it'd be Courtney. Sweet and innocent? *Uh huh.* Go for it little man.

Some women who act cute do it deliberately to play down their powerful attributes and/or to give men a greater delusion of their power. While others do it to please or attract – in need of the world's love and approval. There are probably a score of scenarios but what's important for the person to know is if they're consciously using this cuteness to their advantage or if they're just being victims of it. Acting cute can take a lot out of you (your soul perhaps?) And I believe that lying to oneself is one of the main contributing factors to premature aging.

(I'm not even going to start with "cute" guys – they're the worst...and I always fall for them.)

RECLAIMING YOUR YOUTH

There's a difference. Being mature does not have to mean being old. And playing and exploring and doing youthful activities does not have to mean one is kidding oneself. When you've got no energy or inspiration, a youthful activity might be the perfect way to make it happen (and cheaper and more interesting than your daily double latte.)

Sensations can bring you back. From skipping to wrestling to throwing pebbles in a stream. Don Bolles puts his Strawberry Shortcake hat on and he gleams with a wicked child-like pride – and we all know how young he still is. Sometimes smells do it. There's this one smell, of clammy hands and tar, that brings me right back to the elementary school auditorium where I was square dancing partners with Jimmy (I forget his last name now) – total babe. The idea is that you can control this. These feelings don't have to be random or accidental. They don't have to be sentimental or emotional. They are a part of you forever and can be accessed on demand. You don't *need* to be naïve or immature or go out with a person half your age to feel the force of youth. Rediscovering your youth doesn't have to be like a re-run of *The Wonder Years*. I guess it all depends on wether you're going to utilize your past or just wallow in it.

So, with nostalgia and retro culture being so easy *and fun too!* we couldn't help but be caught up in it ourselves, while at the same time striving to get it all out of our system. Thus our Retro Hell! issue. And since it's such an overwhelming topic this is just *Part One*. While this issue includes more on personal nostalgia and childhood memories, Part Two will focus more on retro pop culture, however there's some of both in each. Also, this isn't specific to a certain generation or time period, though it is primarily about *our* youth and youth culture in general. There may be references made in this issue to things appearing in the next, especially to our A-Z encyclopedia-style retro guide. Note: This, of course, means you're gonna have to fork over another four bucks if you want to find out....

If you're a new reader and are already bored and think I'm a self-righteous fuck you'll have to get over it. And if you don't like it please don't let it prevent you from enjoying the many other disturbed voices in this magazine.

From the pits of (retro) hell things can only get better,

darby

P.S. There are rumors circulating that I (lucky me) have a trust fund. How clever. Well, I've called all the banks, the few relatives I've got left... and no one knows about it. After all the pathetic suffering and scrounging I've been through in my life, I am a girl who would most certainly not be embarrassed to have a trust fund. Ha! Give it to me fuckers! What's really ironic is that I've always looked down upon people who grew up rich (especially if they're successful) 'cause I know they didn't have to go through the shit I had to. It's true, most of them are snobs and babies but, you know, these rumors have really helped me realize the prejudices against them (snicker snicker.) Anyway, BIG REWARD OFFERED to anyone who can locate the money. (You know where it is Mr. Goad, don't you? Don't keep me in the dark. I can't pay you for all this publicity unless you help me find it.) Perhaps we can turn it into a Cacophony event.

When childhood dies, its corpses are called adults and they enter society, one of the politer names of hell. That is why we dread children, even if we love them. They show us the state of our decay. –Brian Aldiss

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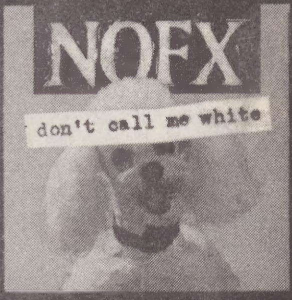

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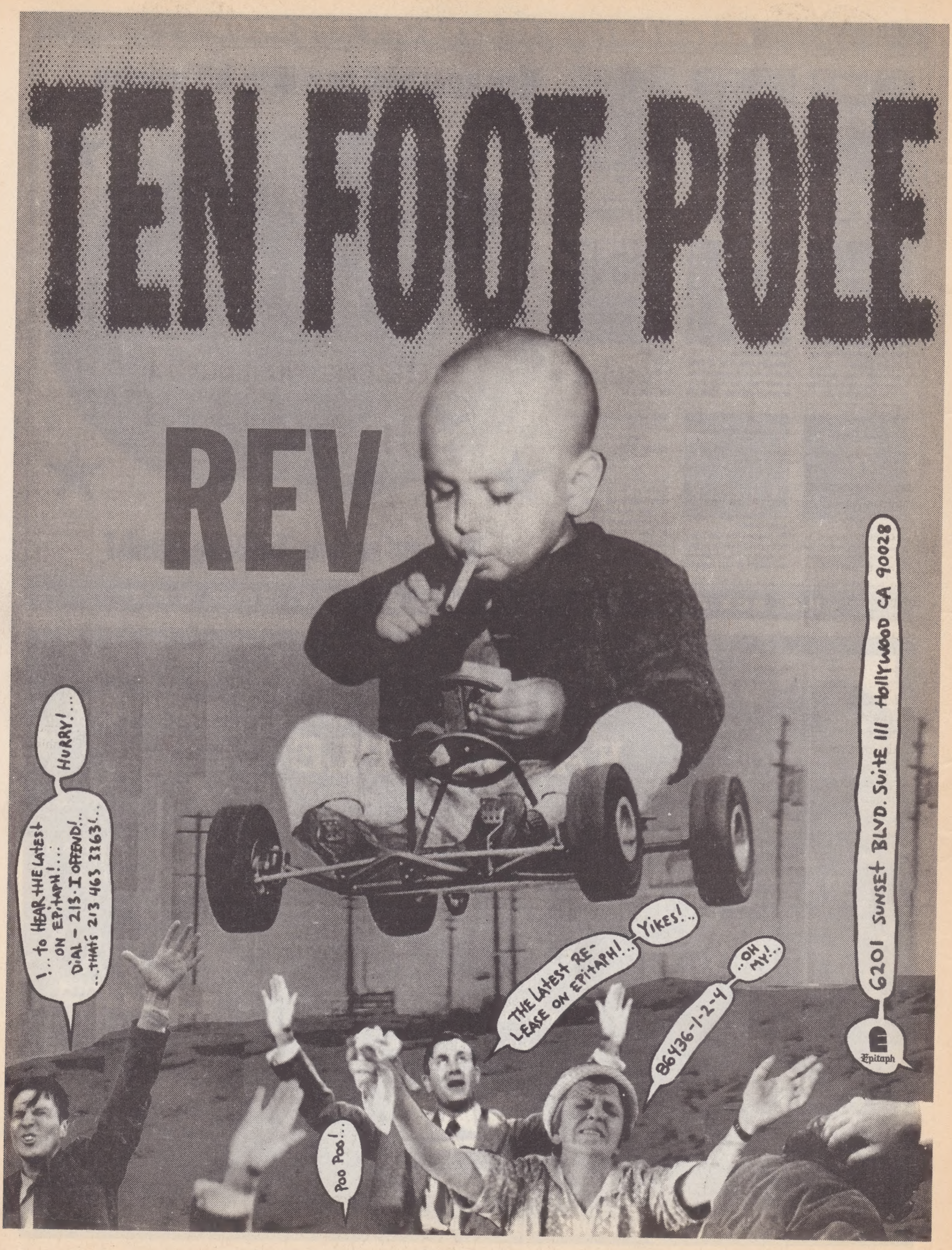
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Psssst... Pass it on...

Dear Darby,
I just wanted to congratulate you on your best issue, the "Death" issue. I loved the article on John Aes-Nihil and the article on Anton LaVey. The issue was done very well and it was fun to read the Spanish writing, like the "muerte" magazines in the Mexican stores. It was a hoot! However, the article entitled "Do You Like Mushrooms?" needs some correction.

Your informant, Stuart Wall, is a pathological liar!! We have first-hand experience with this low-life, and you cannot trust him!!! He seems very nice and congenial, but he will record all your conversations and then play them back to implicate you. He pretends to be your friend and will stab you in the back. Believe me, we know! He offered several times to get John Aes-Nihil and us into the "Tate House" to meet Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails. We found out that he didn't even know Trent. In fact, on Helter Skelter night (which we celebrate every August 8th), he didn't even know how to get to the house!!! He said he spoke to and met Manson and we found that out to be completely false!! So - be warned!! We had to laugh when we read that his plans to get you to meet several serial murderers "fell through," because he doesn't even know them. He slightly knows John Wayne Gacy and had paintings from him, but not as extensively as he leads you to believe.

I'm not trying to be "catty," and slander Stuart, but we felt that you should know.

Sincerely, The Witches of Aes-Nihil

Greetings,
Just a note on yer John Gacy bit in issue #24. I, too, being a S.K. obsessive spoke with Mr. Gacy numerous times on the phone. He did indeed often try to get me to "talk dirty," I always refused. As for the sex visits... doubtful, he was handcuffed and watched by video cameras during all visits. Love the mag!

Tobias Allen, Seattle, WA

Dear Ben Is Dead,
I just wanted to send you a note and tell you how much I enjoy *Ben Is Dead*. The quality and imagination in your work just keeps getting better. Your recent "death" issue was a huge success, and sported one of the best covers to date.

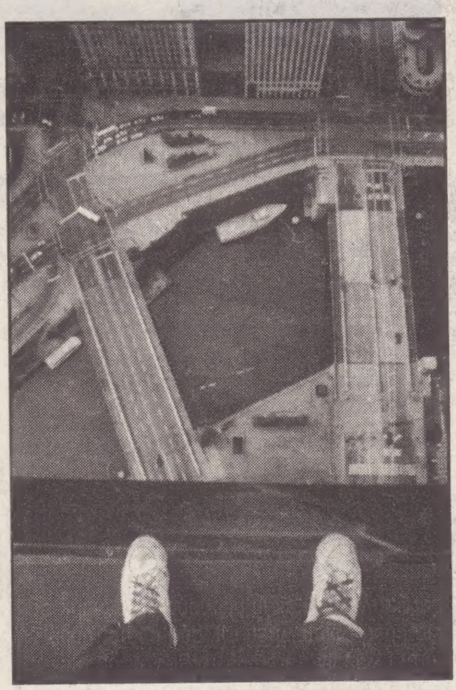
Your magazine's unapologetic exploration of "alternative" subject matter is refreshing. I write and produce a television show about the 24th century, where people are free to completely explore their thoughts and urges – unfortunately, it's broadcast on 20th Century American television, and we can't show most of the things we talk about. I envy the creative freedom you must enjoy by publishing your own magazine.

You'll be interested to know that the new *Star Trek* series, *Star Trek: Voyager*, is going to have a female Captain. It's about time, if you ask me. We haven't cast the role yet, so I don't know who will play the Captain... maybe Ruth Buzzi? (just kidding)

Looking forward to future issues.

Warm Regards, Brannon Braga, Producer, *Star Trek: Voyager*

Dear Brannon, Is it still too late to get Ms. Buzzi?



I wish to submit a photo from the roof of the building where I work for the cover of the upcoming "Black Issue." Fifty stories below my feet are the sidewalk and the Chicago River.

I'm forty years old, and basically have always been depressed. Naturally, I've dealt with this existential malaise with alcohol and drugs, music, damaged women, and occasional therapy; never enough but somewhere along the line it quit working.

Five years ago, something strange happened of which I have no memory. I woke up to discover that it was Tuesday, not Sunday as I though it should be. When I tried to call in sick, the phone was dead. The medicine chest was cleaned out, about 50 tranquilizers and 36 mood elevators missing along with some acid and cocaine. Sitting on the sink was some rubbing alcohol and tetracycline, apparently next. The furniture was knocked over and I was all banged up. I was kind of sick for a couple weeks. Then a month in a treatment center in Tucson.

I've been sober since then, also celibate. I choose not to take Prozac. Everything has changed but I'm still the same. Life still hurts. The actual pain is not as bad as the fear. That's what the void is – *fear* of loss. We are all alone, that's true, but we are all alone together.

Tim Ershot

Darby,
You're so hip you've probably heard: A suicide is killing the wrong person. Listen for a moment, okay? Yeah, counseling costs $ but there are some relatively unbiased studies that indicate those who pay something try harder and change quicker. That said, therapists also have an ethical obligation to do some pro bono work. As a fan of *Ben Is Dead* for three years, if I can help you in your brave struggle with your demons I'd be paying you back for many hours of enjoyment and thought your creation has given me. So it would be low or no fee if you wanted to come in to talk.

If you'd feel more comfortable with a woman I know a therapist in the Hollywood area I think you'd get along with. Camus said learn to sing in the desert. It's a hard song but it can be done. You're worth it.

Frank Deffrey, M.A.

Thanks so much Frank, most of the rest of the staff want to take you up on it. I'm really just looking for a pro bono masseuse. It's not going to happen, is it? Oh, and I'm completely over the death thing. My problem now is chocolate.

Darby,
Thanks for your mag. I liked it despite not being a subscriber to the Death Cult. I enjoyed the articles – especially yours on "The Golden Years," the one on Prozac, and "Mental Health Care and Me." Obviously in the U.K. we don't have the same system of Health Care as in the U.S. but if the Tories have their way it won't be long. I'm not a big fan of Satanism or Boyd's misanthropy but the interviews were interesting. If you enjoy *FIST* and need some contributors for a future theme, let me know.

All the best, Dean, *FIST*, London

Darby,
Thank you for the big ugly poster. Response to my Full Force Frank piece has been sad: lots of

it, lots of money, lots of ghouls and lost souls who can't get enuf of other people's suffering. One or two folks who understand A) these filth studies are a catharsis through bad times, not a final destination B) the goal is to "be happy" not improve one's misery. Oh well, I asked for it. Next time I'll write about veggie pie or a pretty song.

Take care, Trevor

For the addendum to Gwynne Kahn's article: Nuns bass player Delphine Volino died May 1990 of an O.D. She was in her early 20's and had just recorded her debut album with the Nuns, "Desperate Children" for Posh Boy Records, produced by none other than Brett Gurewitz.

Robbie

POST-SASSY PRE-DEATH COMMUNICATION

Dear B.I.D.,

Just read the special "Sassy" issue and as usual I was enthralled for days, cover to cover. Every time I see your logo peeking out da magazine rack, my panties get wet. I especially loved the dreams people have of Madonna. What a strange and horny phenomena! I have never dreamt of her, but after watching Queen Latifah heave her tits around on *Living Single*, it was ON. That night I dreamt she took me on a cruise ship while my girlfriend fermented in a jealous rage. There was a huge living room party in Latifah's room. Bud was smokin', the Cisco was spillin', the box was crankin' solid funk and the Queen and I were locked at the hip, dancin' pantin' and freakin' in the middle of about 100 chocolate meltin' homegirls in jammies and pendeltons. All of a sudden my girlfriend, Broom Hilda, shows up and blows the whole mood of erotic unity. A screaming match ensues and the dream disintegrates with me trying to ditch her and deciding finally that I would try to get them both to take a bath with me and a trusty box of Mr. Bubble. Just as the excitement seemed to reach a feverish frenzy and I was going to have the sammich of my life, I woke up and started my period. Go figure.

Kari Krome

Darby,

Just a quick note to congratulate you on have our hottest selling kool title for April/early May. We've sold 60 so far!!! I've finally finished the "Sassy" issue, it only took six weeks! It's a staggering achievement to have that much almost useful information in one source. The interview with Antonio at Desert Moon a.k.a. the "psychos in New Mexico," was revealing. I try to support them, but it's hard to. He's right, it is a bottom line business. Recently, Ken at Fine Print, a.k.a. the "Gods in Texas," decided to match I.P.D. and give us a 40% discount. The result? They now send us almost 900 of our 2000 titles. I fear that Desert Moon may go under unless they can match terms soon. The magazine world really needs them, too.

Gotta go, Tom Lupoff, Periodical Coordinator, Cody's Books, Berkely, CA

P.S. "Coctails" was misspelled in the bands to watch section. Have you ever seen them live? They just kinda turn you upside down.

I just wanted to fax you and give you some well deserved praise. Your "Sassy" spring issue is almost beyond sassy – it's that sassssy. We're big nerds for Sassy since we are all in our 20's and wish we could go back to high school and kick ass. They sell *Ben Is Dead* at City Lights (the oh so pretentious Kerouac hangout); I saw Chelsea's big head and had to buy it. I'm sure you all know that *Spy* is dead. I hope you takeover/fill the sarcastic void – conquer all – dominate where *it* left off and *Sassy* begins, which leaves you somewhere off-center? I was moved against my will to San Francisco from LA. *Ben Is Dead* both fosters and cures my homesickness – a bit like heroin? I've got to move back. Do you need any editorial assistants? I'm working for a publishing company producing scintillating cookbooks. Snore. Well, we do get to eat the photo shoots so that's a plus. Anyway, I started this out as a letter of praise and so be it. Damn good issue. Made me and countless others, who were too cheap to buy their own copy, laugh.

To: Ben Is Dead (or so Rodney claims dept.): "Davy Jones and his friend Rodney Bingenheimer appeared together on a Monkee TV show. Rodney was used as Davy's double."

Sincerely, Jennifer Hauser

Jenifer, please write back – we lost your address.

Dear Darby,

Thanks for the feature on singles. One single I thought should have had a mention was Tumour Circus' "Swine Flu" picture disc which has a beautiful inch wide hole punched through the music so you can't play it. "Isn't that what music is about these days?" it says. It's what *packaging's* about, yes! My own favorite single (not the music on it) is a five inch one-sided clear vinyl Big Black track. No label, no title. Brilliant. I've also seen 8 and 9 inch records and the ten inch seems to be fashionable again. One day I would like to press a 11" "hoop" with two crap songs on it, that would take about an hour to align on your turntable, and then would not be worthwhile at all.

Love, Ben Waddington, Manchester, UK

Jessy,

Gloria has now shaved her head and Neal's mom (N from Dolomite) has her eyebrows tattooed on. No more pencil – ever! Hope all is well.

Bettina, Thrill Jockey

Dear BID folks,

Your Sassy-ness saved my life, so here's a heartfelt thanks; I wore a ring on my middle finger and went from a nice respected individual to no job (boss freaked out), no school (expelled for explosives), no car (hit by old dinosaur lizard lady), no girlfriend (she ran to Mexico with a shoe salesman), and no life, but I read about the psychic meaning of rings just in time to move the ring to my index finger and save my house, my family, and my band... God bless you all!

Love and Friction, Kenyata, Pandora's Lunchbox

Dear Darby,

Thanks a lot for writing us up in issue #23, you're a queen! That interview with Courtney Love really scared me and I've been eating a lot of cheese since I read it, just for spite. Hope you like this issue of *Beehive*!

Love, Allyson

Dear Ben Is Dead,

I enjoyed your "Sassy" issue very much. But here is a list of even MORE sassy things: Wallet chains, green velveteen jackets from thrift shops, the digestive system, Darby, kissing up to Darby for free BID issues, Al Bundy and Mr. Rogers, Going to bed early, having bangs longer than the rest of your hair, all-ages shows, electric guitars with loud amps and *mucho* distortion, natural redheads, lists, *not* copying other people...Get over it!!

With all my love, Anna, *Outhouse*

Hi Darby,

Thanks for the box o' *Ben Is Dead*'s – there was much excitement around here – and people do like it. I *loved* the curly-hair "About Face" page (obviously my hair is curly too, but a lot thinner than yours, I reckon, which presents its own set of problems.) • Jenn Frieda's Frizz-ease 5 minute manager sprayed on damp hair can help clumpify it. • There's a new product from Sebastian called Performance Active texturizer. A liquid. Smells good. Expensive, though. They claim it'll straighten wavy hair – which it doesn't really – unless you use it as a setting lotion. But it's fun to use and helps cut down on my biggest problem: the dreaded *halo of frizz*.

That's all for now – cheers.

Mary C., (of the now defunct) *Sassy Magazine*

Dear Darby,

I am absolutely delighted that *Ben Is Dead* exists. I'm way too old and too far removed from popular culture to really, uh, "get" all of its subtleties and finer points, but in general I haven't laughed out loud so much at a magazine since I read the *National Lampoon* "puberty" issue which came out roughly before many of your readers were born.

In my youth, I seem to recall that I was too young to be a "hippie" and too old to be a "punk." Not being able to demographically align myself with either group, loner, outcast, self-described genius that I was, I felt that I was able to see these folks both as they were, as they perceived themselves, and how the media boiled them down to serve to the corporations

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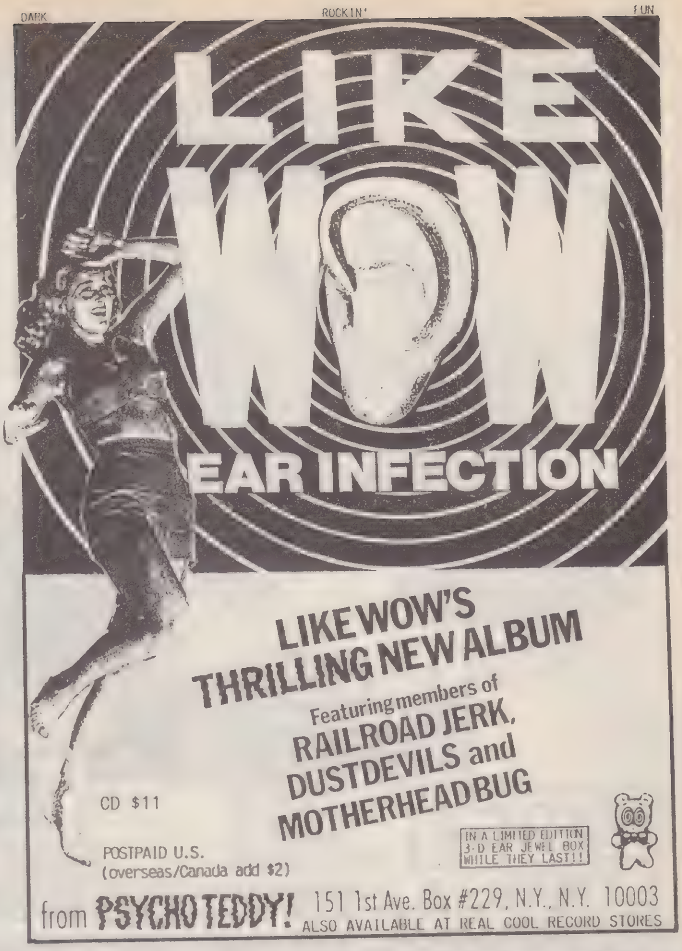
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trying to advertise to them. This perspective is something that I try to use and cherish to this very day.

Ben Is Dead seems to simultaneously blow its nose at and pee on the shoes of those who seek to tell your generation what to think, how to dress, and what cultural icons to pattern your lives after. (Not to mention the poor folks that get sucked in by all that bullshit) Yes, yes, oh god, yes! Although part of me would much rather be in the bathroom reading *Uncommon Desires*, my Higher Self feels it's better that I write you sassy folks a fan letter and tell you to keep up the good work.

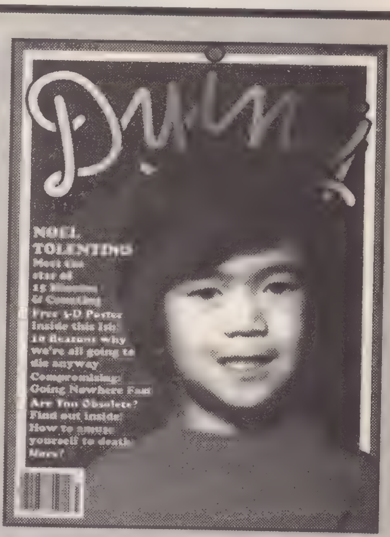
However, the spirit that fires your magazine is difficult to sustain. The most attitude-ridden pothead from my circle of friends is an Amway salesman and father of two. The guy who came in second never really returned from a Dead concert. Most of the people that I grew up with lost a lot of ground in the battle to not become their parents. Most of the ones who didn't, never came up with a sustainable alternative and had serious problems.

As words like "security," "long-term relationships," "biological clock," and "career" become more a part of one's life (not to mention "health insurance," "retirement plan," and "the rabbit died"), for better or worse we try to find the space between "total sell-out" and "utter failure." What am I saying here? I don't know. It's probably just a lot of mid-life crisis ramblings – thank you for listening. I only know that in your "zine" I found some stuff I haven't found in any of the mags that cross my path in a long time.

Rolling Stone today is not the *Rolling Stone* that was around 20 years ago. What about *Ben Is Dead*? Who knows. When you start getting calls from car advertisers you know the trouble's starting.

When my subscriptions run out for *Ad Week*, *Kiplinger's* and *Harpers*, I might have to subscribe.

Love, Joe Paulino



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This is our boy Noel Tolentino. His nickname is "Mittens." He is nice. But he's also a real bad boy. He did most of the layout for this issue. He does his own magazine too. It's not called *Dying*, it's called *Bunnyhop* (formerly *Waffle*) and you can read all about it in our "Retro Zine" section (pg. 143). So do it.

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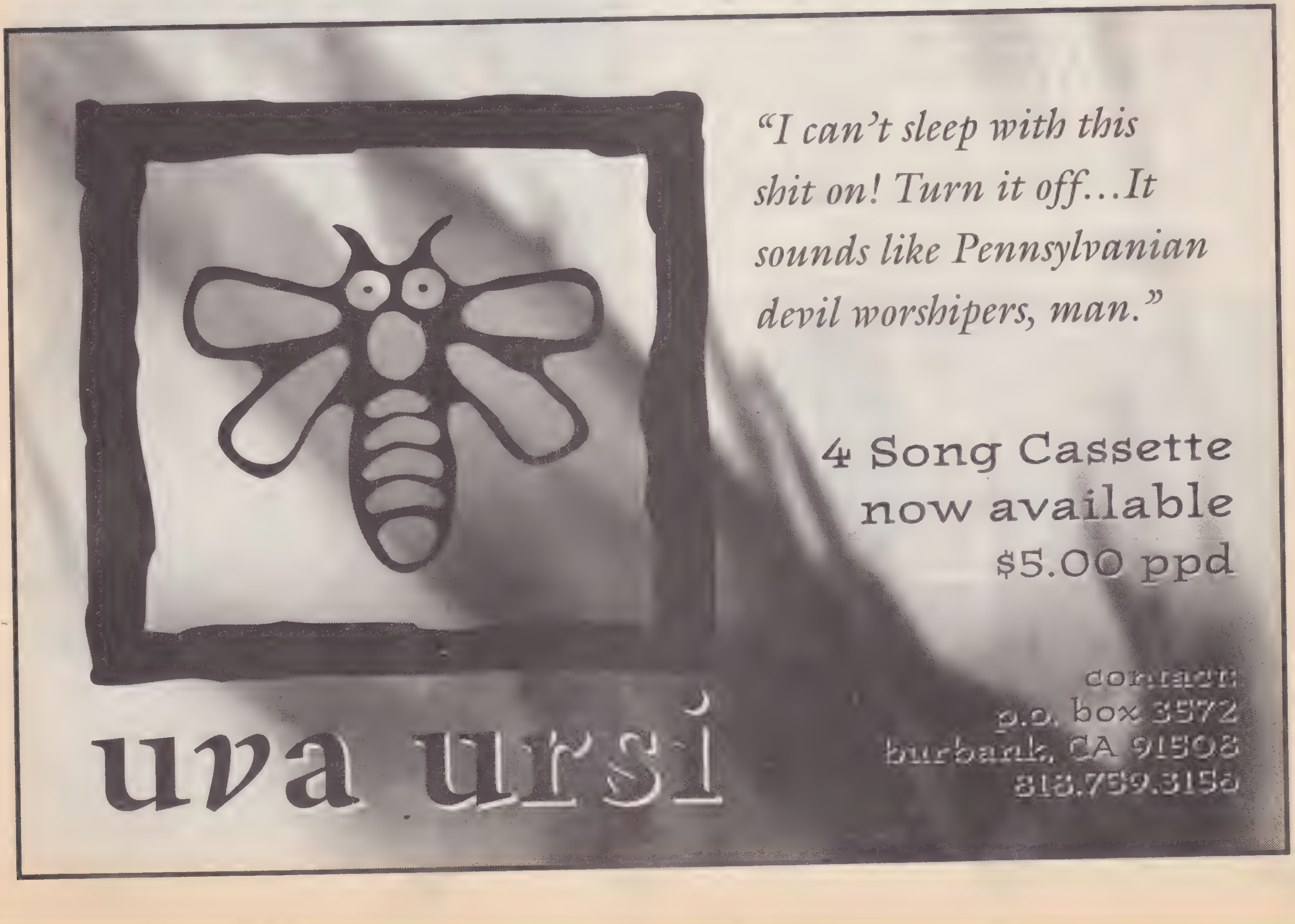

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MY LIFE IS A Sountrack A HAIRDO An Idol

MY OWN PRIVATE RETROSPECTIVE HELL

By Judy Jade Miller

Judy and family, 1974

PHASE 1: 1976-1977

"*Do you believe in magic in a young girl's heart?*" Oh Shaun! I see can still see your face as memories melt into a fuzzy honey-glazed halo. I wanted to Da Do Run Run away with you to the place where adolescent orgasms, corduroy knickers and gold slinky belts could be plucked like the fruit from a pink passion tree. You were the first man to get me wet – if you don't count Scott Greth whose OP shorts hugged his firm twin bunnies like a metallic purple Trans Am clinches the hot black tar on a sweaty day – and I owe you a big one, babe. You made me ripe and ready, hot and steady; you changed my life with one shot of your buck-toothed smile, flip-back locks, sweet-cheeked cum-hither hugeness. You are what catapulted me into the jaws of cock n' roll. You made me who I am today.

Look: Cheap.
Hair: Bad.
Soundtrack: Anything by Shaun!

PHASE 2: 1979-1980

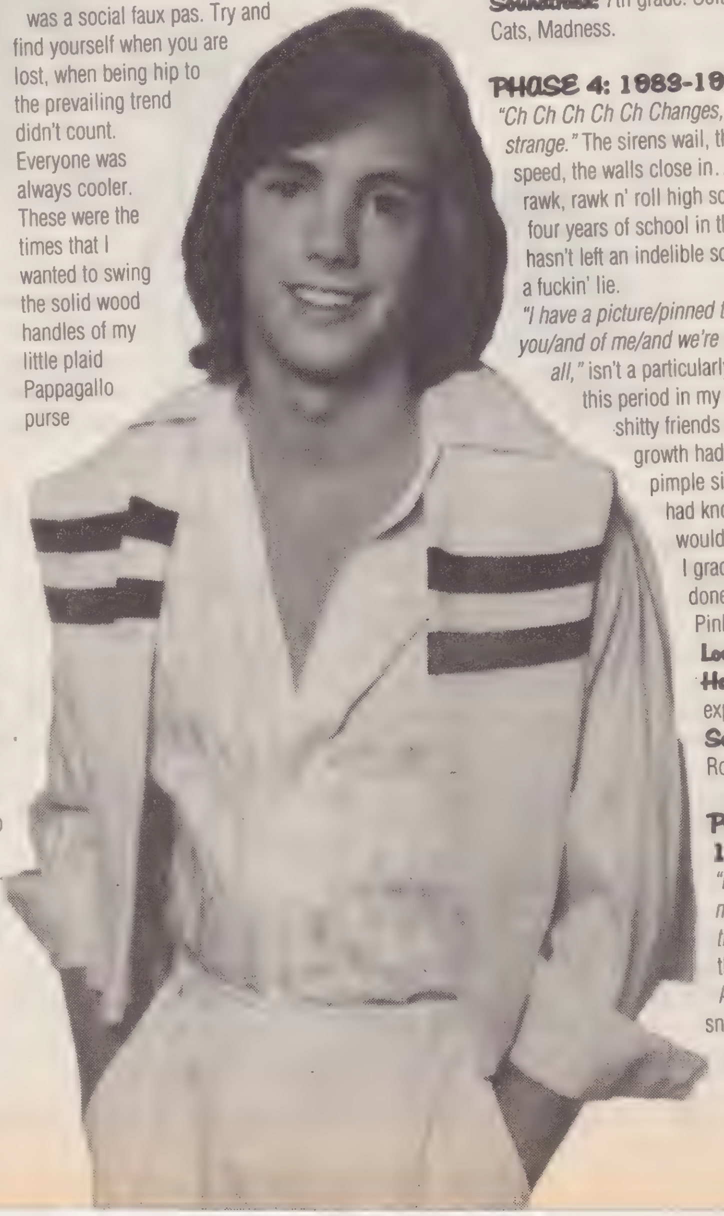
"*Don't stop believin'....*" What happens when nescience of childhood segues into the angst of pre-pubescence? When you look around and your breasts are the last to bud. Yeah, so what if my ass looked hot in Gloria Vanderbilts, Chemin De Fer's, Sassoon's and Dolphins – who was I, where did I fit in? Cursed with thick brillo pad hair that would never do what Farrah's did, a nose that my classmates yearned to ski, and two front teeth that resembled a fuckin' garage door; I was doomed. Devo were whippin' it, and AC/DC were "Back in Black" and I, in my three-quarter sleeve tee with the rainbow that stretched from arm to arm across my deserted chest was, well, no angel, Charlie.

Look: Velcro Wallets, Alligator Shirts, Hawaiian Print Tee's.
Hair: Bad.
Soundtrack: Journey, REO Speedwagon, The Clash, Devo, AC/DC.

PHASE 3: 1981-1983

"Now I've lost my life and I toss and turn I can't sleep at night." Junior high. Ack! A time of transition when becoming your own person was a social faux pas. Try and find yourself when you are lost, when being hip to the prevailing trend didn't count. Everyone was always cooler. These were the times that I wanted to swing the solid wood handles of my little plaid Pappagallo purse (that reversed to olive green corduroy) over the heads of every numskull at my school and say, "You just wait, I'll get mine."

Look: 7th grade: Tres preppy: Bermuda shorts, polo shirts, sweaters slung over the shoulders. 8th grade: Rockabilly/Ska.
Hair: 7th and 8th grade: Confused.
Soundtrack: 7th grade: Soft Cell. 8th grade: Stray Cats, Madness.



PHASE 4: 1983-1984

"Ch Ch Ch Ch Ch Changes, turn and face the strange." The sirens wail, the lights flash at warp speed, the walls close in… it's time for rawk, rawk, rawk, rawk n' roll high school. To say the pain of four years of school in the sunny So Cal burbs hasn't left an indelible scar on my psyche would be a fuckin' lie.

"I have a picture/pinned to my wall/it's an image of you/and of me/and we're laughing/we're loving it all," isn't a particularly accurate description of this period in my life. A new school, some shitty friends and the fact that my boob growth had completely stalled at pimple size didn't help matters. If I had known my freshman year that I would still be a virgin by the time I graduated I might have actually done more than peck kiss Ivan Pinkel in the sixth grade.

Look: Valley Girl
Hair: Very short w/ slight experimental peroxide glow.
Soundtrack: New Wave, New Romantic.

PHASE 5: 1984-1985

"Kiss me with your mouth/Your love is better than wine." Tommy Flynn was the first "new-romantic" the Aryan youth of my up yr butt, snobby-ass conservative, jock infested high school had

ever seen. Often called faggot, flamer, femme and freak, Tommy, with his big "poof" of burgundy Flock of Seagulls hair and dash of jet black eyeliner was a rebel – and hee-haw, I wanted to be just like him. Tommy was different; reclusive, shy, foreboding at times but sexy in the same way Prince was in *Purple Rain.* I don't remember the exact logistics but somehow, I had found my clique. Much to my mother's dismay my life began to tumble. Grades slipped when the new Tommy crew (which had swelled by the summer of 1985) ditched to hang out in his eerie attic bedroom listening to Duran Duran, Ultravox, Tin Tin, Soft Cell and the like. His crazy mother Casey liked to chase us out with shotgun – but we didn't care. What can bullets do when you feel no pain? At 15 I smoked my first cigarette, starting drinking, got high and took a profound interest in nightclubs, rock concerts and detention. I also fell madly in love with John Taylor of Duran Duran.

Look: An explosion in a jewelry factory: Hello Madonna!
Hair: Dyed red with loooong bangs.
Soundtrack: Cutting edge New Wave, Nu-Ro, Death Rock, some Punk Rock.

PHASE 6: 1985-1986

"Don't say a prayer for me now/Save it 'til the morning after."

The school psychologists shook their heads and one morning my mother left my worldly possessions on the lawn in trash bags and said, "Don't come back!" My clothes and music became increasingly darker, my drugs increasingly harder. One particularly chilling day, mommy dearest sent some aspirin she found in my room out to the police lab for analyzation. When that came back clean she sent *me* out for analyzation. The price one pays as a sometimes member of a fast-forward, downwardly mobile, incestuous clique was high. Fights amongst the initiated were daily, with detractors splintering off into subgroups. Tensions and temperatures ran hot. Everyone was always in trouble for something. Things were never right. Then on March 25, 1986, less than two weeks before my 17th birthday, Tommy Flynn died from an overdose of toxic inhalants. Actually, he sniffed too much Scotch Guard and his mom "crazy Casey" caught him, called the cops and he went into cardiac arrest in a mad rush to get away on his Vespa. Strangely, Casey would be murdered by one of Tommy's friends many years later.

Tommy's Funeral Interlude:

"Well look at our lives now/They're tattered and torn/We fuss and we fight/And delight in the tears/That we cry until dawn." That line comes from the old Thompson Twin's song "Hold Me Now." I quoted another chunk of it earlier along with the Duran Duran's "Save a Prayer." Both are pertinent pieces to my life's puzzle; they were the two songs played on a endless loop at Tommy Flynn's funeral. I believe that *songs evoke images.* When I hear that soundtrack I close my eyes; I envision that day – its stark depiction of adolescent destruction trolling like a slo-mo movie through my brain. I'd dealt with loss before, but never in such an overwhelming capacity. After the funeral a few of us went to mourn in our own bumbling way; at Tower Records for a Lords of the New Church in-store where, ironically, Stiv Bator signed my record: "For Judy, in memory of Tommy, may he rest in peace." Stiv Bator died several years later of a heroin overdose.

Look: Black
Hair: Black
Soundtrack: Black

PHASE 7: 1986-1987

"Bela Lugosi's Dead" and so was Tommy. It was my senior year and the ripped fishnets on my arms emulated the holes in my heart. With Tommy gone the glue was peeled. The school district shut down *our* smoking section, the place where *we* congregated and suddenly the impetus to be together diminished. Thank god. Most everyone I knew had already been shipped off to continuation school and the rest were either pregnant, in lock-up, junkies, psycho or dead. I rounded-up a fake ID and escaped to LA and Hollywood – making long journeys in questionably commandeered cars to shady locales in search of new creative highs. I started writing for a now defunct LA fanzine. I discovered the underground. I missed curfews and I lit a lot of black candles. I needed Prozac but I didn't know what it was back then. My last yearbook was never signed because I never bothered to show up to school those last few days, but I did, oddly enough, graduate. I was never dumb, just stupid.

Clockwise (from top): Tommy Flynn, 1984, the first New-Ro; Judy and Tommy, 1985; Judy and friend in the Duran Duran days, 1985

Look: Bangs n' Fangs
Hair: Short, black and semi-crimped
Soundtrack: Old Goth, New Goth, Jane's Addiction, Specimen, Siouxsie, Glitter and Glam.

1987-1994: The Long-Winded and Buried Thesis

I will no longer break my life down into phases or soundtracks or hairdo's (especially since my hair is just fucked) because somehow, the ensuing years have taught me that, well, who gives a rats ass. As Popeye would say: Iyamwhatlyam. I will, however, say this: In the summer of 1987 I met my first real boyfriend at a shady HW dive and finally got laid. Last week I drove past the apartment building where I was sweetly de-flowered. FYI: Motley Crue's "Looks that Kill" was on the radio that first time. After high school I lost touch with most of the people I knew. My direction was still as fuzzy as a baby peach but music and writing were the forces that guided me. Bewildered, my parents laid down the ol' "If you don't go to college or get a full-time job get the heck out of my house you freeloading freak" ultimatum. Reluctantly, I went to college.

The next eight years were chock-full of more music, art, friends, looks, books, poems, moans, groans, delights and fights than I care to go over but lets just say I never actually owned my own

L to R: Judy looking sleazy and eazy before a night on the town, circa 1987; Judy with Rozz "Christian Death" Williams (center) and friend, 1986

copy of Poison's debut. I clubbed, I wrote, I schooled, I cried, I crashed a couple of cars, I loved, I lost and somewhere in-between I grew up. On New Year's Eve, 1989, I flushed the last of my "hard" drugs down the toilet and haven't touched anything but beer, cigarettes and coffee since. I try to do them (ahem) all in moderation. I graduated from college in 1992 with a Bachelor's degree in Public Relations. I helped book the bands in college, wrote for some music mags, and did everything possible to stall reality.

It's 1994 now and there's a resurgence of New Wave tunage. The Flock of Seagulls and Missing Person's played live last week. Freedom Rock has been replaced in late night commercials by '80s compilations. New bands sound old and that's exactly how I feel. Two people were kind enough to hand over their Rhino "New Wave Hits of the '80s" samplers to me after I went into memory-induced frenzy dancing to Duran Duran at a party. Once again, *music evoked images*. My life can be re-hashed and re-lived through the music that shaped me. Iyamwhatlyam because of the music that guided me. The first man I ever had sex with was Shaun Cassidy. He brought me into my own private womanhood where what I wore and what I looked like didn't matter. And then there was Duran Duran (and John Taylor in particular) who did the same but also helped me cope with more teen angst than I could ever regurgitate, anytime. The soundtrack that has filtered through the Marshall stack of my life is 25 years long. Music made me a social misfit, an outcast and a goddam freak but it also taught me how to cultivate other skills; it became an inspiration, an emotion and a career. I am the music and the music is me. And I still want to fuck Shaun Cassidy, John Taylor and Greg Dulli. Wait, oh shit, I didn't tell you my Greg Dulli fantasies.

Judy Jade Miller's friends say she is way too serious, career-oriented and driven for her own good. She owns her car and a cat, works as full-time publicity whore, is a freelance music scribe for a myriad of magazines big and small and still has low self-esteem, bad hair and an attitude. Eat me. ♫

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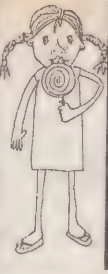

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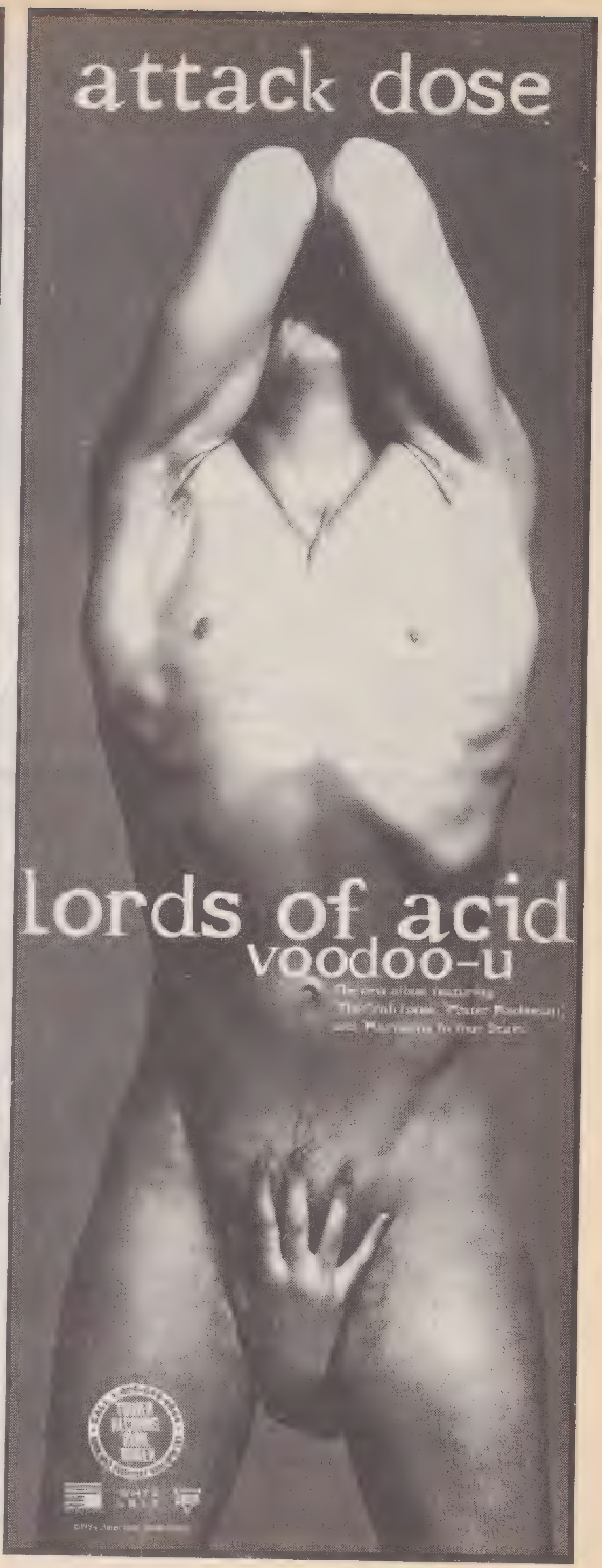
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bad trip

by Patty Powers

***When I was seventeen** I started driving from Toronto to New York City once a week just so I could hang out at Max's and CBGB's. It was over 1000 miles round trip but I didn't care. I'd drop my pals off on Christopher Street, take a bunch of acid, and head over to Max's. The punk rock scene was still small and magical. Walking into Max's was like walking into a page from Rock Scene or Creem. It was all about Sid and Nancy, the Ramones and the Dead Boys. Outside of the club, the threat of Son of Sam and New York's reputation for danger made every acid-drenched second climactic.*

I believe that you meet about a hundred key people in your lifetime and then you just keep recycling them. This story is about the night I met some of mine.

It was two in the morning and I was sitting in the DJ booth upstairs at Max's. Paul Zone (of the Fast), my only New York friend, was the DJ that night. It was my second time in town and I'd taken four hits of purple micro-dot. Kristian Hoffman (of the Mumps) came in and asked me if I wanted to go to Studio 54 with a bunch of people. He had borrowed the Dickies van and wanted to take a drive. The chance to go dancing at a disco (one of my secret pleasures even during punk's heyday) and to get into Studio 54 with Halston, Bianca, and Liza sounded too fabulous to miss. I hopped into the crowded van. After a quick introduction to Lydia Lunch, Jim Sclavunos, and Bradley from Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, Howie Pyro from The Blessed, and Annine (Jim's girlfriend), we were off. "How are we going to get in?" was the question on everyone's mind. Just looking like a punk often meant getting yelled at or beaten up outside of the East Village. Kristian came up with a brilliant idea. "I think we should just walk up to Steve Rubel and introduce ourselves as Andy Warhol." It didn't work.

Walking back to the van, I was tripping so heavy and loving New York, loving my new friends and the tackiness of 8th Avenue, that I hadn't noticed the fight Lydia was getting into with another woman on the street. Everyone got involved, especially Bradley. "Fuck you. No, fuck you. FUCK YOU. COME AND GET US!" Next thing I knew we were in a car chase. The couple behind us had a sawed off

Howie Pyro. Patty Powers. Spider from Black Lips. and Theo from the Lunachicks at Wigstock '93.

was screaming at Bradley to shut up. Bradley was hanging out the window with Lydia screaming, "Fuck you, try it. I dare you!!" Howie was crying, "We're going to die!!!" over and over. I was lying on the floor with everybody else, wondering how the police would identify my body and find my parents. It was almost better than having a run-in with the Son of Sam. I was having my own adventure with danger. It was true what the papers said about New York.

Ten years later I became friends with everyone who was in the van that night. Bradley surprised me by saying that it had been one of his weirdest experiences in New York. Until then, I had remembered it as a typical New York experience, although come to think of it - I've never had anything like it happen again. The last person to fall back into my life, as of late, was Howie Pyro (who, by the way, has not changed a hair). His bi-monthly nightclub GreenDoor has revamped and kept alive a scene similar to the old Max's, and his band D-Generation is one of the most requested on New York radio. I fed him dinner while he watched me down two pots of coffee during this interview.

Patty: I was worried that we weren't going to get together before your tour. I wish I had the picture of us at Coney Island from back then. I'd like to see it myself to see who was there with us.

Howie: I've got this great picture at home of me and DeeDee Ramone on the Cyclone. Hey, what's this interview for again?

***Ben is Dead.* Every issue is a different theme. This one's Retro Hell, so I thought you'd be perfect for it. When Kid (Congo Powers) and I were at your place, I couldn't believe how much stuff you had. It covered everything this issue's supposed to be about.**

Why would anybody want to do a Richard Hell issue?

Not Richard Hell. Retro Hell.

Here's something retro. Someone just gave me a Devo video that I'm in.

What did you do in the video?

I was in the audience. Everyone was in the audience. Darby Crash, the Middle Class, the Go-Go's, the Germs. Kid was probably there, it was a staged thing. The video was for "Come Back Jonee." I had just broken my

No man is rich enough to buy back his past. –Oscar Wilde arm the day before but I hadn't gone to the hospital to put it in a cast yet. At one point Mark Mothersbaugh jumps off the stage and lands on me, then everyone piles on. My shoulder's still disconnected to this day because of that video.

I always wonder when I'll turn up in the audience footage of some old video. They were always taping shows I was at.

I always see lots of people in those videos that I know now. Someone else just gave me a video from a Heartbreakers show in '83 where Johnny pulled me on stage to sing with him. He was telling the audience he had just become bi-sexual. It was a really bad show.

I remember hearing about your band The Blessed being too young to play in a bar. All these lecherous old chicken hawks were saying "You've got to see them, they're great. Four young beautiful punk rock boys." I'd tell everyone about this cool young band and the whole time you were only a year younger than me.

Well, I was the oldest and I was 17. The youngest was 14. That's before Walter Lure played with us.

He played with you?

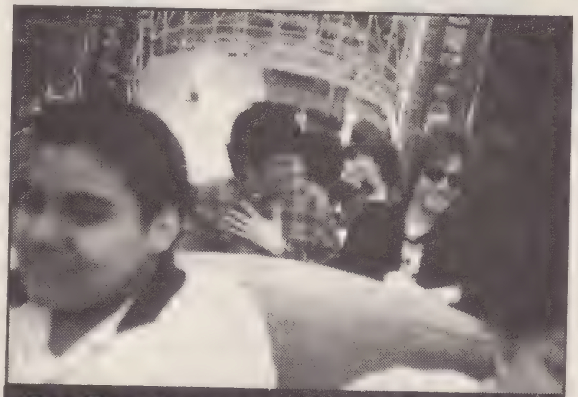
Yeah. We borrowed him from the Heartbreakers for a year, speaking of lecherous men, and he never got any of us. No one did. We didn't live anywhere but we'd always try to crash in pairs. You know, someone would say it was okay to stay over, so the whole band would come along.

Yeah. I used to let bands stay at my place when they'd come to Toronto. I was too timid to really come on to anyone. I'd just take everyone out to some gay disco. That's why Walter and I used to hang out. Remember, there were such strange boundaries. Like, if you were into punk rock you couldn't hang out with disco people and stuff. Yet all the guys I knew in bands loved going to discos.

Which leads us to the van story.

Every road leads to the van story.

It was all about shoes in 1975. I have a gorgeous pair of red, white and gold 12" platform shoes I use as book ends. I used to take lots of THC and run around in the ice and snow in them to catch a bus so I could go downtown to a disco. I had saved my tips from my part-time A & W job for weeks to buy them. These had ankle straps and little bows on them. They wedged from 12" at the heel down to 9" in front and were less than an inch wide. Since our whole house was covered in shag carpets I used to carry them to the back door before putting them on. I remember one night, when I first bought them, I was just starting to get off on the acid I had taken when my dad came running upstairs with an ax in his hand screaming at me to give him my shoes so he could chop off a few inches. "Patty, they're going to wreck your feet. No daughter of mine is going to walk down the street in shoes like these." I started crying and screaming about how all the kids (I should have said "drag queens") were wearing them and that if he ruined my shoes I was moving out. I ran out the door a foot taller and stumbled to freedom. It's almost twenty years later (yikes) and I am working out a scam on the Canadian health plan so I can get my bunion removed. I tried on these shoes the other day and sure enough, every twist and bump on my misshapen feet fit perfectly between the bows and straps of those twenty pound shoes. Of course, I won't ever tell him he was right. I'll blame it on stripping first.


Dee Dee Ramone and Howie Pyro. 1977.

Do you remember Easy Bake Ovens? I used to go straight for the cake mixes in my presents every year. After the candy pills in my doctor kit, of course. One year they even had a bubble gum mix which was essentially powdered gum that you added water to. You had to let it cool down before you could eat it. Whoever heard of cooked bubble gum? I just ate it raw. I didn't even bother adding water.

I used to go one further. Do you remember Creepy Crawlers? Those bugs that you cooked in a mold? We used to try melting chocolate in it and making chocolate bugs but it never worked.

I guess that's why they made Incredible Edibles. The edible bug stuff. I had the Fun Flowers kit. I still remember how great that plastic liquid used to smell when it was cooking.

I used to have a candy filled syringe. It came with a button that says "Hippy Sippy says 'I'll Try Anything."

That sounds really familiar. I think I had one too.

Our conversation *somehow* rolls around to sex. Sex and catheters, bondage, performance art sex, violent sex. I guess we just had to skip past the syringe element. Naturally, sex was my next choice. Howie shook his head and backed away. "I can't mix the two. I've seen too many people die. It's too weird for me. I mean, I've had people die in front of my eyes. You know, having someone looking straight at you when they're dying." My sick curiosity was aroused. I wanted to know more. "One night I was saying good-bye to someone and I heard this loud BANG. It sounded as if a car had been hit or something. This car had come flying up Third Avenue at about 90 mph. I didn't even see it. The guy was hit and flew straight up. The car was already gone when he slammed down on the road right in front of me. Another time I was sitting on Avenue A watching this girl walking along. There was something weird about her, like she was blind or really high or something. It was like she couldn't see. I watched her walk towards the curb. I got this feeling like I should help her cross the street but I thought, 'What if she has some giant boyfriend who'll come around the corner just as I'm taking her arm.' It's stupid, but you know how a million weird things'll cross your mind in a split second. Anyhow, right as I'm thinking this, a car crashes right into her and kills her on the spot. I've had stuff like this happen five times."

Maybe we should talk about toys some more.

I had these eyeballs that you could bounce. And this game called Body Pieces. I used to take all my cars when I was a kid – all my Hot Wheels and dinky cars – and I'd smash them up with a hammer and play demolition derby. It was my favorite thing to do. I remember one Sunday morning my dad woke me up real early and told me he had a surprise for me. We got in the car and drove somewhere outside the city to see a real demolition derby. We stayed all day and I got to watch real cars get all smashed up. It was the happiest day of my life.

I guess I was that obsessed with my dolls. I had about 60 of them. I even had a Twiggy doll. What I loved the most was designing their apartments. I would take paintings off the wall and turn them into wall size murals for my dolls place. Crystal candy dishes turned into Roman baths. Everything was lush – with a Cleopatra meets Warhol theme.

I went one further. I'd take a soldering gun to my GI Joe's and turn them into "I am a

Teenage Frankenstein" dolls. Their faces would get all melted and deformed. I turned one into Alice Cooper. I painted his face and constructed some platform boots for him. I have it over at my apartment. Let's go over there. I'll show you all this stuff I've got. I have Kid Congo's Sparks Fan Club badge he gave me years ago with his real name on it. No one would know who it is though.

I have the same name on my drivers' license.

Oh yeah. I've got a letter from the Bay City Rollers and all kinds of fan club buttons. But you've got to see this doll.

Howie lives around the corner from me. On the way over, I almost get hit by a car. Inside his apartment there is a small aisle cleared to walk from one end to the other. Everywhere there are piles of books, records, toys, videos. You name it, Howie has a pile of it somewhere in his home. We decide to catalogue his collectibles in a future work called "Inside the World of Howie Pyro." He takes me on a quick tour. Meanwhile, a party has gathered to watch D-Generation's TV debut, which Howie is late for. Hanging by a noose next to his bed is the Alice Cooper GI Joe, silver platforms and all. I pause to examine his button collection. "That's nothing," he brags. Inside the closet is a suit jacket covered in every punk rock badge ever created. Before he closes the closet door he pulls out a jacket Johnny Thunders wore on the cover of the New York Dolls' first album. "Speaking of Retro... the other night GreenDoor sponsored a party to celebrate the release of a new New York Dolls record and Bob Gruen showed all kinds of old videos from the Dolls and Max's and the whole scene. Everyone was there. Syrinda Fox, who was married to David Johansen then later to Steven Tyler, Arthur Kane, Sylvain Sylvain... and there were all the old groupies. Everyone from the Seventies was there. It was sort of depressing. They all looked like they were still dressed the same Seventies way and they were all drunk. All these young kids sat around watching the movies. Just glued to the monitors, while all the people who were in the videos just got drunker and weren't even paying attention. They just talked on top of everything else. It was depressing. I would have probably left but I was trapped there because I was hosting the fucking thing."

I was disappointed that we couldn't stay at his apartment longer. Each stack of stuff was worth a dozen hours of explanation. I wanted to watch all his old Dolls videos, sad that I'd missed the party. "I was at Max's the last night it was open. Bad Brains were playing. It was sort of depressing. The cool thing was that I had always wanted the picture of the Blessed that they had on the wall. You remember? Those giant pictures they had behind the bar. Anyway, when I was leaving, I ripped it off the wall and ran out with it. I still have it. I had wanted to rip off part of the awning but... I guess someone else got it." I thought about Max's, the awning, the way it felt from outside. It had made it's way into the book I'm working on:

After they said good-bye, it occurred to her that she was in New York City, all alone. She sat in her parked car staring across the street at the intimidating crew of people hanging around the door of Max's Kansas City. Her heart sang. This is why she had driven for ten hours. These people were her reason for being in New York. The streetlights dripped and the sidewalk sparkled. The LSD made her feel like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz. Despite her self-consciousness, she got out of the car and went inside. She had worn her coolest outfit, sparkling fuchsia stretch pants, a skin tight leopard printed body suit and 6" stiletto heeled pink ankle boots. Now she worried that it was all wrong. Everyone else was wearing black. It never occurred to her that she wasn't old enough to be in a bar. It was 1977. Eve was finally old enough to be in the right place at the right time. What she didn't realize then was that she was on the wrong drug.

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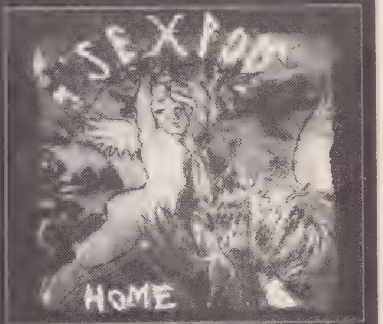

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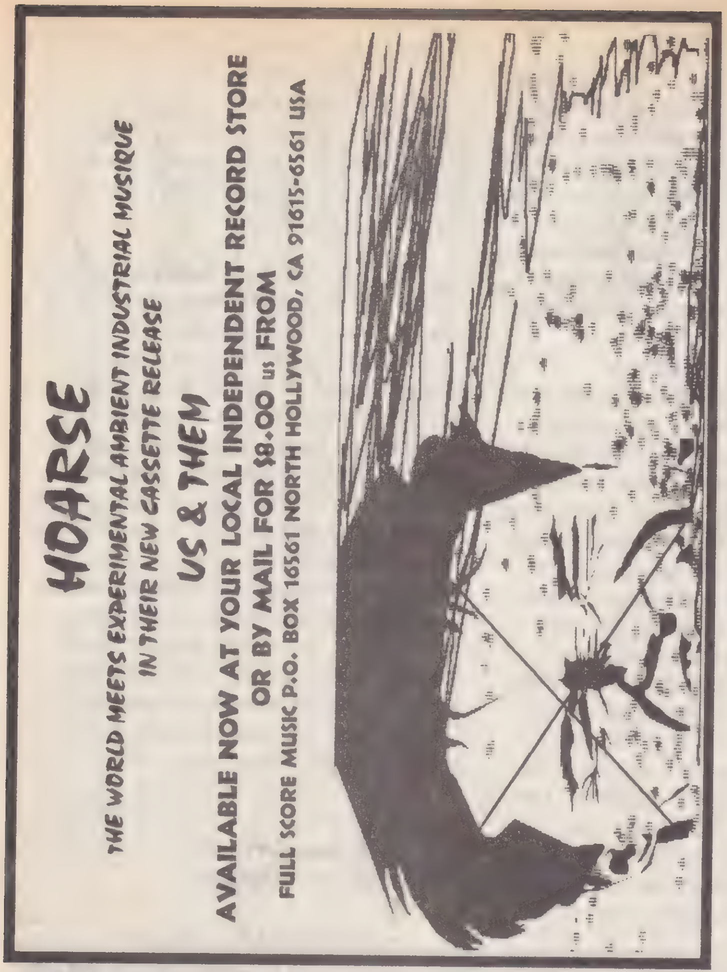

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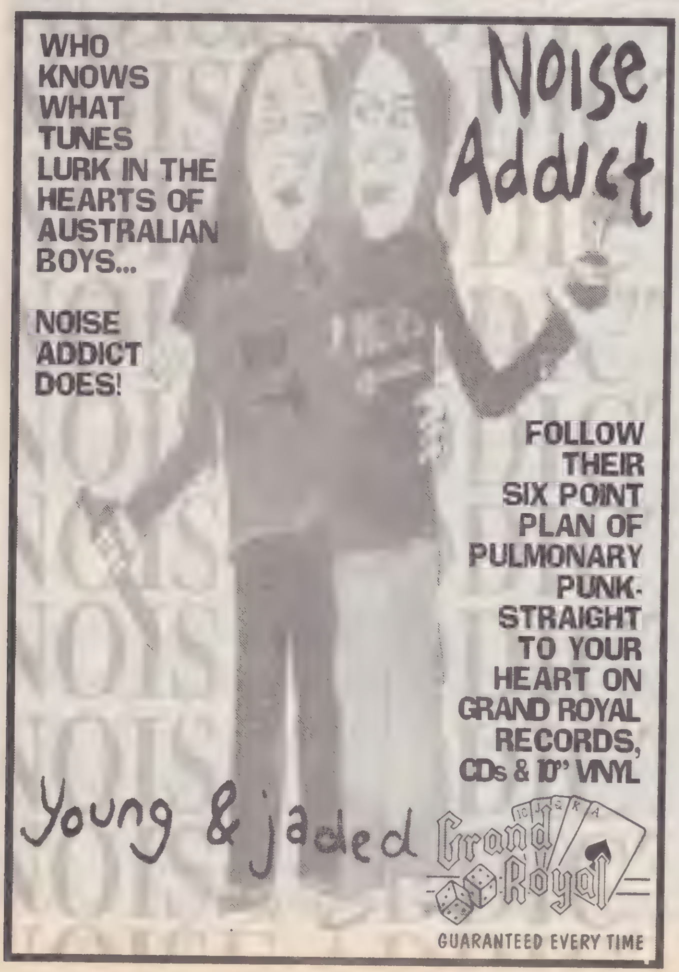

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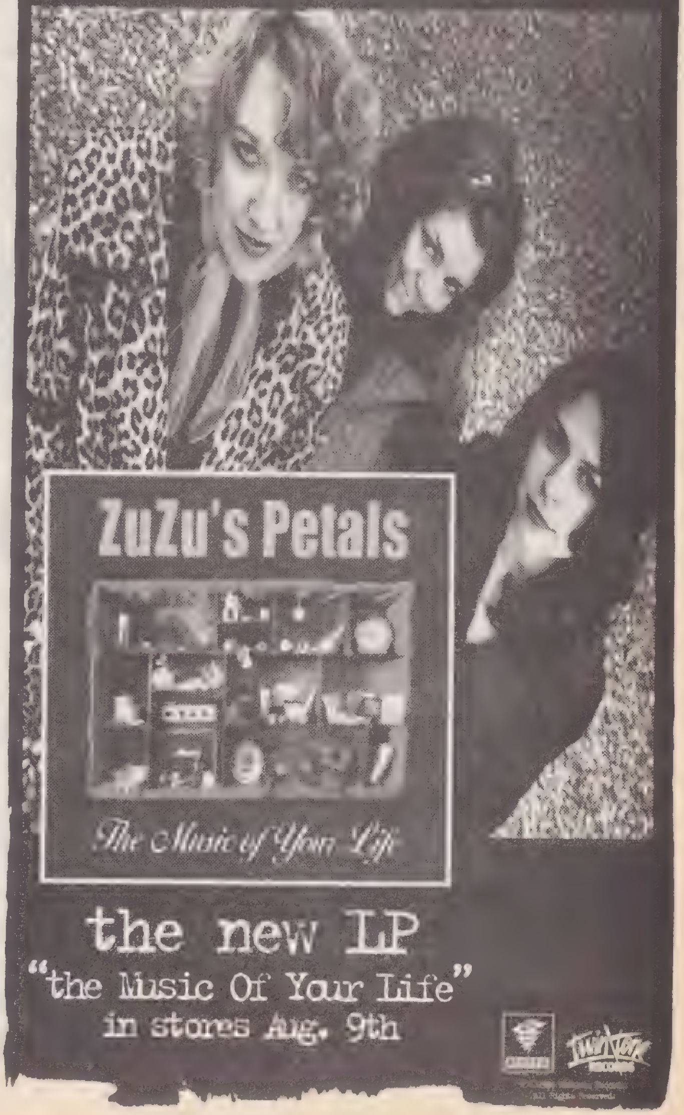

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Ben Is Dead's "Retro Girl" relives her

TEEN IDOL FREAK-OUT!!

by katy krassner

When Darby contacted me about the Retro issue, my hopes ran high. After all, I am Retro Girl! She explained how she wanted me to explore the crushes I've had throughout my early hormonal life, touching on what it all meant to me. Easy, I thought. Boy, was I wrong. I quickly realized I had been a Teen Beat *slut, flitting from one boy to the next with the drop of a hat (or the appearance of a zit on my guy of the moment.) I guess loyalty wasn't part of my vocab. In retrospect, I realized that each and every one of those teenage "heartthrobs" did indeed hold a special place in my heart. I can't even believe I remember half of them! Save for Leif Garrett and the DeFranco family, there wasn't a teen mag guy that didn't grab my attention. Perhaps it has something to do with why I'm so fickle now. No matter – I'd like to present to you the core twenty (or so) "teen idols" that shaped the way I view the world today. Sorta scary when you think about it...*

1. JEFF & JOE FITHIAN

The first studs that caught my eye were the adorable twins from *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (September 1965 – September 1967). Since I was born in 1968, it was more than likely that it was the re-runs that had my three year old heart a flutter. For those who don't know, the sitcom involved four sons named Kyle, Joel, Tracy and Trevor. Each week the Nash siblings and their sheepdog, Laddadog, had "hilarious" misadventures while driving their perfect parents insane. I loved Jeff and Joe, who played "Tracy" and "Trevor," even if I could never tell them apart. I nearly died when one of them lost a tooth – nothing like an all gums smile!

2. TRENT LEHMAN

I loved this little guy, who played "Butch" on *Nanny & the Professor* (January 1970 – December 1971). Trent was the least focused of the "Everett" children, but I do remember that my favorite episode involved Trent, a bully and an inflatable clown. Coincidentally, "Nanny" also starred a young Kim Richards as little sister "Prudence": you may remember her from those spooky *Witch Mountain* Disney films with the yummy Ike Eisemann, who in turn went on to play one of "Tommy Bradford's" pals on *Eight is Enough.*

3. JOHNNY WHITTIKER

The only kid to escape *Family Affair* (September 1966 – September 1971) without a drug habit, Johnny was more cute than studly. No one could say "Uncle Bill" in a more lovable way. Not a one hit wonder, Johnny went on to star in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and other films, as well as *Sigmund & the Seamonsters* (September 1973 – October 1975) with the equally adorable Scott Kolden. I once entered a contest to win a phone call from Johnny, but I didn't know my phone number and I think I didn't want to tell my mom I was doing it. In my fantasy, Johnny pulled my name from the list of entries, only to be thwarted in his attempts to call because there was no phone number.

4. BRANDON CRUZ

The star of my favorite of favorite shows, Brandon starred as "Eddie Corbett" on *The Courtships of Eddie's Father* (September 1969 – June 1972). Following the single parent theme I seemed so fond of, "Courtships" also had a killer theme song ("People let me tell ya 'bout my best friend"). There was something about the walks he and Bill Bixby would take at the end of every episode, where "Eddie" would ask his dad a series of questions, that really got to me. After "Courtships" ended, Brandon sort of fell out of sight only to turn up four years later as "Joey Turner" in the *Bad News Bears.* As the rival team pitcher who gets smacked by his pop for trying to bean Bear's catcher "Mike Engelbert," I could sense how much Brandon had grown as an actor. I'll never forget that tense moment that caused the hairs to stand up on the back of my neck when "Joey" held the ball to spite his father and help the Bear's score a run – was it awesome when he walked up to Vic Morrow (let's not even get into *his* grisly demise) and dropped the ball at his feet? Such drama!

5. BRIAN FORSTER

This was the second "Chris" on *The Partridge Family* (September 1970 – August 1974). I never did like Jeremy Gelbwaks ("Chris 1") in the role, and apparently I wasn't alone. In David Cassidy's new book, *C'Mon Get Happy* he alludes that ole Jeremy wasn't the most popular guy on the set. Besides, he looked tres dorky behind the drums. Brian Forster's "Chris" put much more of an effort into the role and looked like he was really beating those skins. Although "Chris" was really a background player along with "Tracy," I do remember one episode when the two youngest Partridges ran away to "Reuben's" house, which I thought that was by far

I will always be hip, you know what I mean. –Marky Mark and away the coolest – though "Laurie" getting a radio transmission through her braces was a close second. Then, as with every good sitcom, "Chris" and "Tracy" were deemed not cute enough, and they brought in little Ricky Segall to play adorable next-door neighbor, "Ricky Stevens." My memories of him are clouded, but I do remember he sang a song that had a lot of "La-la's" in it.

6) MIKE LOOKINLAND

My first question, should I ever meet Mike, would be "What kind of last name is Lookinland?" Then I'd ask him what it was like working as a PA on Stephen King's *The Stand*.

After *The Courtships of Eddie's Father*, I got into the Brady's in a MAJOR way. *The Brady Bunch* (September 1969 – August 1974) became my hands down fave. I can remember sitting in the den after my bath and being allowed to watch "The Bunch" before I went to bed. I was a huge "Bobby" fan, and loved any episode he was the focus of. My all time favorite was when "Bobby," the big loser, went on the "Kartoon King" show to prove he wasn't a spazz. Of course he lost, but his siblings somehow managed to go out and get him a cake *and* an engraved trophy to make him feel better, even though Mike and Carol were driving the only car. Once "Bobby" stopped putting the black rinse in his hair and it went orange, I sorta faded on him. The braces didn't help much either.

7. THE BAY CITY ROLLERS

This was a brief period of weakness in my life. The Rollers were all over *Tiger Beat, Teen Beat, 16* and the rest of the ilk, so how could I have avoided them? What could I have done? Really, I was blameless. Besides the fact, my seventh summer was spent at Pierce Day Camp, where my counselor was absolutely nuts for the boys from Bay City. She loved them and had our bunk singing "S-A-T-U-R-D-A-Y NIGHT!" at the top of our little lungs. Initially, I only pretended to like them cause I thought she would think I was cool, but for whatever reason, I choose Derek Longmuir as my Roller — he was the only blonde in the "band," so perhaps that explains it. My recall is poor when it comes to my short lived interest in the Bay City Rollers, but I do remember that my counselor was inconsolable the day it was announced Stuart "Woody" Wood had collapsed from exhaustion. Upon further inspection, it seems the ole Woodster had tried to off himself via a drug overdose, and not too much more about the Rollers was to be discussed that summer.

8. ERIC OLSEN

Apple's Way (February 1974 – January 1975), was a story of an architect moving his Los Angeles raised family back to the midwest (*90210* in reverse!), and starred the cute Eric Olsen who may or may not be the brother of Susan or the father of Mary Kate and Ashley. I don't remember much about this program, except Kristy McNichol was in it too and I totally dug the episode where Eric got hit by a car while riding his bike. I always got off when my fave character was on the brink of some sort of medical emergency. (I wonder why that was?) Anyway, after "Apple's" folded, Eric briefly returned on *Swiss Family Robinson* (September 1975 – April 1976) as "Ernie" with future "Bradford" Willie Aames playing his brother "Fred." You may recall Helen Hunt's recent stint as host of *Saturday Night Live* where she played a clip from that very show during her monologue!

9. JOHN & TOM KEANE

The little remembered *Keane Brothers Show* (August 1977 – September 1977) was a half hour variety show hosted by twelve and thirteen year old Tom and John Keane. I forget who was John and who was Tom, but one of them played the drums and had braces. Sigh.

10. THE ABC SATURDAY MORNING BOYS

Somewhere in the mid-seventies, some honcho who was probably in charge of Daytime Programming at ABC, got the idea that kids were getting sick of cartoons on Saturday morn and would like to see more "live-action" shows. This was definitely the trend for awhile (to be picked up again about six years ago with *Saved By the Bell* and *California Dreams*) and a lot of *Tiger Beat* fodder was culled from these programs. A few stellar ones remain in my consciousness even today.

Fresh from *The Brady Bunch* was Robbie "Cousin Oliver" Rist who starred in *Big John, Little John* (September 1976 – September 1977) which told the tale of a forty five year old man who drinks from the fountain of youth and changes to a 12 year old (Robbie) at inopportune times. Another fave was *Thunder* (September 1977 – September 1978) about a horse who was stabled with future *Lambada* star Melora Hardin and Justin Randi, who played her foxy brother "Willie." *Shazam!* (September 1974 – September 1977) had long-locked Michael Gray as "Billy Batson," a young man endowed with the power to turn into Captain Marvel by uttering "Shazam!," an acronym for the six immortal elders – **S**oloman, **H**ercules, **A**tlas, **Z**eus, **A**chilles, and **M**ercury. And most memorable, *The Red Hand Gang* (September 1977 – January 1978) which dealt with young super sleuths led by Matthew Laborteaux Laborteaux would later turn up as morphine addicted ragamuffin "Albert" on *Little House on the Prairie* with his real life brother Patrick, who played "Andy Garvey," Merlin Olsen's boy. Devoted teen rag readers know the true life travails of the brothers Laborteaux, who were both adopted as severely learning disabled toddlers. How far they came.

11. TODD TURQUAND

Once I became a regular viewer of *The New Mickey Mouse Club*, it was all over for me. I

I'd like to hear myself talking in French. My hair products do so well in Europe. I'm much more popular now in Europe,

had hormones. The show featured a still young Lisa Welchel (who we all know went on to play "Blair" on *The Facts of Life* and later married a preacher) along with a little girl named Mindy Feldman (she being the older sibling of perennial teen fuck-up, Corey Feldman) and Todd Turquand. I felt the first stirrings of unrequited love during the viewing of this show. I loved Todd. He was a dreamy fellow with wavy black hair and dark eyes, and even though he sucked at singing and was left out of most of the dance numbers, I slept with a picture of him underneath my pillow for months.

12. "THE FITZPATRICKS"

Since this show went on to spawn many an idol, and was covered like Martians landing on Earth by the teen press, I thought I should mention *The Fitzpatricks* (September 1977 – January 1978). This short lived drama about the Fitzpatrick clan (duh) starred Clark Brandon, who you may remember as "Jo's" Navy boyfriend "Eddie" on *The Facts of Life.* As his younger brother was an actor billed as James Vincent McNichol, who would later go by the name Jimmy for his future television stints in *Hollywood Teen* (1978), *California Fever* (September 1979 – December 1979), and *General Hospital.* Lastly, *Pete & the Magic Dragon*'s Sean Marshall rounded out the cast as the littlest Fitzgerald. Sean was more my speed and I had all the ads from the aforementioned Disney flick on my wall. *The Fitzpatricks* only aired like eight episodes, so sadly I cannot recall a one.

13. SHANE SINUTKO

Anyone remember Shane Sinutko, star of that fa-bu ABC afterschool special "My Mom's Having a Baby?" I was so into that whole birth thing, I remember it was re-shown one night right before the stellar *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble* starring John Travolta. Major television viewing that evening! Shane never really caught on, which was kind of a shame cause he wasn't a bad actor. He would guest star on this show and that, and I even remember a *Love Boat* episode on his resume, but alas, like too many of 'em, he just plain dropped out of sight.

14. GLEN SCARPELLI, PHILLIP MCKEON, JIMMY & SCOTT BAIO

Let's just file these four under "Guys I didn't really like but were such a part of the teen magazines that I had to mention them." We'll start with Glen Scarpelli, who was brought onto *One Day at a Time* when Val and MacKenzie weren't young enough to have "cool" problems anymore. As "Ann Romano's" step-son "Alex," the only reason to watch Glen was because he was a "fashion don't" for most of his time on the program. Like the ubiquitous Corey Haim, Glen was everywhere – all the teen magazines, Kim Fields' birthday parties, *Circus of the Stars*, even the Powerstation (!) concert at Jones Beach in 1985. I had won *my* front row seats from the radio, but there was Glen, right next to me, screaming for John Taylor. Wonder what *that* means... As for the horse-toothed Phillip McKeon (Nancy's bro), I sorta liked him when he was young, but once he grew to like 6' 10" and sported that wicked faux winged back hair look, I went off him real quick. As for the Baio boys, they were staples of '70s programming (Jimmy with *Soap*, Scott with *Blansky's Beauties* and *Happy Days*) and received a lot of attention from the rags. I for one preferred cousin Jimmy *way* over Scott, who always looked like he was on his way to church.

BANANAS
SCOTT BAIO!

15. MEENO PELUCE

The television version of *The Bad News Bears* (March 1979 – October 1979) starred tough guy Meeno as tough guy "Tanner Boyle." I always liked Meeno and the way he "invited" *Tiger Beat* readers into his home for photo ops. I really dug the leather wrist bands he wore and the sleeveless tee's. Not only did Meeno go on to star in *Voyagers* (moment of silence for Jon-Erik Hexum please) and be a model big bro for real-life sis Soliel Moon Frye, he hung around with the future Mrs. Michael Jackson (Lisa Marie, duh) during her fat druggie stage. Way to go Meeno!

16. RAD DALY AND PAUL KING

I've lumped these two together for two reasons. 1) They were "famous" for doing absolutely nothing, and 2) No one remembers them but me and my friend Lauren Zalewski.

Rad was one of those teen stars that did nothing but be cute. I think he was featured in the teen mags even BEFORE he landed a small role in *The Bad News Bears* TV show. He *was* a babe and one of the secret facts about Rad was that his real name was Robert Anthony Daly and Rad was just a nickname devised from his initials!!!!! Do you think his publicist thought of that? Totally rad. man! Paul, on the other hand, only guest starred on a TV show, and *Tiger Beat* was giving him coverage! He played Danielle Brisebois' boyfriend on a few episodes of "Archie Bunker's Place." Paul did nothing but look pretty for the mags in his wide variety of Izod shirts, and I for one was hooked.

17. ADAM RICH

While Todd Turquand of "Mickey Mouse" was the first guy I ever wanted to name my child after, there is one man who can claim he was the first to grace my walls in pin-up form. That honor goes to one Mr. Adam Rich, best known as "Nicholas" from *Eight is Enough.* Be still my heart. I chanted the theme song as if it was my mantra (."..and eight is enough to fill our lives with love"), had an *Eight is Enough* t-shirt, and wrote to Adam care of ABC so I could get a faux autographed photo of the cast. I even went so far as to ask my doctor to make sure I was out of the operating room by 8 p.m. the Wednesday night he removed my tonsils.

My fave episode was when "Nicholas" left the sodering tool plugged in while making an anniversary gift for "Tom" and "Abbey" and burned down part of the house. Feeling extra pathetic, my "Nicholas" takes off for the big city of Los Angeles (the "Bradfords" lived in Sacramento) where he met up with a bum who was friendly with the old man who broke into the "Bradford" house the year before and stole all the Christmas gifts. (Yet another stellar episode – and who didn't choke up when "Tom" gave "Tommy" the Christmas present his dear, departed mother had bought for him before her untimely passing?) But getting back to "Nicholas on the Lam" — it was a two-parter and the focus was all Adam! I was in heaven!

I think because of Charlie's Angels. I like to think I'm very European. –Farrah Fawcett

Unfortunately, my love for Adam became a weapon my parents would use against me. If I misbehaved, my punishment was missing an episode of "Eight is Enough"! Horrors! There was a another two-parter on (must've been the sweeps) and I was punished and couldn't see the second half. I was beside myself, but devised a way to still catch glimpses of my husband-to-be. We had a den in the back of the house and I kept pretending to be extra thirsty so I could walk through the kitchen, to the den and watch Adam. Tres genius! If I was *really* bad, my mother would take down one of the pictures I had of him taped to my wall. Evil. My very favorite was one of Adam at a celebrity softball game wearing a Dodgers uniform. Once, in a horrid moment, it was almost lost forever, but I fished it out of the garbage and lovingly taped it back on the wall.

There was nothing I didn't know about Adam. He was born October 8, 1968, had a little brother named Wayne, loved tennis, always wore a blue down vest, was a frequent visitor to the Van Patten house, and took out the trash once a week! What I didn't know is that he'd grow up to be a thief and a drug addict, but how could I have known? Thanks to Adam, a pattern emerged that would remain unbroken to this day: I like short men.

The day *Eight is Enough* was cancelled was a sad day indeed. Just starting the throes of puberty, I really felt the loss. Plus, I never liked that dumb Ralph Macchio who had come on in the last season to play "Abbey's" nephew "Jeremy Andretti." I felt he was responsible for sinking the show. When he would later go on to star in *The Outsiders* (whatta cast!), I was perversely thrilled when he got burned in the fire saving the little kids, yet totally annoyed that "Ponyboy" had to keep hearing his voice in his head over and over ("Just remember Ponyboy, stay golden.")

Getting back to Adam, from *Eight is Enough,* he went on to the short lived *Code Red* starring Lorne Green, Andrew Stevens and the guy who played "Flash Gordon." It wasn't such a great show, but at least Adam was back in my life again. Now the only time I get to see him is when he's on a talk show talking about the downfalls of being a child star or when he has stolen something.

18. JUSTIN HENRY

Justin Henry's career began with a bang and ended with a...well, with not much to show for it. Another bummer because besides being really cute, he was an extremely gifted child-actor.

Starring as "Billy Kramer" in *Kramer V. Kramer* put young Justin on the map. Once I "decided" to have a crush, I tried to devour all I could on him. The teen press didn't pay much attention to Justin cause he was on the young side and "Kramer" had been such an adult flick, but I did find out he got himself to cry in all those emotional scenes by pretending his dog had died. Is that talent or what?! I think the real reason I liked Justin so much (I mean, he was two years younger than me) was because around the time that movie came out, my parent's were splitting, so maybe I identified. No matter – I still thought he was swell. There weren't too many pictures of him to be found, but whatever there was hung on my wall. I begged my parents to let me have cloud wallpaper just like he did in the movie, which, perhaps out of divorced parent guilt, they allowed. I remember I wasn't permitted to stay up to watch the Academy Awards that year, so I stood at my door for an hour listening to the program. When Justin lost the Best Supporting Actor Oscar to that old fart Melvin Douglas (who died two months later anyhow), I was devastated. I demand a recount!

Sadly, Justin sort of faded into obscurity after that, only to be seen years later as Molly Ringwald's brother "Mike" in *Sixteen Candles* and much, much later in *Sweetheart's Dance* as Don Johnson and Susan Sarandon's son.

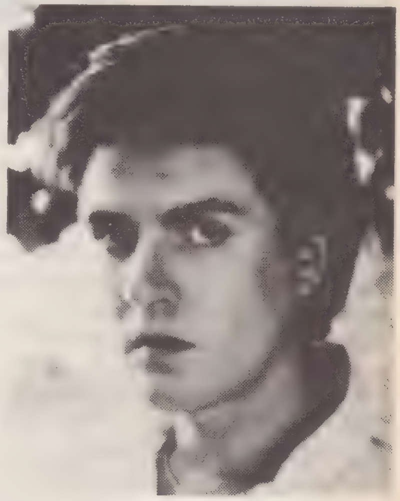
19. RICKY SCHROEDER

Now, I'm sorta embarrassed to admit this, but around the time I began to wane on Adam, my dad took my to see *The Champ* and I fell pretty damn hard for Ricky Schroeder. He was in all the teen mags, so I feel I was semi-defenseless in my lust — I mean, he was practically pushed on me! I saw *The Earthling*, the movie that he starred in with William Holden, the day it opened. I practically died when he played "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the TV Movie of the same name. Did he look hot in those knickers and ruffled shirts, or what? How about *The Last Flight of Noah's Ark*? I *had* to have the same white baseball jersey with yellow sleeves that my honey wore throughout the whole flick. I used to pretend we knew each other and I once took a newspaper article with the heading "Little Ricky's Falling in Love" and added "with Katy Krassner" to the end. To top it off, I invited him to my Bat Mitzvah. This is where The Ricker gets major points: Not only did he send back the response card, he sent me an autographed picture!!!!

I stopped liking Ricky when he got all too obnoxious as "Ricky Stratton" in *Silver Spoons*. Guess? overalls and rubber bracelets can only get you so far. My memories of *Silver Spoons* are thankfully clouded, though I do know it was responsible for unleashing Jason Bateman and Alphonso Ribiero on an unsuspecting public. I do remember the episode Menudo guest-starred on – when they came through the "Stratton" living room on that stupid train. All I know is that today, "Rick" Schroeder is married and the father of two sons. Do I feel like a loser, or what?

20. SIMON LEBON

Alright, so from reading back issues of *Ben is Dead*, you know how Retro girl ends up: a Duran Duran fan. I won't even get into the gory details of how *that* came about, though I am rather proud to say that I discovered the band whilst they were still on the Harvest label and only had one album out. I don't think it's really necessary for me to go into my devotion of all things LeBon. Let's just say there are some things one never grows out of.



So with this outstanding record of teen idolatry behind me, I still find myself browsing through Tiger Beat, Bop, Big Bopper, 16, *and* Teen Beat *when I get the chance. Have you seen what they are pawning off as idols these days? Major bummer. I think the whole teen idol thing peaked with Jason and Luke a few years back. The kids they're covering today – Jonathan Taylor Thomas from* Home Improvement, *Mark-Paul Gosslier from* Saved By the Bell, *Joey Lawrence from* Blossom, *Jonathan Brandis from* Seaquest *and don't even get me started on the Olsen Twins.... In my day they didn't put wimpy little girls in* Tiger Beat. *I mean, they're weak man. Not a babe in the bunch. Amidst all the talk of "the end of the teen magazine," I can see why. But I ain't giving up hope. That new guy who plays "Bailey" on* Party of Five *is sorta cute...*

Notes: 1) Sorry for the delay in the Black shirt orders. 2) Price increases on some items is due to the recent postal rate increases. Thanks for understanding.

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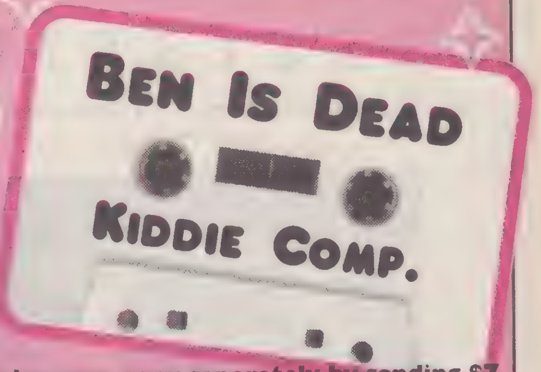

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JONATHAN PALEY

Jonathan (right) with equally hunky brother Andy (left).

The life of a '70s rock 'n' roll teen idol

Jonathan Paley was the younger half of The Paley Brothers, a sort of "B"-list teen-idol duet in the mid- '70s. During the late '70s, his career fell to the wayside as he became completely submerged in the now-legendary New York punk scene… which, of course, makes him far more interesting and cool than your average pretty-boy hunk. Gwynne recently crossed paths with him shortly before he sired Violet Leona Paley-Conway, baby daughter of Gwynne's oldest friend and former recurring bandmate Bambi Lee Conway (The Pandoras, Feline, Mad Monster Party….) After a month of schedule-juggling, Gwynne, Darby, and Jonathan all managed to find a mutual spare hour or two to meet at the rather overpriced Tom Bergin's Irish Pub, where the following kiss & tell-all interview took place.

Let's start with The Paley Brothers. How did The Paley Brothers begin?

Well, we are, of course, brothers, and we were both musical as children. My brother Andy started playing in rock 'n' roll bands when he was very young, and I used to hang around and bother them. He's three years older than me, and he started playing in bands when he was eleven or twelve years old. We lived in a very, very small town in upstate New York with a population of about fifty people: Crescent, about fifty miles north of Albany. It was a farming community. Andy played drums. He played with our next-door neighbor Jerry Harris, and a guy from a town up the road apiece. Then when I was about eleven, we moved to New York City. Brooklyn. While I was living in Brooklyn and going to high school, I started playing rock 'n' roll with some friends in the neighborhood, and we did a couple of gigs. I was in a band called Dig It & the Doo-Wops, and we did all oldies at the Red Coach Inn.

It must have been hard to find "oldies" back then!

We were doing fifties stuff. This was, like, 1968 or '69. I was fourteen. I was playing the bass, even though I was a guitar player. I wanted to be Jimi Hendrix at the time. Andy, by this point, had run away from home, up to Boston, and was playing in a band called Catfish Black, with Ernie Brooks and a bunch of people like that. They became The Sidewinders, and they did an album for RCA around 1970. He continued with The Sidewinders for awhile. By this time, I was in college, and I kinda hated college. So I dropped out and started playing music again, and this time I had a band called "Mong."

What does that mean? Like in "whore-monger?"

It doesn't really mean anything. I was hanging around CBGB's, and I wanted to start a band. This was like 1975. This started because Jonathan Richman played a gig there, solo, as he's often done in his career, no band behind him or anything. The band on the bill with him was Television. And they were SO LOUD, really just horrendously loud, and Jonathan was running around the bar with napkins sticking out of his ears, going "Ohhhh, ohhhh, it's too looouud!" So somehow I hooked up with Television, I just started hanging out with them. I actually drove them up to their first gig in Boston in my father's stationwagon, and my payment for that was a black Jazzmaster, which Fred Smith gave to me. Then I started doing some gigs opening for Television with my band Mong. Then my brother's band, The Sidewinders, broke up, and he said to me, "Y'know, Jonathan, we oughta get together and do an act; we're brothers, we kinda like the same music." So we started writing some songs, making some demos…. Actually, a few years before this, my brother and I drove to California, my first trip to California. We drove out here with a surfboard tied to the roof of my father's station wagon…

Did you know how to surf?

No! We'd bought the surfboard for like ten dollars on Cape Cod… got pulled over in Kansas, New York plates, a surfboard on the roof, driving through Kansas! We spent most of our time here parked across the street from Brian Wilson's house, waiting to catch a glimpse of him! We did take the board to the beach and tried to surf but we couldn't move it, it was water-logged and had holes in it and everything. It was a longboard, an old nine-foot, you know, wooden, heavy… anyway, we spent the rest of the time trying to find Brian Wilson. This was when Z Channel first started, and we were staying with this guy Rex, a friend of my brother's. He had Z Channel, and we watched *Rebel Without A Cause*. That night, we went to Rodney's [English Disco, Rodney Bingenheimer's all-ages Sunset Strip glitter-rock nightclub], and Shaun Cassidy, who was probably about fourteen years old at the time, was playing onstage! We were standing there talking to Rodney and, all of a sudden, Sal Mineo comes walking in! We're, like, "Ohmigod, we just watched *Rebel Without a Cause* on TV today! It's a psychic phenomenon!" He was with this guy Ted Harris, one of the stars of *Blacula*. Little did we know it when we met them, but of course they were both very gay. So he's like, "Well, uh, look, tomorrow why don't we get together and we can take you up to Griffith Park." He wanted to take us up to the Observatory and talk about the alternate ending – he said there was a different ending, that they refilmed the entire thing.

"I'll show you *my* alternate *end*-ing!"

Yeah! So we said, "Okay." Well, the next day we finally got ahold of one of the Beach Boys sidemen, Ricky Fattar. He was in the Rutles, too. He was "Stig." My brother knew him from back East. He'd been out of town. And we had to leave the next day because I had to get back to register for college. So Ricky Fattar says "Yeah, I'll take you over to see Brian, no problem." He took us over to meet Brian, and that was a really wonderful experience for us because we'd both admired him for so many years.

So I go over there, and we all got naked, and Stiv started whipping her with his belt. He was whipping her, and Lydia was giving her head, saying, "Isn't this the most beautiful pussy you've ever seen?"

What was Brian Wilson like?

He was a recluse at that point. He never left the house – he was a little overweight.

Was he grumpy?

No, he was nice. Not very *happy* looking, but not nasty. Not noticeably out of his mind. He had a record player with a single on it, but no center-thing for the big hole. It was "Da Do Ron Ron."

Did he have a sandbox in his living-room?

I don't think so. He was living in the chauffeur's quarters at this point. It was just this one big room with an exercise machine which I don't think he used very much. So, consequently, we couldn't meet with Sal and Ted to see that "alternate ending!" The point that I was starting to make, which I'm finally gonna get to, was the entire time we were driving back and forth across the country, we'd been singing together. So a couple of years later, when I decided I didn't want to go to college anymore, it was just a natural thing that we do this sort of Everly Brothers harmony act. We started making demos, and got signed by Sire Records in 1976, and put out our first single in '77. We came out here to record our album at Brother's Studio, which is no longer in existence. We did a few more singles after that. We were working with Phil Spector during the *Rock 'n' Roll High School* thing. At this point, I was becoming disenchanted with this sort of pop thing we were doing, because I wanted to play… *punk rock*! I felt as a guitar player, for one thing, I could do a lot more than what I was doing. Also, that whole thing was exciting to me. I enjoyed it. I used to jam with people from those bands. At one point, Richard Lloyd and I were thinking about starting a band. I almost ended up in The Heartbreakers. Probably a good thing I didn't – I'd probably be dead now! But I played a few rehearsals with them. Jerry Nolan didn't like me too much. He thought I was too clean-cut to join the Heartbreakers.

What do you think of the fact that you were marketed as a "teen idol" act?

It was fine. It didn't bother me. It was kind of a calculated thing, I think.

So you sort of looked at each other and went, "We're just as cute as those Cassidys!"

It's just that, the kind of music that we were writing at the time was… well, that was just the kind of audience it would appeal to. It wasn't punk rock, it wasn't heavy metal, it wasn't folk. My favorite record that we ever did was with The Ramones, "Come On, Let's Go" [the Richie Valens cover.] It's not really like any of that stuff.

Sort of the forerunner of "power pop."

Yeah, okay. "Power pop" is about as close as we can be categorized. My brother knew Gloria Stavers [the late editor of *16* magazine] pretty well, and Janice Schact at Sire did the rest. We toured with Shaun Cassidy, we played Madison Square Garden, Toronto Stadium, forty thousand screaming girls going "AAAAAAAAA!"

Did you find this affecting your credibility in the punk scene? Were you looked down upon because of it? Who did and didn't mind?

By some people, certainly. The people who didn't mind were: Walter Lure came to the gig at Madison Square Garden with Shaun Cassidy, and afterwards, that's all he'd talk about. "Wow, man, that's so cool, that's so great!" The Ramones loved it, thought it was great. Debbie Harry loved it. The people who didn't like it wouldn't say anything. People like… Tina Weymouth, I think, thought it was pretty *funny*. I was very enamored with her for a long time, I thought she was so hot, I wanted her so bad! And, after that, I had no chance at all!

But did anyone ever, say, *spit* on you?

No. But Lydia Lunch came close to spitting on me. She was very pissed off at me. But she used to actually pay me to have sex with her.

What?! Tell us!

Lydia, when she was living with James White, James Chance, James whatever-his-name-was, and I was living east of Avenue A in a really horrible apartment… she would say, "Jonathan, c'mon, please come home and fuck me, please come home and fuck me." And so I used to go over there and fuck her. We used to go out sometimes; we'd go out to restaurants and then, like, run out on the check without paying… or Lydia would leave first, then I'd leave, and we'd leave James sitting there, make him run out last or pay! We were all broke. But sometimes she managed to… like this one night, I wasn't really hot on the idea of going over there. For one thing, she had an IUD, and it had that little fish-line thing at the end of it, and it kept sticking into the end of my cock, and it really hurt! Anyway, so she was like, "Please, please…" and I was like, "Aww, I dunno," and she says, "I'll give you ten dollars!" So I said, "Okay!" This happened a couple of times…

You gigolo!… I've seen Lydia do some pretty kinky things in her movies. Did she ever do anything really kinky with you?

Well, one time Stiv Bators called me up and said, "Jonathan, there's this girl from Cleveland who really likes you. She's here right now. We're all going over to Lydia's house to have a party. Why don't you come over?" I'm like, "Okay, great." So I go over there, and we all got naked, and Stiv started whipping her with his belt. He was whipping her, and Lydia was giving her head, saying, "Isn't this the most beautiful pussy you've ever seen?" and we took turns doing that, doing all kinds of nasty sex things….

Had you ever done anything like that before?

No, I'd never whipped anybody before. Or since. So I gave her a few whacks. She was so wonderful, though. I loved her. Anyway, it turned out she was the daughter of the police chief of Cleveland, who had run away and been hanging around with The Dead Boys, getting burned with cigarettes by Cheetah Chrome and Stiv Bators and… uh, let's see, there was Johnny Blitz and I don't remember what the other's guys name was…. There was a woman named Anya Phillips who was a half-Chinese stripper. She was in all the old *Punk* magazines as a Chinese dragon lady. They used to draw cartoons of her. She was really wonderful. I went out with her for awhile, she went out with David Byrne for awhile, some of the guys from Television…. She was kind of a trendsetter, because she was the first one, that I met anyway, that was making all her money as a stripper uptown, dressing up in these really extreme outfits, and then going and hanging out with all the bands.

I thought Nancy Spungeon was a stripper, too.

That was later. I actually had sex with Nancy Spungeon, too. She was sharing a place with Sable Starr on 23rd Street, and I was going out with Sable at the time…

Wasn't Sable married to Johnny Thunders?

Not at this point. She was a stripper, too. And I was hanging out there one day, and she [Nancy] just kind of said, "Let's fuck," and I was like, "Okay." And she had, uh, how do you put this…

Crabs?

No… stubble! Pretty extreme stubble.

She shaved?

Yeah, but not for a couple of weeks I guess. But she was kind of, I felt kind of sorry for her. She didn't seem like the brightest girl, and I think Sable was kind of mean to her, and she just seemed like she wanted to make people like her. Sable, I really liked. We went out together for awhile. She was a very worldly person to me, even though she probably wasn't really. I think she was actually *younger* than me. This was maybe 1976. I was about 21 or 22. But Anya was the first one I remember, back in '75 or '76… she's dead now.

Heroin?

No, liver cancer. Probably brought on by drug use, though. She did do a lot of heroin. She died in the mid-'80s.

I heard a rumor that Sable Starr was dead.

Last I heard she had a couple of kids and was living in Palos Verdes. I don't know.

I saw an old spread of her in some '70s porn mag. She was naked and holding a guitar.

Really? (laughs)

Saw yours, too. Jonathan was in Australian *Playgirl*! Nice butt! A really beautiful butt! Do you have an extra copy of that?

I do, but you're not gettin' it! No way! This was just last year, but I don't think they're in business anymore. Back to New York: I used to walk down the street, and actually, one time I almost got killed. I was walking down 14th Street, dressed weird, the way I used to dress back then…

How did you dress?

You know, Beatle boots, my ultra-skintight grey corduroy pants with a flaming-pink shirt, my hair up, not exactly spikey but weird…

So sort of the skinny-tie New Wave look. [note: Back in '76, '77, even *that* was considered subversive.]

Yeah. And I'm walking down 14th Street and this car pulls along with these Puerto Rican guys in it. They're going "Ehh, faggot! Ehh, *maricon*! Ehh, faggot!" I'd been hearing this all my life, and finally I just turned around and gave 'em the finger. That was a big mistake! They slammed on the brakes, and three guys jump out of the car and started chasing after me. I'm like, "Whaaaaaoooohhhhh!" running as fast as I possibly could in my Beatle boots. I got to Third Avenue, and they're chasing after me, throwing bottles and stuff. They hopped back in the car and pulled around down to Second Avenue while I was running down Third, and I cut down 13th Street against the traffic, and sure enough they came around the corner from Second Avenue and pull up. One of 'em whipped a tire iron and missed my head by like an inch. I ran across Second Avenue against the light, you know, cabs slamming on their brakes, honking their horns, these guys throwing stuff and laughing. I managed to make it back to my apartment, and for about six hours I was shaking. Things like that just used to happen, people would just ridicule me on the street. One time, after my parents moved out of Brooklyn but they hadn't sold the house and I was still living there, I was on my way to CBGB's or somewhere, and I was walking to the "F" train on 9th Street, and these guys are going [does Andrew Dice Clay-type voice], "Hey! Hey faggot! Th' Ramones *suck*!" I thought that was so funny. What else would you like to know?

Patti Smith.

Yeah, I did it with her too. She was living on Fifth Avenue at the time, with Alan Lanier from the Blue Oyster Cult. Alan was out touring the country with the "Don't Fear the Reaper" thing, y'know, banging all these little groupies right and left, and Patti was kind of pissed off about that. So one day it was pouring rain, and somehow I got stuck in the rain and I was soaking wet. I was just a half block from her place, so I rang the bell and came in and said, "Patti, can I come in and dry off?"

Did you want to have sex with her before?

Oh, sure! She was, like, a *rock star*! So I came in, and she took off all my clothes, put 'em in the dryer, and we just started doing it! And right after we did it, Lenny [Kaye] came over. We're lying in bed, my clothes are in the dryer, Lenny comes in and he's like, "Uh, what's going on here?" She said, "Oh, Jonathan dropped by because he got caught in the rain and his clothes are all wet so I'm drying them off for him." And then he just looked at her and they both started laughing hysterically! After that, I used to come by a couple of times a week, for the few weeks this lasted. But we used to talk, about a lot of stuff. We had a lot in common, believe it or not. She talked about a lot of weird stuff like flying saucers.

Was she really as crazy as she seemed?

She was very smart. A lot of what she did was very calculated. A lot of it she took very seriously, but a lot was an act, too.

All that poetry she used to spout off the top of her head, almost like someone with Tourette's Syndrome...

That stuff, I would say, was real. But a lot of the gestures she'd make on stage, like this one time she was onstage and some girls came up and gave her a flower, and she ripped the top off and stomped on it. To her, that was funny. Or like one time we were at The Bottom Line, and she kicked in the monitor speakers. It was part of her act. And we're all sitting in her dressing room after the show, and the sound guy comes in totally pissed off, "Look what you did to my equipment! Blah blah blah, it's totally ruined!" just ranting and raving. He throws down his speaker and stomps on it. The whole time, Patti is totally stoic, not moving a muscle on her face, just staring at the guy. And as soon as he walked out of the room, she just burst out laughing! That kind of thing she didn't take as seriously as a lot of her fans did. Like the whole "Radio Ethiopia" trip, Rastafarian talking and stuff, I think they just thought was really funny.

What were her drug habits?

Smoked a lot of pot.

But not a junkie.

Well, maybe she had been earlier before I knew her, but when she was doing The Patti Smith Group, she was not doing any heroin as far as I know.

Who didn't you "do it" with (that you wanted)?

Debbie Harry!!! I was so in love with Debbie Harry! I wanted her so badly! Yeah, she was with Chris Stein then, but besides that I was afraid to talk to her. I was so intimidated by her! She reminded me of Sue Richards, who was The Invisible Visible Woman from *The Fantastic Four*, drawn by Jack Kirby. Looked just like that to me!

Did you ever "do it" with Cherry Vanilla?

No, but she used to come up to stay in my brother's house in Boston, because she and my brother had had a fling years before, and they were friends. She had a band together for awhile, it was actually pretty good.

Yeah, they were on the *Live at Max's Kansas City* record, and she had two solo albums.

Jonathan and Debbie Harry hangin' out.

She used to come up to Boston to stay at the house, and she used to lie on the balcony naked, sunbathing! To me, a very horny twenty-year-old guy, I wanted her very badly, but it never happened.

I think Cyndi Lauper got a lot of her look from Cherry Vanilla.

Maybe, the flaming red hair, hmm… but I don't know if she knew who Cherry Vanilla was.

Well, Blue Angel were doing the New York club circuit around that time.

I did a gig with Blue Angel. I thought she had a really good voice, but that the music was kind of boring. This was years before "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun."

So what happened with your music then?

Around 1980, I started playing with a band called The Nervous Eaters, who had actually been the backup band for The Paley Brothers on the Shaun Cassidy tour. By the time I joined the band, I was doing a lot of coke. We got signed by Elektra Records and came out here to do an album. Originally it was supposed to be produced with Ric Ocasek. He loved us, and we had the same manager. But when The Cars split from that manager, we could no longer use Ric. So they kind of forced this guy Perry Maslin on us. He was an okay guy and all, he had done Eric Carmen records, that kind of stuff. But he'd never heard us, he'd never even seen us play, so it was a terrible record. Anyway, we were staying at the Oakwood complex on Barham, and Jeff and Rob were jonesing really bad and needed to get some dope, but they couldn't find any anywhere because they didn't know anybody out here. So finally we found someone who had some raw opium, through this woman who was my coke dealer. So our road manager who was also a junkie said, "Okay, well, I'll try it first, just in case. If I get killed it's okay because you guys have to finish the album."

Like tasting the king's food to make sure it isn't poisoned!

Exactly! So we're all at this apartment complex, I'm completely hyper on coke, grinding my teeth… I've always had this total phobia about needles. I'm watching them cook this stuff down, and so this guy Kevin, our road manager, he boots it up, and he's like, "Oh wow! Man, this is great! This is the best stuff I've ever had in my life!" So Rob, the bass player, he's like this greedy little guy, is like, "Okay, I'm next, I'm next!" Chops off this big piece for himself, cooks it down, sticks it in there, and he's standing there in the kitchen. All of a sudden, all the blood just drains from his face, he turns as white as this napkin, he looked like Casper the Friendly Ghost, and he just *keeled over like a tree*, went "Boom!" His head bounced off the floor, and I was sure he was dead. The other guys are just sitting there nodding out, going, "Oh wooowwwww, this is greaaaaat." I was like, "Omigod, we've gotta call an ambulance!" I was dragging him around, trying to walk him around the room, trying to wake him up, slapping him in the face. The other guys are nodding on the couch, "He'll be okaaaaaay, duhhh…." So, after a few minutes, he does kind of semi-revive, and says, "Leeeave meee alooooone, Jo'atha'… aahhhh, I'm fiiine." But that was the kind of band we were. (laughs) And we made such a horrible record, it was awful. But live, we were a fucking great band. We toured with The Pretenders, we did their first American tour, about six dates in the Northeast. And then when the record died, we ended up just being this band that they would send out to open up for everybody. We opened for The Police, Iggy, J. Geils Band, Plasmatics… all these bands. We were the ones that always did the Northeast: Boston, Maine, New Hampshire, upstate New York. Then eventually, that broke up and I started playing with some other bands. I played with a band called Classic Runes for about a year or so. Then I played with a band called Pink Cadillac for a little bit. I produced for awhile, too. A band called The Dogmatics. Johnny Angel worked with them too. Then a band called Band 19. Then I left town. By this time I was driving a cab in Boston. I was in a downward spiral there.

Do you owe that to drugs?

Yeah, a lot of it was drugs, I'd say. I had by this time established a reputation in Boston as a pretty bad drug user. People would say, "Oh, here comes *Jack*." I'd pretty much hit the low point there. I had the opportunity to get a job working on a boat, and I ended up leaving the country for five years, sailing around the world.

So you quit drugs on the boat?

Yeah. Couldn't get it, and then didn't want it anymore. It just became something that meant less and less to me as time went by.

Tell us about Australia.

I left Boston on Opening Day in 1986 – which is the year the Red Sox went to the series and lost to the Mets – and ended up staying at sea for the next three years on different boats,

in the Bay City Rollers. I think they're the ugliest things I've ever seen. –Mimi M., Salt Lake City.

just sailing around. When I got to Australia, I was in Sydney, and they had this thing called Australia Made going on, which was this festival: INXS, The Diviyls, Midnight Oil…, it was like Woodstock. Australia's a great place to go for bands! All up and down the east coast. I stopped at a lot of towns, because we were in a sail boat, and every one of these towns had clubs in 'em, and they'd be packed! People pay to go see bands there, they love to dance, they're very enthusiastic audiences. I would love to go down there and play music! I actually did do some writing down there with a guy who's an American but is living in Australia, doing a record for EMI. His name's Jeff Vincent. That'll be out next year, and hopefully one of my songs will be on it… Anyway, when I got back I started doing some more writing with my brother, doing some soundtrack work. My brother works a lot, doing incidental music for movies. He also produces a lot of records for Warner Brothers, and he gets me some work now and then. So now we're doing really well, and Warner Brothers is going to re-release the Paley Brothers CD sometime [this] year!

I used to get the Paley Brothers and the Kessell Brothers mixed up because Rodney talked about both a lot. Now, I know you were based in the East Coast during the "old punk" days, but did you ever spend any significant amount of time on the west coast? Did you ever get into the L.A. scene?

I did come out for a little while in '77, because we were originally going to do the Paley Brothers album with Jack Neitzche. That's a whole other story, because *he's* crazy! He'd worked with Phil Spector quite a bit. We had the time booked at Gold Star and everything, and he went on this complete paranoic trip about how Phil Spector was watching him, and he was booking all the time around our sessions. So Jack went up to Phil Spector's house to talk to him about it, rang the bell, and was told by the bodyguard or whoever was there, "Wait here a minute." The next thing he knew, police cars were screaming into the driveway, and they went into the house, came out, and said, "Look, pal, I don't know if this guy's a friend of yours or what, but he's standing up in that window with a shotgun right now, so you'd better get the hell out of here!" So Jack said, "I can't do the album, 'cause I'm afraid. I'm afraid Phil's pissed off. He thinks that we're gonna be stealing his sound," or something ridiculous like that.

Maybe there was an old feud between Jack Neitzche and Phil Spector?

Well, *I'd* never heard about it. And apparently Jack Neitzche hadn't either, until he went up there. To this day, I don't know if the story's true or not. This is just what he told us.

Did you ever know The Runaways?

I saw them when they played CBGB's. Recently, I was working on this TV show, *Herman's Head*, and Lita [Ford] was a "guest star." And, not wanting to bother her, being the star that she is, concentrating on her six or seven lines of dialogue, I waited until the appropriate moment to *approach* her through her *entourage*. And I said, "Oh, by the way, I saw you guys play back in 1976 or so at CBGB's." And she was very rude and said, "I don't care about any of that." And that was basically all she had to say. Who else do you want to know about?

Still talk to Patti Smith?

No. Andy and Lenny are still close friends. Lenny's a professor at Rutgers University. I think English literature or something, or maybe it's history. He's been there for quite awhile, I think he has two kids now and still lives in a loft on the Bowery.

Ever know Pamela Des Barres or any other GTO's?

My brother knew the GTO's. That was before my time. One of the GTO's died.

Miss Christine.

Yeah. My brother used to have a thing with her. Back in the old days! See, The Sidewinders, back then, were the darlings of the New York scene. They were supposed to be the "next big thing." Unfortunately, they made a terrible record, too.

Happens to the best of us.

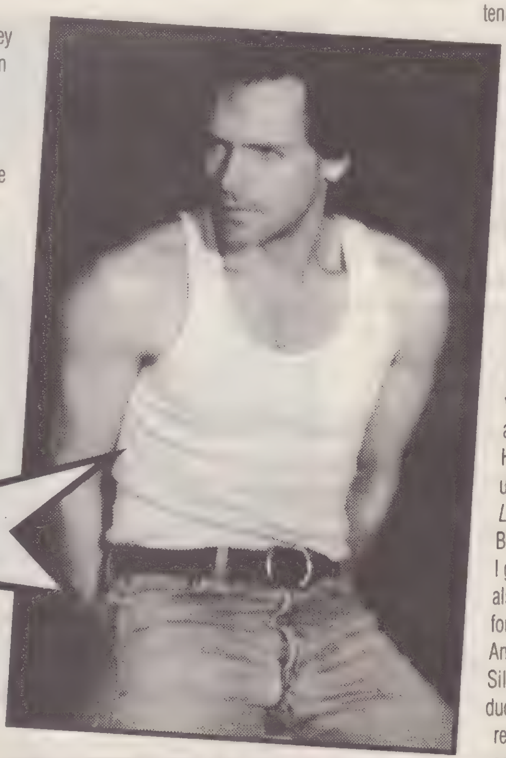
Andy's probably the best drummer I know. He's also a great guitar player, bass player, and he's become a fantastic piano player. He's doing a lot of producing now, too. He just finished the Jerry Lee Lewis album, we still work with Brian Wilson. We just played with Brian Wilson a few weeks ago at House of Blues, I played bass, Andy played guitar. Brian's great. People always say, "Oh, isn't he totally fucked up?" But he's *not* totally fucked up. He's a very talented, great musician, wonderful writer.

Which takes precedence, your acting or your music?

It depends. I'm making more money from residuals from songwriting than acting right now.

Which songs?

The one that I made the most on so far was the one Madonna did. We were very fortunate that Madonna covered our song called "Now Following You," which was written for the *Dick Tracy* soundtrack. It was on the soundtrack with my brother singing it, and then Madonna did a version of it on her album *I'm Breathless*.



Jonathan Paley today. What a babe!

Did you meet Madonna?

Only very very briefly. "Hello, pleased to meet you, thank you for doing my song, by the way." (Laughing) "If you need any more material, I've got lots of it!!!" I think she's great. She's done a lot of really good stuff. She reminds me of Patti Smith in a lot of ways, because they're both very calculating about a lot of what they do, and a lot of what they do is image. And that's fine, that's great, that's show biz!

What do you think of Courtney Love?

You know, it's funny, I just listened for the first time to this song that's on that record called "Violet," because my daughter's name is Violet. I mean, it's okay, that kind of stuff. Her image, I think, is terrible. I don't know if she wants to be like that or not, but who wants to be looked at like that? Musically, I don't know, that particular song, the music wasn't really that interesting.

A lot of people who know her think *everything* she does is calculated.

Well, maybe. But Madonna works on her music and her voice a lot more than Courtney Love. But I haven't listened to much of Courtney's music. Maybe she should have stuck with acting. I just saw *Sid & Nancy* again the other day, and she wasn't too bad in that. Trip down memory lane! When we were getting ready to do the Paley Brothers album, we were down in the offices at Burbank one day, and in walked The Sex Pistols! Everybody in the building was, like, a combination of excitement and fear! (Laughs.) I really liked them. I liked The Sex Pistols album a lot.

Any awkward situation because of Nancy?

No, this was after I'd had Nancy, but before Sid. There weren't many awkward situations back then. It was a different world.

What music do you listen to now?

The Rhino D.I.Y. New York volume. Also, the Ennio Morricone spaghetti western soundtrack music. I love listening to old Johnny Cash stuff. I'd love to do an album of Johnny Cash covers under the name Jacques Banque Cheque. And I will, someday! And I listen to a lot of sports talk radio. It's addictive. I like baseball. I also listen to this great station, 870 AM. They have this weird show with flying saucer people. All they talk about is space aliens, and, like, the world conspiracy to suppress the fact that flying saucers come from the center of the Earth. Also this guy Greg Hunter, who's this sort of would-be has-been actor, who does a talk show about Hollywood. And all these people call up, "Oh, you know, I had one line on *Leave it to Beaver* in 1959 and, uh, Barbara Billingsly was really nice!" And I go, "I'm not above that stuff." But I'm also (clears throat and speaks overly formally) a member of the Company of Angels Theatre on Hyperion Avenue in Silverlake! I can be seen in many productions there, and I encourage your readership to come to the theatre and see our productions!! I am a Thespian!

What movies and stuff can we see you in now?

I'll be on this TV show called *Daddy's Girls* in about fifteen minutes. Everything I've done for film, so far, has been, at most, glorified extras work or body-double work. Showing my butt when actors don't want to show their butts.

So you have a nice butt?

Apparently. I can't really see it! I'm standing in now on *Apollo 13*, which is a new Ron Howard movie. I'm standing in for Kevin Bacon.

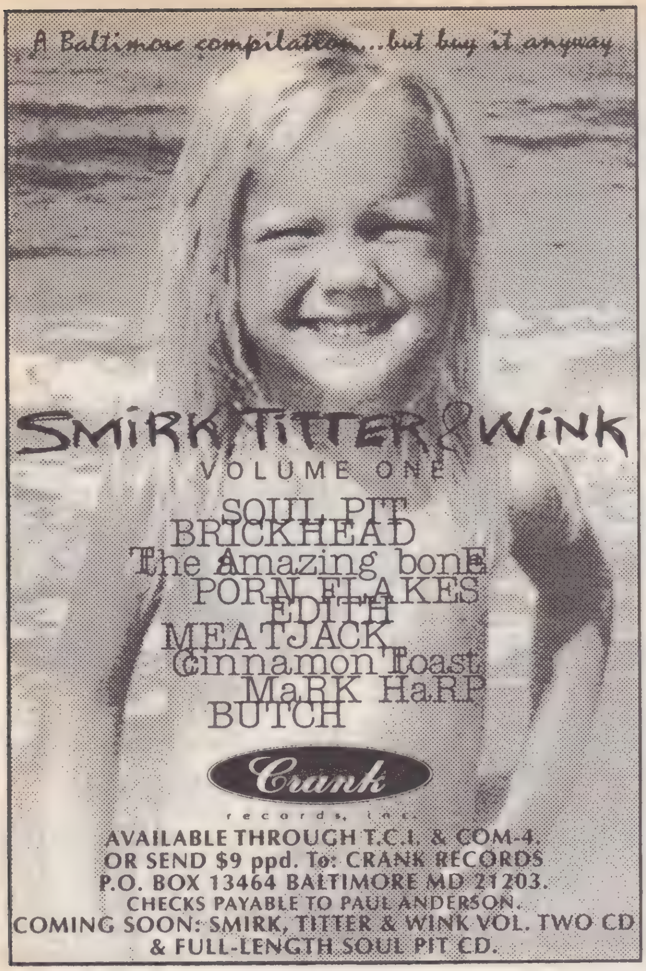
His butt?

No, no. He's actually got a very good body.

Any of your idols from yesteryear that you'd still like to get together with?

Debbie Harry! My brother, actually, produced a couple of songs for her new album. But I haven't seen her since 1978 or '79. But I would love to see Debbie again. Debbie, if you read this: I still desire you after all these years!

I'm glad to see the Clash have gone disco. It's about time they made some money. –David Lee Roth



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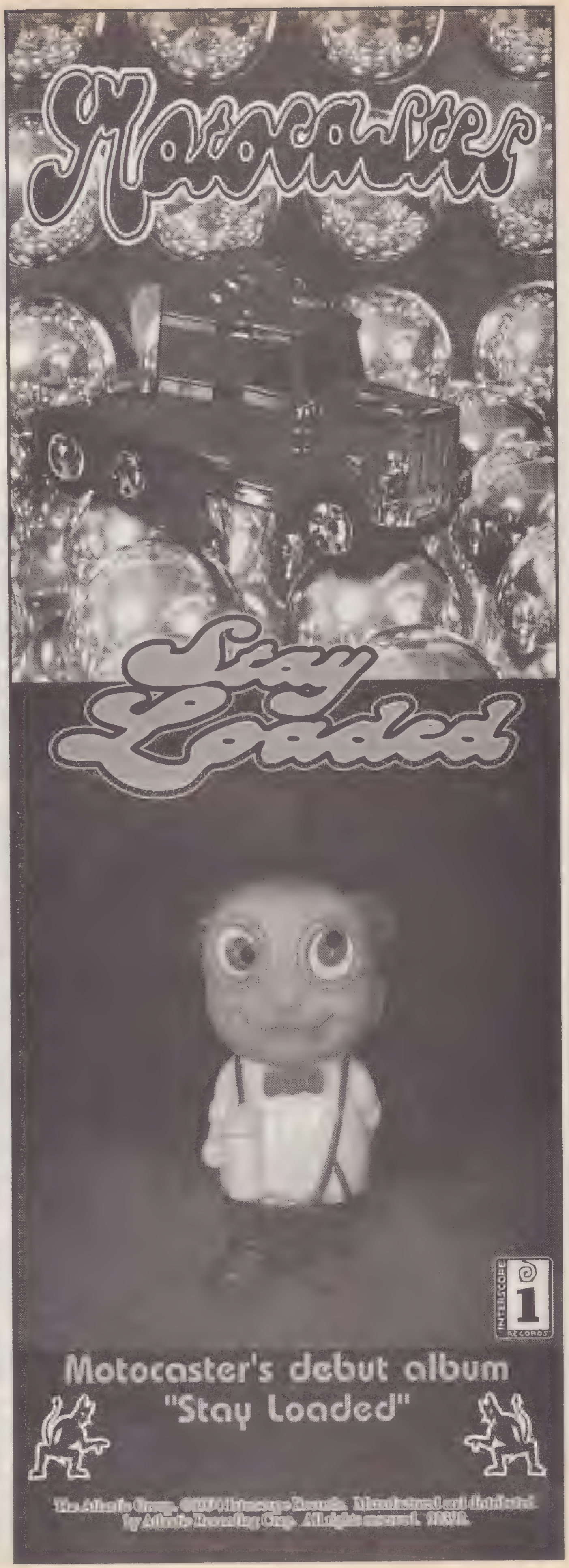
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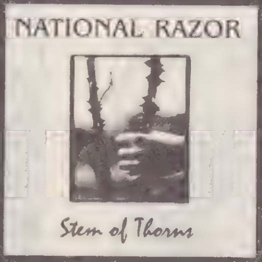
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The WOW! Interview

Tom Grimley talks with Debbie Harry

Debbie: Wait, could you hold on a second?

Tom: Yeah, yeah.

My dog is eating a bag and I can't hear anything.

Okay.

All of a sudden she's decided she has to eat everything.

Ha ha.

She'll tear it apart into little pieces.

Wow. How old is your dog?

Just a year.

Hmmm. Do you take your dog everywhere with you?

I do.

Really.

Mhmm.

Does it know tricks?

Yes, a few.

Which ones.

She uh, carries her harness and her leash around with her in her mouth. That's her thing. She carries it in and out, y'know.

Maybe she needs a backpack.

It's hers!

Wow.

She does fetch.

Wow.

And she also does a thing where she like if you give her a doggy treat she buries it.

Haha.

And um then she comes back and she digs it out later and eats it.

Wow.

She does real doggy-like things.

Hahaha. As dogs should.

Yes.

Tell me about your psychic experiences. How old were you when they started?

Uh, I guess I was three or four.

Wow. And they continued until when?

Well, I still have them.

And mystical beings appear to you and tell you mathematical equations or something?

I don't know if anything appeared to me but it was sort of like all of a sudden I had all this big mathematical information and it was like I just didn't... It was too strange I couldn't... I understood what they were saying, but now I could never actually bring it back. Maybe under hypnosis I could. It would be interesting.

Wow. Are you involved in any interesting kinds of medicine? Do you go to a regular doctor?

Um, I don't go to the doctor very often. I'm not usually sick. Knock wood (she knocks loudly.)

Wow. What do you think U.F.O.s are?

I don't really know. It could be exactly what they're supposed to be: unidentified flying objects from other places. Or they could be inter... what do you call it... dimensional things.

Wow.

Connections of some sort.

Wow. I also need to know what you're wearing.

Right now, I'm wearing black overalls and a white shirt buttoned to the neck with um, black and white high top sneakers.

Cool.

With platform soles. White platforms.

Do you take any regular drugs now?

Regular drugs, no. Uh-uh.

Wow.

You mean like pot?

Yeah.

No.

Straight and alert?

Sometimes, you know, I get drunk.

That's okay. What's your alcohol of choice?

Oh, I just drink vodka.

Do you do stuff by yourself?

Do I do stuff by myself? Like what?

I don't know. Like would you get really dressed up and just go out to dinner by yourself.

I don't think so. No, no. It would be uncomfortable.

Were you raised Catholic? I was wondering because of your song "Communion."

No, but I was raised Protestant and, um, I was surrounded by Catholics.

I had a roommate and we'd always sing, we were both raised Catholic, and we'd always sing all of our Catholic anthems from the past.

Yeah.

And they actually kind of scare me now. Now that I think about them.

I know, I know.

They're pretty freaky. About eating body and drinking blood.

I know! I know! That's why I took the words right out of the book. I thought, "Oh my god, does anybody realize what these words are saying?" I mean we all know that it's supposed to be interpreted in a certain way, but my god! My god, suppose you just decided to take it straight, literally. There you go.

Kind of scary.

Um-hmm. I'm not kidding about this. This is, you know... I think there must be people around somewhere in the world just, you know, gangs of you know, homeless people, that are just eating people.

Hmm. Really?

I don't want to give the homeless a bad name. But I thought...

That could be true. They could all hang out.

I was gonna call them cannibals as well. No, it's not fair.

They hang in packs and just wait for one of them to die.

It is a vision though, it is, like you know, a scary story. It's a John Carpenter kind of thing.

If you were like sixteen years old right now, what kind of music would you be making and what would you think of your contemporaries?

Well, I don't know, you know. I don't really think of it like that because I'm so self-centered and egotistical that I refuse to be involved with any of that. No, no, I think I would probably be trying to do some pretty aggressive stuff. I think that's what you have to do when you really want to make a claim, if you want to claim who you are and make a statement about who you are and how you would like things to be or how disgusted you are with the way things are or whatever....

So, is there something you would aspire to that you could be more concrete about musically?

I don't know, I think I would try to do something that's more throbbing. You know, just simpler and

O the days that are gone by; O the days that are no more; When my eye was bold and fearless; and my hand was on the oar. –R. Cumberland

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Debbie Harry continued...

throbbing and uh, sort of more tribal I guess.

What's your first memory?

My first memory is of seeing, um, animals in a pen.

Wow.

Ducks and geese and elephants.

All in one pen?

Yeah.

Where was that?

I don't know. It was just a farm, I guess.

Wow.

A petting zoo.

Wow. Okay. Do you have any advice for teens?

Well, I don't know. I think I'm the last person in the world that should give advice.

Really? Why's that?

Because I need help. Hahaha.

Do you have a therapist?

No! No, I've tried that and will probably will try it again at some point, and I think that anything that works for you, works and that's it, you know. I can't be judgmental about any of this stuff, I just keep trying. Hahaha. The best advice I could give anybody is to really sit down and really follow their first instinct and you know and really be true to themselves. If you find yourself in an amoral situation, where, you know, you're doing bad things, see a doctor.

Amoral? What does that mean?

Killing people.

Oh, okay.

Doing bad things. Doing destructive things.

Yeah, I can see that. Well, I think that's all the questions I have.

Okay.

Is there anything you want to say about your CD "Debravation?"

Oh, just that everybody should buy one if they have any money rolling around in their pockets. Okay?

Thank you and I appreciate you taking the time.

Okay Tom.

Have fun!

Bye.

Bye.

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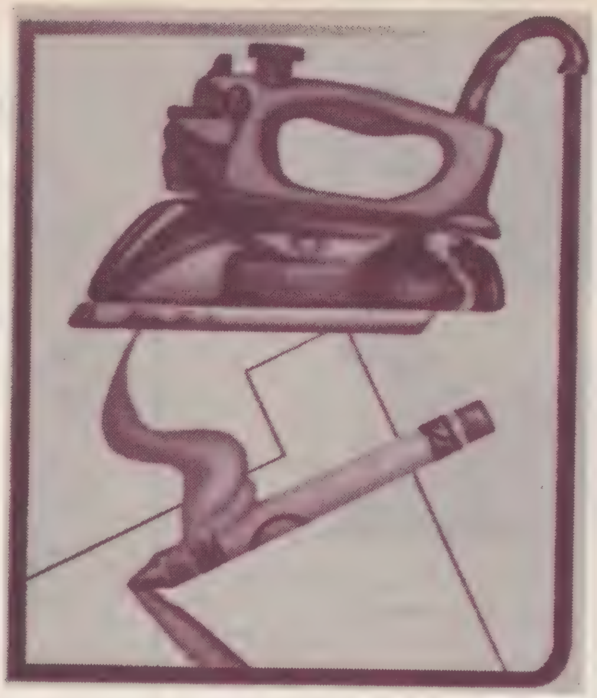
Children enjoy the present because they have neither a past nor a future. –La Bruyére

HOT STUFF



Slime Recipe!!

2 parts white glue
2 parts water
food coloring
1 part sodium borate solution
(Sodium borate solution is 1/3 cup powdered Borax bleach mixed with one liter of water.)

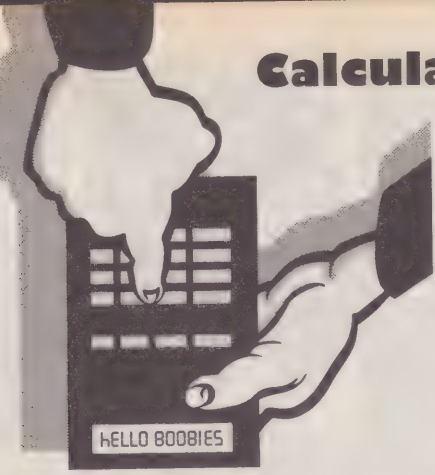
Mix together water, glue and food coloring. Mix the borate solution in with the other stuff then knead it as it thickens. Smelly and good. (Recipe by Wendy!)

Right-On Iron-Ons!

Do-it-yourself iron-ons are jumping off the drawing board and onto the ironing board with results that would flat-ter and impress even the starchiest personality! It's an idea hot out from under the presses, and is so hot you just might want some help handling it. Ask someone with an iron will to assist you.

To make permanent iron-on transfers of your own design you'll need crayons, cloth, a piece of plain paper, and an iron. Press hard on the crayons as you draw your design on the piece of paper. Keep in mind the fact that the design will appear in reverse when you transfer it. Set the iron on the temperature right for the fabric you're transferring your design to. Place the drawing crayon side down and iron slowly over it. Remove the drawing and you're finished! When you wash it use cold water.

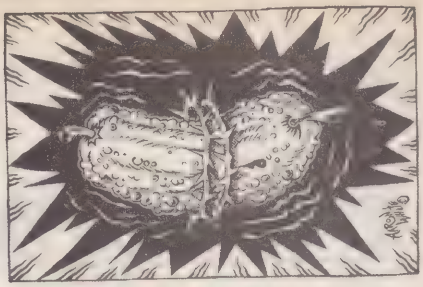
Create a *Ben Is Dead* design for your T-shirt! Turn your pillowcase into a showcase. Make a wall hanging for a friend. Turn on to iron-ons; they won't leave you flat!



Calculator Fun!

If you hold a calculator upside down you can spell things!!! Here's some of the ones we came up with. What words or sayings can you figure out?

BOOBS – 58008
HELL – 7734
HELLO – 07734
BOBSLED – 0375808
GO TO HELL – 7734 2 09
SHELL OIL – 710 77345



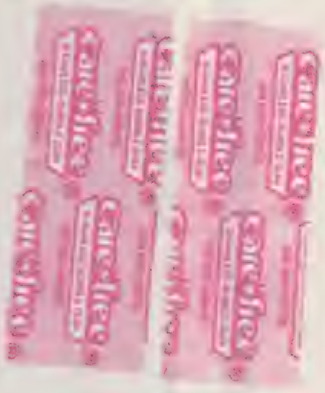
The Electric Pickle

What's green with zits and glows in the night? Make one and find out! Take one large (extra salty) kosher dill pickle, stick a nail in each end. Place the pickle in a flameproof dish. Take the plug end with a few inches of cord off of some old appliance and strip off the plastic stuff to expose the wire. Divide the two sets of wire and wrap the ends around each nail. Plug it in. It will give off a puce glow, some smoke, and a rather nasty stench. (Pssst kids: Make sure you try this when mom and dad aren't home.) (by wendy!)

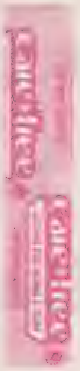
Groovy Bubblegum Fashion Statement!

It's been a long time, I know. You sorta remember the concept but you haven't been able to recall the necessary, pertinent information to put it all together. No more bubblegum wrapper bracelets, belts, or even headbands…poor you. But now, here it is. The forgotten is now resurrected. Take this golden information and run, you lucky, lucky soul. (Memories graciously given up by Lisa AA.)

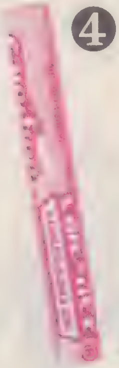
❶ Okay, step one. Get yourself a few mega-packs of stick gum. I used pink carefree bubblegum because it's the prettiest. Note: Some of the old flavors that used to look good have gone cheap-o and have white wrappers now.



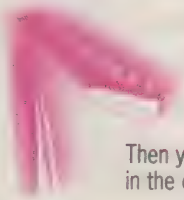
❷ So then you take the wrapper, fold it in half, & tear it on the crease.



❸ Now you follow the instructions with both pieces of the wrapper. Taking them and folding them in half as shown above.

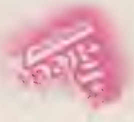


❹ Then fold them in half again.



❺ Then you fold them in half in the other direction.

❻ Using the crease as a guide, fold the wrapper in half from each edge to the middle.



❼ After you've completed both pieces of the wrapper, you can then start the link, sliding one half into the other.

❽ As the wrappers start taking form, & your obsessive-compulsive nature gets stirred, you can spend a multitude of hours creating your personal line of bubblegum wear. Have fun!

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True Zero Hook

small 23
true zero hook

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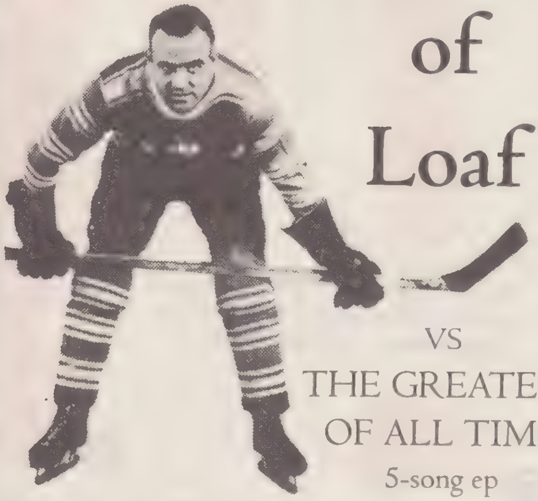

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GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT

by Ron Athey

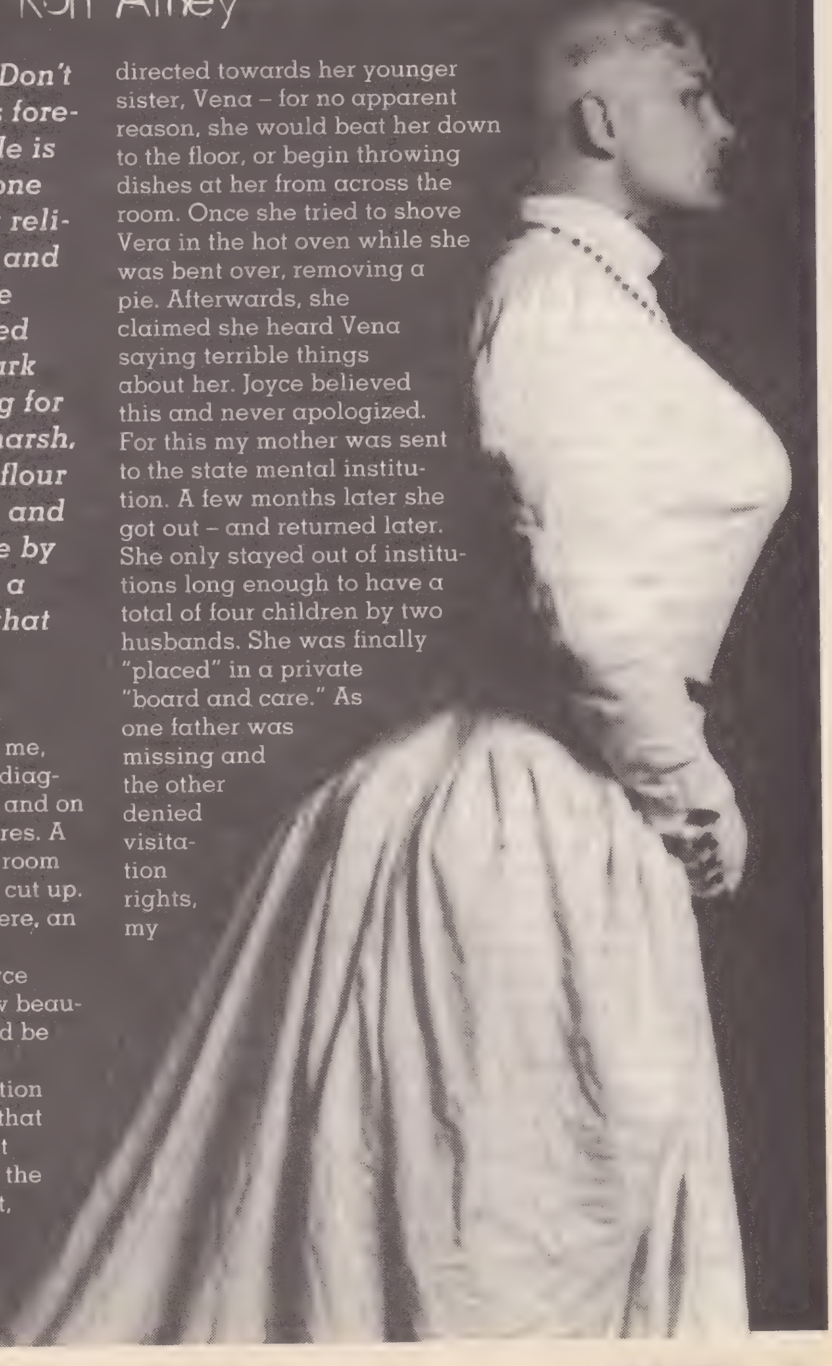
Ron Athey is as American as apple pie. Don't be fooled by the tattoo of a spider on his forehead or by the teardrop under his eye. He is the product of the New Americana, the one raised on Ritlen and Valium and fervent religious ceremony. His stories are as TRUE and as REAL as the HIV blood he sheds in the public eye. I've lived with him, performed with him, and gone out to the Griffith Park cruising trails with him. If you're looking for something real and true, perverse and harsh, something to cut through all that white flour and television you've stuffed your heart and your intestinal tract with, a performance by Ron Athey will do the trick. You'll leave a slightly different person. After all, isn't that what art is all about? –Patty Powers

I. THE CATHOLIC ENVY OF VENA MAE

I called my mother Joyce because she didn't raise me, but Joyce Athey was my real mother. Joyce was a diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic, manic depressive, and on top of all that she frequently had grand mal seizures. A few times her body convulsed through the dining room window and into the back garden, where she lay, cut up. I remember there being blood and glass everywhere, an especially thick paste of it in her hair.

In spite of all her problems, the only thing Joyce seemed to care about, or ever talk about, was how beautiful she was. Her particular brand of beauty could be described as a cross between Marlo Thomas and Jacquelyne Onasis. She would sit poised in imitation Chanel skirt suits, almost picture perfect, except that she would continually take her two strong, almost manly hands; and with rigid motions, smooth out the non-existant wrinkles down the front of her jacket, then down the length of her skirt.

Joyce's final downfall was physical violence: she had hideous temper tantrums – usually directed towards her younger sister, Vena – for no apparent reason, she would beat her down to the floor, or begin throwing dishes at her from across the room. Once she tried to shove Vera in the hot oven while she was bent over, removing a pie. Afterwards, she claimed she heard Vena saying terrible things about her. Joyce believed this and never apologized. For this my mother was sent to the state mental institution. A few months later she got out – and returned later. She only stayed out of institutions long enough to have a total of four children by two husbands. She was finally "placed" in a private "board and care." As one father was missing and the other denied visitation rights, my



grandparents and Vena were left to raise us.

The grandparents that raised my brother and sisters and I were from Texas. They were vague about specifying exactly where in Texas, as they had constantly moved around during the Depression. They decided to relocate to San Jacinto, California, because they were poor and my grandfather could do construction work. They settled down in Riverside County long enough to raise their two daughters, Joyce and Vena. My grandmother vowed upon leaving Texas to leave the Pentecostal religion behind her. It was so extreme that it seemed to take over my grandmother's life, and it made my grandfather uncomfortable – as he could never honestly accept the concept of being born again, let alone pursuing gifts of the spirit. Maybe they wouldn't need to be so fanatical in California.

Raising children, and enjoying a better quality of life in the '40s and '50s, they were able to leave the Pentecostal Church alone for 15 years or so. My grandmother had been attending a Lutheran Church with her family, but was finding it unbearably lukewarm. She was just going through the motions, teaching her daughter about the Bible, but her heart wasn't in it. One day she and her youngest daughter Vena, a mama's girl who was now teenaged, saw a Revival tent meeting. They attended together, and my grandmother felt shame for ever abandoning the spirit. Revivals were spontaeous and loud – miracles happened. She was reignited with the fire of the holy spirit and reintroduced to her gifts. Vena got a taste of tongues, and together, they dove headfirst into the Pentecostal teachings. My Grandfather wasn't too happy about this, but eventually they broke him down. He went to meetings with them and studied his Bible, but he would never admit to having received Christ.

Ron, 14, at Magic Mountain, two weeks after appendectomy.

Vena was deeply, fanatically, involved in her charismatic Pentecostal spiritual practices, but she had absolute Catholic church fetishes. She was truly moved by stories of saints, but more importantly, found an immense strength in the way Catholics glorified the Virgin Mary. This worship of the Virgin was definitely not included in her church's interpretation of the New Testament. As Vena proceeded with her exploration of Catholic rituals and icons, it inevitably entered her daily spiritual life. As she could not bring her new Catholic revelations into the Protestant churches she attended, Vena could not help but to feel envy over of the Catholic God-given right to publicly dwell on, that is, pray to a vast array of suffering idols.

In her church, this form of worship was frowned upon, considered – at least borderline – to the praying to of false idols. She followed her conviction that it wasn't. The graphic depictions of martyrdom and the high drama rituals were spirit-state and vision-inducing. She would experience spiritual ecstasy through imagining, with full intensity, the suffering of Christ during the exact moment of crucifixion. She felt being able to fixate on a realistic image of the tortured Christ gave her this boosted experience. In contrast, the altar pieces in a Protestant church were unappealing futuristically-styled crosses with no body, and they paled beneath the Catholic grandiosity. She could have converted, I suppose, but all of this representation of bloody spectacle still placed second to the Pentecostal's receiving of the Baptism in the fire of the Holy Ghost. She stood by her conviction that she could have fire and bloody martyr saints in her spiritual life.

In the summer of 1958, a sign came that Vena had made the right decision in remaining true to her instincts. She received a vision from the Virgin Mary, which was to be the first in a series of visions. Afterward, Vena had to tell her family that in this vision Mary told her that she was to be tested by God, and that from now on she was to live as a nun until Deliverance; Deliverance being the day our family was to be released from spiritual oppression. On that day Vena would – through Immaculate Conception – bear the second coming of Christ.

Shortly thereafter my grandmother prophecied, directly through the voice of God (this was her style of prophecy), that he had called on her to be a nun, also. And that, obviously, in order to become chaste, she would have to stop sleeping with my grandfather. From then on, she slept in the same bed with Vena. And I was raised by two self-appointed Pentecostal nuns.

Patiently waiting for Deliverance, Vena began channelling Saints through one of her most important spirit gifts, automatic writing. She also began channeling her dead great-grandmother Allen – her mother's grandmother was the one who first brought the Pentecostal tradition to our family. Vena "officially" canonized dead great-grandmother Allen, and a psychic-painted portrait was commissioned. Though the task of deciding sainthood seemed a bit grand for a nun to decide on, Vena was prone to do anything the spirit compelled her to do.

Ron's mother Joyce, 1960.

Vena's Pentecostal/Catholic mix crossed over into fashion. On special occasions she wore a black mantilla, like the Chicanas in our neighborhood wore to funerals and weddings. She would carefully pin the large black square over her platinum blonde-frosted beehive, and wrap a matching black lace shawl around her shoulders. For revival church wear, she would dress in outlandish gospel singer fashion, though she didn't sing. Her favorite outfit to wear was a floor-length powder blue dress with white side-panels, puffed sleeves, with a matching floor-length vest.

Even when Vena spoke in tongues, Latin would slip in. She would constantly insert "oh christo christo" into her babalogue, thinking she was speaking Spanish tongues. The Pentecostals explain gibber-gabber tongues to be a channeled spirit language; whereas the gift of spontaneously speaking a foriegn language, called zenolalia, was supposed to have been received by missionaries in order to communicate with the natives. There was no practical explanation for Vena's quasi-Spanish, except for her never-ending obsession with details from the Catholic Church.

Vena and her mother had a strange relationship to say the least. An eight person household was divided into three bedrooms consisting of: my grandfather, my brother and I in one room; my two sisters and a bed kept for my mother when she was home visiting were in another, and the master bedroom was where Vena and her mother slept in one bed. For as long as I could remember they shared that bed, therefore it never seemed odd until later. Upon exposure to other families and television, I began to wonder why beds were shared by husbands and wives, but not grandmothers and aunties. Our boys and girls division sort of made sense to me.

What finally made me suspect the normalcy of their relationship was the enduring tradition they had with betadine douches. Vena said that she had medical problems, and her mother needed to give her these douches. Vena and her mother would go into the bathroom wearing bathrobes, and disappear for at least half an hour. I tried innocently walking in on them, but the door was always locked, and when I tried listening, all I could hear was the shower running full blast. Later, when the door would finally open, Vena would go straight to her bedroom, close the door and take a nap. While my grandmother did what she always did: lay on her special spot on the couch and read her dream interpretations.

I would go straight to the bathroom and inspect every inch of it, looking for a clue to what had went on. The walls were so steamed up, they were dripping, and the room vaguely smelt like betadine. There was a drawer full of tubes of different vaginal medications, inserters, a douche bag and personal deodorant products. Medical problems were a mystery to me, but a few years later, when I was 16, the reality dawned on me: why would a grown woman need her mother to douche her? How come she had never learned how to douche herself?

My younger sister was also cursed with "vaginal problems." Instead of being douched, she would be taken to their bedroom, where she would be made to kneel doggy-style on the bed, her rear end hunched up real high, and my grandmother would insert medication into her, first with an inserter. Then she would mix it in deeper with her finger. I knew about this because one day my sister came to me crying, whining about how my grandmother's long fingernails had hurt her, about how they seemed to be in her vagina forever and would take needless twists and turns. I told her to put her own medicine in her pussy. A few months later, when she was maybe 11, my sister Christine had to undergo corrective surgery because something was wrong in her vagina. This was told to me in such a way that I knew not to pursue the subject, and my sister never talked about it afterwards. Ever. She also never went into

Ron, 15, ready for church.

grandmother and aunties bedroom again.

One night my whole family was in the living room watching TV. It was the first time the movie *Sybil* was being shown, and I remember feeling embarrassed and hurt: because my mother was schizophrenic and heard voices, because my sister's pussy was damaged. Because Vena's mother was still giving her weekly, closed-door, betadine douches in a red hot, steamy, steamy bathroom.

II. GRANDIOSE TEARS

During Joyce's pregnancy with me, Vena – her 19-year-old sister – prophesied that I had the calling on my life and would become a powerful minister. They said that when I came out of my mother's body, a blue force field was crackling around me. I was raised according to the prophecy. Throughout my early childhood, the calling on my life was discerned by many evangelists, but the first remarkable incident happened late in the fall of 1970.

I was nine years old, and eager to understand the gifts of the spirit. My grandfather drove the family stationwagon for over an hour to take me, my grandmother and my aunt to a Revival meeting that had been set up in Indio. I was used to going to different church meetings because we mostly attended revivals, but there was something about the long desert drive that made this night feel different. When we finally arrived and parked the car, it was freezing and there was a moderate dust storm. We rushed from the car, rubbing at the dirt that bothered our eyes. The building in which the revival meeting was being held was nothing but a raggedy wood shack, really, standing alone in the middle of a totally barren landscape. But once inside, safe from the harsh weather, we took seats, we were in church. Rolled up the center aisle was a red carpet runner, it led the way to an altar. There were two beautiful flower arrangements set up on either side of the podium, which in my mind, made up the gateway to heaven.

Ron's long lost father holding a rifle.

The air was filled with the intoxicating odor of healing oil, while an accordian played slow gospel music. We soaked all this in for many minutes, until finally a male evangelist came forth and took his place in the pulpit.

For awhile the minister just stood, smiling humbly, framed by the glories of his altar, looking out over all, maybe 35 of us. This male evangelist delivered a loud and dramatic sermon, during most of which he left his place in the pulpit and walked up and down the red carpet runner, speaking directly into each person's face. When he had thrown down on something particularly profound, the congregation would punctuate the point by throwing a very precise "hallelujah" back at him.

After the sermon, his wife dragged her accordian and a chair on stage, and led in the singing of hymns, "I'm So Glad, Jesus Lifted Me," and "I've Been Washed in the Blood of the Lamb." The minister stood up and announced a healing service, the real driving force behind a successful revival. Folks will drive to the end of the earth to receive a healing.

As a line calmly formed down the entire length of the red runway, the minister dipped his hands in the strong oil, stored in a large urn. The first woman in line stepped forward to the minister, was turned around and said to the congregation: "I have stomach cancer." After the lying on of oil-drenched hands by minister and his backup system: four women who were effectively a spiritual powerhouse, the sister vomited onto the carpet. The minister announced that she had thrown up the evil cancer – roots and all, and was healed. The minister's wife flung a square of shiny light green fabric over the mess. These squares of fabric were in all Pentecostal Churches, in most cases they were used to cover women's panties when their dresses rose up too high, if landed spread-legged when falling out in the spirit.

The next three healing seekers in the lineup went out in the spirit after their annointing, though it wasn't vocalized to the congregation what healings they had prayed for. I'd seen all this before, but there was a disturbing occcurance after that.

A semi-comatose, heavy-set woman was brought to the front of the line by two of her family members. The minister, the powerhouses and the family all prayed over her body, commanding a healing, annointing her, shaking her, demanding that her body be released from the disease of diabetes. But something either went wrong or was already wrong, and in the midst of their prayers, she went unconscious. She was in a coma. A man from her family had already been trying to force grapefruit juice down her throat – I think it was supposed to give her blood sugar – but it didn't work. She was dragged out of the church and driven to a hospital. It made the healing service seem dangerous, but real. I thought people would leave, but no one left, instead it intensified.

People testified to seeing visions of a consuming holy fire within the walls of the service. It was after midnight, and I felt overwhelmed with the spirit. Tears started streaming down my face. The minister came and put me in his arms, he carried me up to the pulpit, and placed me there. The minister raised my hands up towards God, and calmly stated – as my Aunt had prophesied – that I had the calling. I felt like I was on the brink of receiving the gift of tongues, I could feel my insides contracting up to the back of my throat, then the tip of my tongue began to rapidly tap against the front of the roof of my mouth. I felt so close, but it would be another year before the gift of tongues would be given to me. It was the only solid evidence that one has been baptised in the fire of the holy ghost.

Instead of tongues, the tears continued to stream down my face. The minister removed his tie and began unbuttoning his white cotton dress shirt, which he then took off and tore it into small rags. I was crying, but I felt enraptured. The minister took the rags and began dabbing the tears off my face. He asked that the brothers and sisters to come to the altar and take a prayer cloth. The church lined up to recieve my tears. The congregation was instructed to sleep with the cloths pinned on their bedclothes, and to pray for a miracle. After the handout was completed, amazingly the tears were still streaming down my face, like some beautiful form of stigmata.

III. SISTER LINDA'S STIGMATA

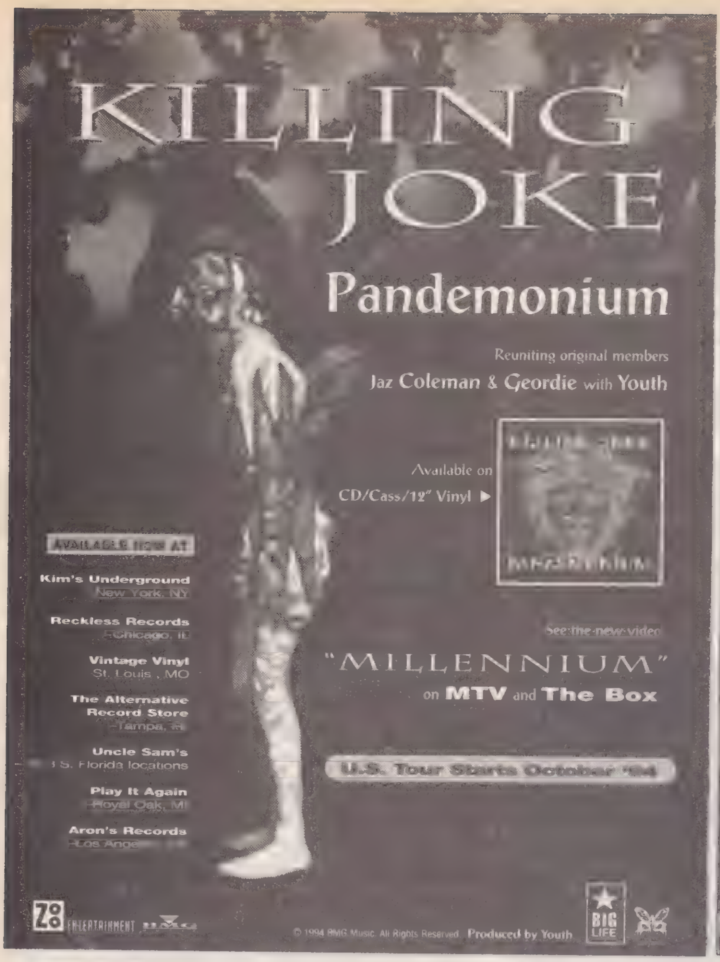
The rarest and least talked about miracle to encounter was stigmata, wherin the gifted would spontaneously bleed though the same parts of the body that Christ bled. Because the only two living examples with stigmata were women, there seemed to be some indication that women were more open to receiving the stigmata, though I believed with all my heart it could be given to me. One time my family took me to see the stigmata. We drove to a church, where the exhibition was temporarily set up in some town near the desert. We found out about it because someone had given my aunt Vena a promotional flyer announcing Sister Linda's Miraculous Gift of Stigmata, and her three day visitation to the area. It described how sometimes she bled pure blood, and how sometimes she bled a clear, scented, healing oil. For some reason I felt we were supposed to especially take note that if she simultaneously bled both oil and blood, it would be particularly messy. Wearing the sweetest, holiest look on my face that I could, I expressed my interest in attending. So my familly drove out to a church in the desert to witness Linda bleed. The first night, after sitting through an uninspiring sermon, it became apparent that Linda was not going to bleed that night. I was disappointed, but anxious to return.

Meeting father's side of the family: step-bro, step-mom, Ron and Pop.

On the second night the air was so still outside, I knew she would bleed. Towards the end of the service, when she still hadn't bled, I wanted to have a temper tantrum. I decided she was a big fat fucking scam artist and I hated her. I couldn't understand why everyone else was so patient with waiting for her "gift," and seemed to believe beyond the shadow of a doubt that she did bleed. The only proof she gave up were pictures of her bloody clothes, as if that were sufficient evidence of a miracle. She shared with the congregation that impressions in blood would appear in her Bible, but I didn't want to hear stories of psychic phenomena, I wanted to see her palms bleed.

I had come there with a strong desire to be annointed with the blood seeping directly out of her palms. I had also thought about whether or not she would bleed from where the spear had been placed in Christ's side, I further pondered on whether or not she would expose the site. Would she be modest like other church ladies, or was this situation different? If she chose to be modest, I imagined what the blood would look like seeping through her clothes. But she hadn't bled from anywhere on those nights. As cynical as I was about her gift, I didn't want to miss out on a miracle. She was appearing a third and final night. I wanted to attend, but my family wouldn't drive me out to see it again.

I can't remember the exact sequence of events in my early history with blood, but one of the earliest incidents I can remember happened before the stigmata. I found a brand new razor blade, and took my sister, Christine, out to the backyard. I sliced into the tips of all her fingers on one hand. We both stood quietly as I held her hand out. Instinctly I knew that the clean slices would produce blood. When the blood started to flow, Tina began to cry. I knew the cuts didn't hurt, that she was just frightened. I then took the razor to my hand, to show her how insignificant the wounds were, and to make her stop crying. ✝



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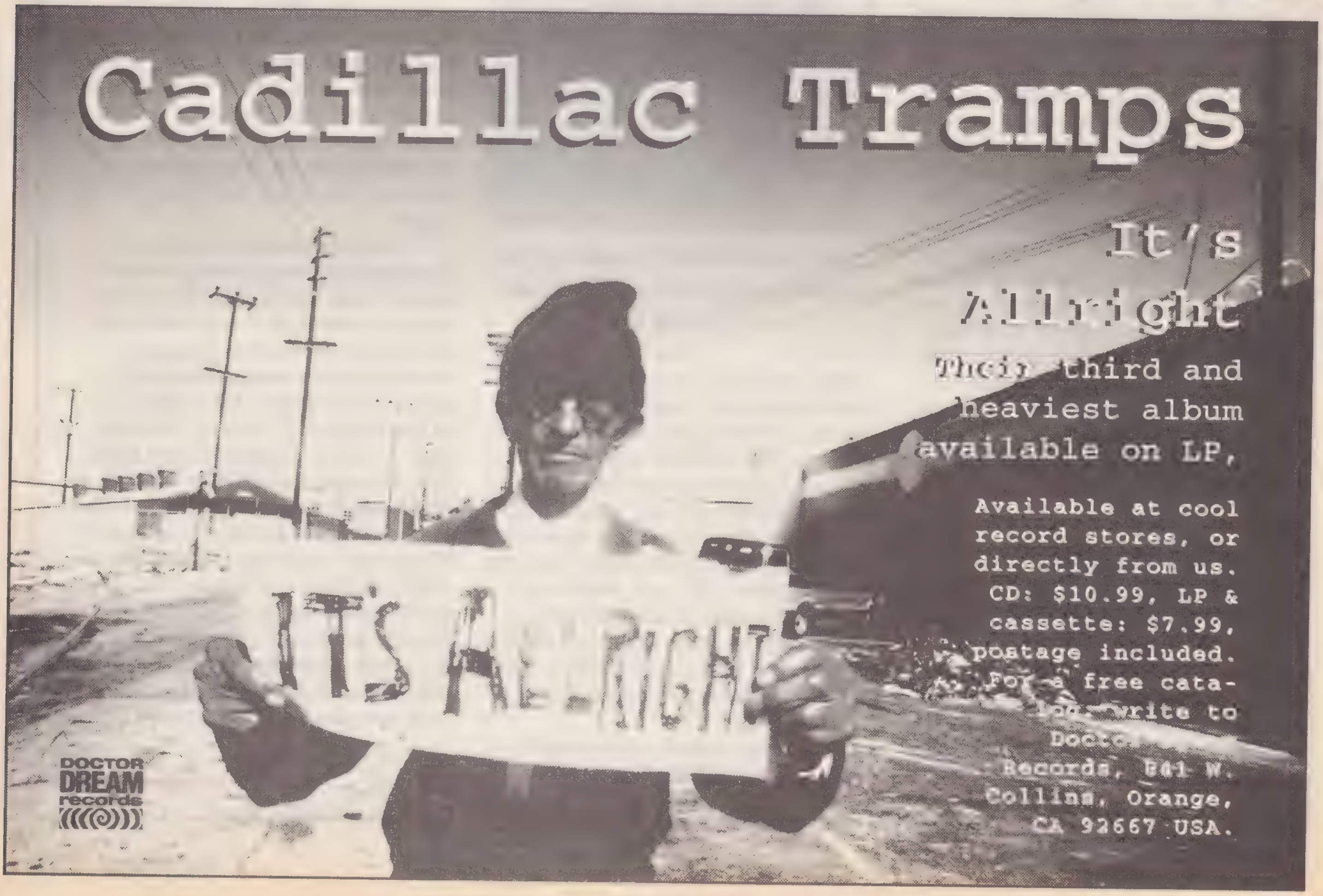

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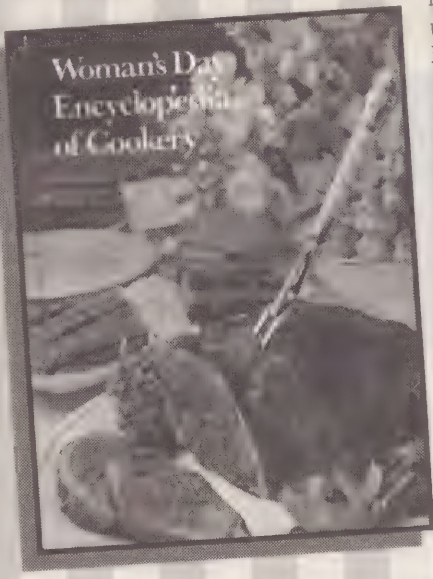
Tuna-Stuffed Muffs and Lard Pastries

A Close Look at the *Women's Day Encyclopedia of Cooking*, circa 1966

by Brian Doherty

Much retro-obsession obsesses over concerns only peripheral to our lives and development (dumb TV shows we wasted our childhoods watching) or frankly irrelevant "nostalgic" yearnings for things that were never part of our actual experience (like flapper / gangster fashions, hippieism, medievalism, etc.). Ignored too often is the cooking and diet of our youths, something in every sense vital to the development of the current "generation of people in their twenties" (no dumb-ass neologisms, please.)



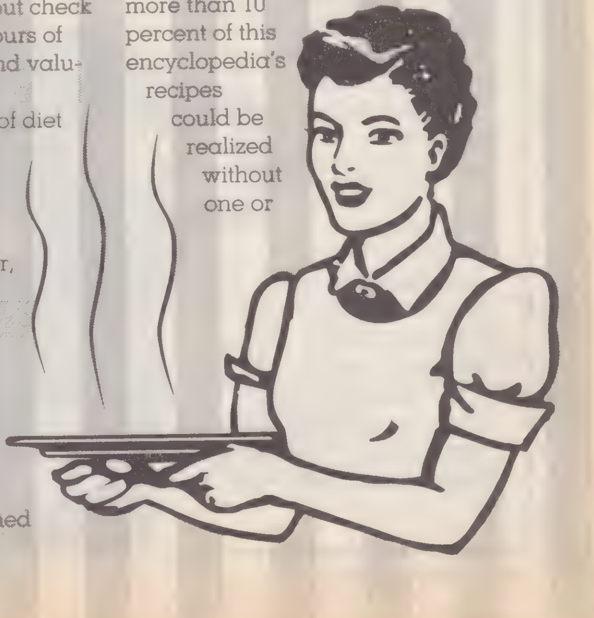
Anecdotal evidence on our eating habits is scientifically unreliable. I've had many a disturbing conversation with my parents in which they've convinced me that my own memories of my pre-teenage life are imprecise and often plain wrong. Besides, my experiences were, I hope, not yours. To gain valid sociological insight into how American parents viewed diet and the art of cooking, I've found no source more insightful and horrifying than the 1966 edition of the *Women's Day Encyclopedia of Cooking*, published by Fawcett, sponsored by one of American wifehood's most trusted sources, both now and then. Random conversations have led me to believe that this book, a perfectly respectable-looking and thorough guidebook to the culinary arts in over 20 volumes, was present in the kitchens of many of the parents of my coevals. This might explain more than *The Brady Bunch* ever could about any developmental peculiarities our generation exhibits.

There is more wrong (from the merely unappetizing, to the dietarily unsound, to the apparently deranged and malicious) with this encyclopedia than I can adequately explain in this space. Suffice it to say that a few bucks investment (for which this series can often be found at thrift stores or library sales – but check copyright dates) will give you hours of shocked laughter, incredulity, and valuable insight.

The underlying philosophy of diet and taste informing the book can be summed in two principles: 1) Everything tastes good with everything else, especially bacon fat, and 2) You, the reader, are an utter nincompoop.

To illustrate principle one, no standards of balance and appetizingness seem to have been used to develop such recipes as "Fluffy Fish Pudding with Mushroom-Pimento Sauce," "Sizzling Ham Coconut Banana Broil," "Creamed Peas in Bologna Cups," "Fried Apples in Bacon," "Zippy Ham and Cukes," "Frankfurter Pilaf," "Scrambled Eggs with Brains," "Crunchy Salmon," and the "Frankfurter and Eggplant Concoction" (one of many meals in which it is unclear as to what the finished product is supposed to look like – so many other ingredients are present in this slapdash smorgasbord that it could as easily have been called the "Ground Beef and Onion Concoction," or any number of other things.)

One starts off thumbing through the book being merely amused by how standards of health have changed since our parents were feeding us. Indeed, conversations with the elderly have confirmed that it was once carbohydrates that were considered the prime culprit in causing fat and fat-related problems. Lard, bacon, milk, cheese, cream, eggs, were considered absolutely indispensable staples of any diet that dare to aspire to healthfulness. From my survey, I doubt more than 10 percent of this encyclopedia's recipes could be realized without one or



all of that above list. Many recipes consist of nothing *but* those things in various combinations, my favorites being "Cheese a lá Creme," which seems like it's meant to come out like especially soggy cottage cheese, and something called "Telephone Pudding," which is basically eggs dropped in cream.

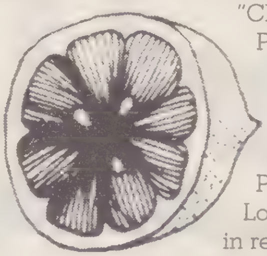
They felt no shame either; recipes explicitly and often called for lard as opposed to any substitute shortening, and even named themselves after it, such as "Lard Pastries."

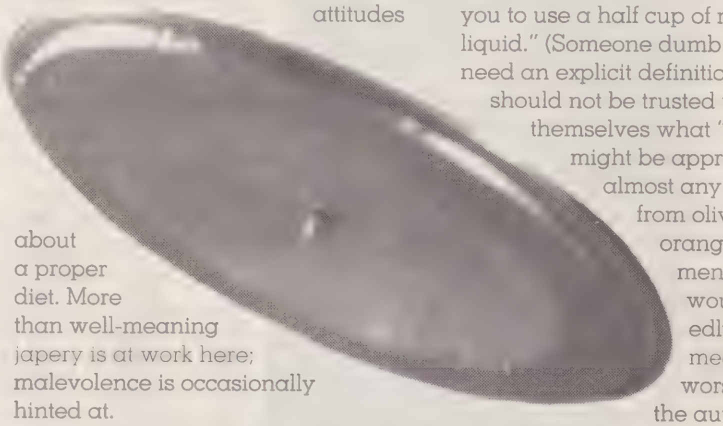
Fresh foods were assumed completely unavailable to the housewife meant to use this book – though such obscure fresh game as woodchuck were. Even the recipe for Corn On the Cob explicitly instructs the use of frozen corn, and most fruit is meant to be turned into jellied loafs of various sorts, usually in combination with lengthwise-sliced frankfurters. (Opulent and four-color seems too weak a description for the lustrous, polychromatic effulgence of these lovingly and sometimes insanely crafted photos. Pictures of these Jellied Fruit-Meatloaves are alone worth the trouble to seek out these venerable guidebooks.)

And when the presence of non-frozen, non-loafed produce was assumed, the only thing to do with it was to fry it in lard (recipes are included for Fat-Fried Celery and, God help our arteries, Fat-Fried *Parsley*) or you let it rot and pour bacon fat and sugar over it (as in the charming recipe for "Wilted Lettuce.")

Physical health was not the goal of this guidebook. But then again, why encourage the raising of healthy offspring for people presumed incapable of sussing out the meaning of such arcane terms as "ice," "meal," "pattie," and "fork" – all of which have entries ranging from a paragraph to a page and a half explaining them? (See principle two, above.) You see, this isn't merely a lame cookbook – it's a true "encyclopedia," from which you can learn that "when water becomes cold enough to turn solid, we call it ice" (sentence one of a page-long entry on "ice") and that "in simplest terms, an oven is a box that can be heated" (in the "oven" entry, that then goes on for three paragraphs elaborating.)

But after extended study of the book, the simple yucks available by examining the inappropriately unappetizing recipes and inexplicable assumptions of bone-ignorance begin to give way to something more chilling, more strange. It is not merely that the people putting together this book are charmingly goofy or hold on to quaintly out-of-date attitudes about a proper diet. More than well-meaning japery is at work here; malevolence is occasionally hinted at.





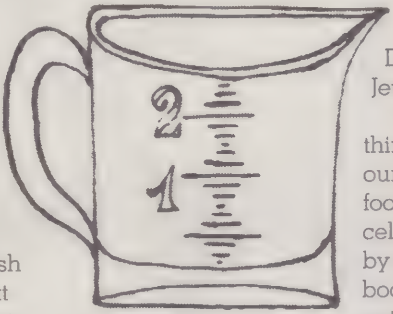
The first hints come with subtle signs of a childish sense of humor not entirely appropriate in a sober guidebook to the culinary arts. Maybe it's just my own juvenile sexual and excretory obsessions, but there are far too many recipe names in here that seem like subtle or not-too-subtle code words for turds or sexual organs. I mean, how would you like to consume "Half-Baked Fruit-Nut Loaf," "Chocolate-Coated Prune-Nut Balls," "Cheese Beef Log," "Mocha Log," "Banana Mayonnaise," "Yeast Pancakes," "Texas Longboys," or the classic in repressed housewife cryptolesbianism, the "Tuna-Stuffed Muff"?

Then you begin to notice they advise you to do things with your food that are guaranteed to produce a ruined, inedible mess, like deep-frying the relatively delicate fish, sole; or the meat loaf recipe that breezily instructs you to use a half cup of milk "or other liquid." (Someone dumb enough to need an explicit definition of forks should not be trusted to decide for themselves what "other liquid" might be appropriate; almost any other choice, from olive oil to orange juice to menstrual blood, would undoubtedly effect the meat loaf for the worse – or maybe the authors knew the meal would turn out so badly it honestly would make no difference); or, in the multiply-curious entry on "ice cream," advising you to create your own homemade exotic flavors by melting store-bought vanilla and adding your own fruity or nutty extenders, then putting the damn mess back into the freezer, which will produce essentially a solid mass of ice without the air whipped into the product by the manufacturers. Another sign of lack of concern for their audiences palate or health is found at the end of the ice cream entry, where they

Diet Tip: Willpower fans, the search is over! And guess where it's at? In sugar!

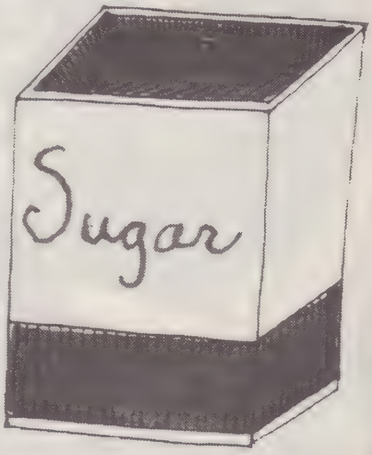
describe the joys of a mysterious product called "mellorene," an ice cream substitute made with only vegetable fat instead of animal fat, straight-facedly described as being "legal in 14 states."

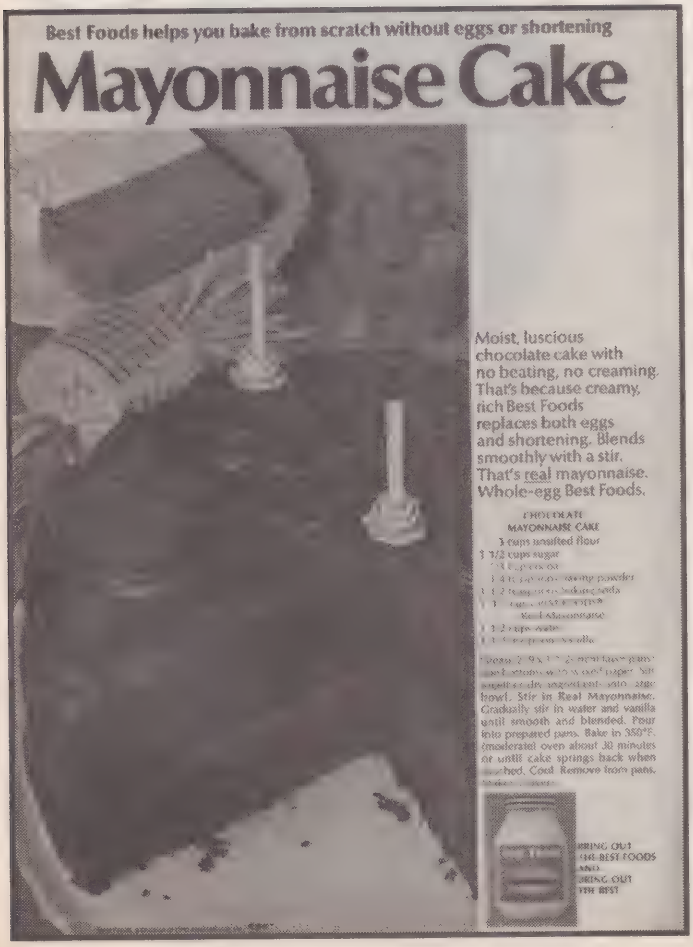
So perhaps it isn't merely gleeful disregard for the palates of most children that leads the writers to label a concoction made of equal parts peanut butter and chili sauce as "Child's Delight?" And is it not merely a puckish sense of humor that makes them illustrate their chapter on "Jewish Cooking" with a photograph of a stereotyped burnoose-wearing Arab on a camel overlooking a mosque? (The photos in this book, as I previously noted, are where the imaginations of these freakazoids ran most wild – shockingly vivid steaks so huge that nine full oysters sit atop only half of it, misproportioned bowls of casserole dwarfed in size by the mysterious, monstrous coins sitting ominously and inappropriately behind them, a banana about four times as big as the spoonful of cereal cowering beneath it. And the colors do more than suggest the presence of drugs, as if the photo of Abdul the Camel Driver illustrating the Jewish chapter didn't.)



Is there really anything to be learned about our background, about the foods that formed our very cells in our formative years, by thumbing through this book and puzzling over the entire chapter dedicated to toast? To wondering what would possess anyone to make and eat desserts called "Charcoal Room," or "Pump Room Cheesecake," when a few pages later there are recipes for such self-evidently superior cakes as "Divine," "Supreme," and "Grand Finale?" To salivating over the thought of "Hot Fish Mousse," "Molded Ham Salad," "Grandpa's Little Buttery Dill Rolls," "Double Corn Fingers," "Peach Slump," and "Fluffy Hard Sauce"?

No, of course not. Our relative dietary needs probably haven't even changed that much anyway; except now we're too lazy to even try to hand-make the meals that are apt to kill us, sooner rather than later. Like in other aspects of our lives, the shit we keep being fed ends up tasting good to us sooner or later. Even if it is lard-fried parsley.





Best Foods helps you bake from scratch without eggs or shortening

Mayonnaise Cake

Moist, luscious chocolate cake with no beating, no creaming. That's because creamy, rich Best Foods replaces both eggs and shortening. Blends smoothly with a stir. That's real mayonnaise. Whole-egg Best Foods.

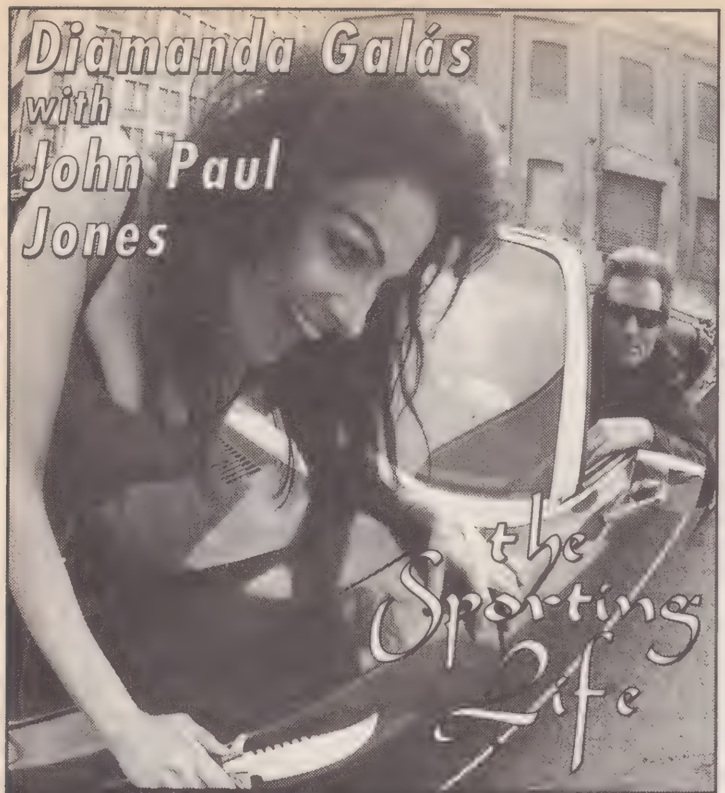
CHOCOLATE
MAYONNAISE CAKE
3 cups unsifted flour
1 1/2 cups sugar
[illegible]

[illegible] bowl. Stir in Real Mayonnaise. Gradually stir in water and vanilla until smooth and blended. Pour into prepared pans. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven about 30 minutes or until cake springs back when touched. Cool. Remove from pans. [illegible]

BRING OUT
THE BEST FOODS
AND
BRING OUT
THE BEST

WA
TU
SI
ISLAND
the wedding present
Featuring "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah"
©1994 Island Records, Inc. You crack me open like a coconut

Sugar keeps your energy up – and your appetite down.



The Sporting Life -
the new album featuring the single and video
"Do You Take This Man?"

Fall Tour

New York City, NY	November 10	Irving Plaza
Philadelphia, PA	November 13	Irvine Auditorium
Ann Arbor, MI	November 15	The Michigan Theater
Chicago, Il	November 17	The Vic
Madison, WI	November 18	The Barrymore Theater
Lincoln. NE	November 20	The Lied Center
Columbus, OH	November 22	Mershon Auditorium
Toronto, Ontario	November 24	The Phoenix
Washington DC	November 26	The Lincoln Theater
Austin, TX	November 30	The Paramount
Tempe, AZ	December 2	Grady Gammage Auditorium
Los Angeles, CA	December 4	Wadsworth Theater
San Francisco, CA	December 6	The Fillmore
Portland, OR	December 8	The Portland Art Museum
Seattle, WA	December 10	The Moore

"The Sporting Life, the collaboration of diva nation's supreme queen and Led Zeppelin rock statesman, proves that a new peak has been reached on the rock extremity meter. ...one of the most engaging records released this decade"
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-Guitar Player

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EACH NIGHT, MILLIONS OF AMERICANS GO TO BED HUNGRY FOR STINK.

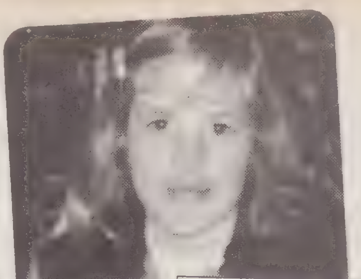
L7

Hungry
For
Stink

The new album.
Deal with it.

©1994 Slash Records. Kinda wow, kinda now, eat me.

Dickless & DAMAGED



by Nancy Nathan

1982. 10TH GRADE. "ROD STEWART." I'm sitting in some foofie, uptight hair salon with a bunch of rich housewives and their daughters, half of which I've fucked in my head a million times; in the missionary position, of course. I pull the picture out of my pocket but my palms are sweating and I'm having a hard time not tearing it and this is pissing me off 'cause I didn't want to fold it in the first place. I'm wondering if this is still a good idea and maybe I should've let my mom come with me but then I remember she was behind that Dorothy Hamill conspiracy and that took at least a year to grow out. Then this perky, prom queen voice says, "So, how are we cutting your hair today?" and I wonder why they always say "we" 'cause it's not really a "we" thing, but then the voice in my head is saying who the fuck cares, just hand her the fucking picture. So I do, explaining the importance of the hair sticking up on top and could she do that, and please be careful 'cause it's my best picture of Rod, and this is when I hear the giggle, giggle and I sort of giggle back not knowing what else to do and this is starting to remind me of when I was in seventh grade and I had to explain the difference between layered hair and feathered hair, that Scott Baio had layered hair and Kristy McNichol had feathered hair and that I didn't want feathered hair but I wanted it perfectly layered like Erik Estrada, and as I start re-living these emotions I realize that the prom queen has that really disgusted look on her face like she just thought about her parents having sex, but I think its 'cause she can't deal with a chick wanting to look like Rod Stewart so I try not to think about how humiliating this is and that soon I'll be home free, and this is true 'cause now I'm in front of my mirror, playing air guitar to "Maggie May."

I ♥ Rod Stewart

1995. AGE 27. "HAIR ISSUES." I wear hats now. All the time. It's a security thing. My mother took away my blankie when I was far too young. Besides, I spent way too much money on hair products. Like when I was going through my Johnny Depp thing, I would spend 15 bucks on a jar of stuff that was probably vaseline with something French on the label. I labored over my pubic hair too. Trim. Shave. Shampoo. Condition. I'm not sure if pubic hair maintenance is a dyke thing or what, but my mom didn't tell me and I didn't learn it in my health class either. It wasn't until I moved to San Francisco and encountered a very hairy pussy that I began changing my pubic hair principles. And thus, this hairy pussy became the symbol of emancipation from my own internalized shit. Unfortunately, I'm back in L.A. now and hairy girls are nowhere to be found. I once confided to a friend that there is not a finer way to declare one's love to a girl, than by slowly licking the crust off her pubic hair.

1976. 4TH GRADE. "BEESWAX." I have discovered the magic of arts and crafts. Beeswax to be exact. I can mold this shit into whatever I want. The boy next to me is making a soldier and this other kid is making Jesus and Mary cause it's Christmas and the parents will be coming to see our work at open house. Personally, I find this offensive 'cause I'm Jewish and how the fuck do you make a Hanukkah bush out of beeswax? I give up, and instead lead Deborah, my second favorite girl in the class, to the bathroom and we're in the last stall and I'm working my piece of beeswax that I stole from class until it's perfectly smooth and cylindrical and then I show her how to put it in her underwear so it will rest nicely on her clit which makes me wonder how I got so advanced in the 4th grade and then we're heading back to class and as I sit down I'm glad I

kept the bigger one for me and if I could just have this between my legs all the time I know I would become an over-achiever 'cause when I look down I realize I've just created the entire fucking nativity scene. So I'm basking in this unusual and quite absurd creation of mine when I feel a tap on my shoulder and I'm following Deborah back to the bathroom, back to the last stall and I don't understand how it could hurt except maybe I should have put it in for her but I don't learn that until much later on, so now I'm left alone, Deborah's warm beeswax in my hand, wondering if there's something seriously wrong with me.

1995. AGE 27. "DISCOVERING MY INNER CHILD." So I've finished telling you this story and now you're all hot and want to give me a blow job but insist we make me a dick out of beeswax. I have no qualms about this but explain I have no beeswax and the school I once attended was a private school and imported all their materials from Germany, but you're sure we can get some at an art store or something and when we ask the guy he doesn't know what we're talking about and I'm feeling humiliated again 'cause he's giving me that superior I'm an artist bullshit and suggests Toys R Us which wasn't a bad idea 'cause we found it in the middle of isle ten right next to the Light Brights and as I watch your head move up and down between my legs I'm thinking that pretentious art fuck can kiss my ass 'cause this is the best fucking blow job I've ever had.

1980: 7TH GRADE. "CROSS-DRESSING." I'm envious of my twelve year old boyfriend. Not because he's bitchin', or cool, or foxy, 'cause he's kind of a loser, but because he gets to wear O.P.'s everyday and I'm stuck with Jordache and Sassoon. Just a few years ago, they finally got rid of Luv-It's and Ditto's and now they've come up with this nasty Italian shit. Well, it's not Italian but it reminds me of hairy men with gold chains and little dicks. I suppose I could buy myself some O.P.s but I'm not sure I've achieved the level of self-confidence I would need to be cross-dressing in the seventh grade. Fortunately the 501 epidemic hits in about two years and nobody wears the girl 501's, even the cheerleaders are sportin' the big crotch. In the meantime, however, I must deal with the ridicule and humiliation of violating the laws of book-carrying etiquette. See, I hold my books like boys do, under the arm and against the hip. Social discourse would lead you to believe that the proper way for girls to hold their books would be against the chest area and when possible, with both arms. I tried to do this once but felt like a guy in a dress. On one occasion, this guy Ricky Lopez asked me why I didn't carry my books like a girl. That weekend I gave him a blow job and he never bothered me again. Andrea Dworkin can kiss my ass 'cause this is my brand of feminism: Suck 'em, Fuck 'em, or Shoot 'em. Fuck "National Secretaries Day." If we had "National Dick Sucking Day" we'd be running the country by now. If it wasn't so hideously unchallenging, I'd be blowing my way to the top as we speak. Unfortunately, I have taken on the more tedious task of eating pussy to the top. More unfortunate, there is not much pussy at the top to eat.

Premature Ejaculator

1995. AGE 27. "THE JOY OF SHOPPING." So I'm in this Mall with my sister 'cause she needs to buy pajamas for my three year old nephew, Sam, and K-Mart didn't carry the Power Ranger jammies. I am devastated about this 'cause K-Mart rocks my world. K-Mart is the light at the end of my dark tunnel. K-Mart is my E Ticket to Disneyland. K-Mart is never-ending, pre-orgasmic bliss. Well anyway, when we get to the children's department at the Broadway, my sister and Sam are discussing feetie possibilities so I excuse myself and head for the men's department. I notice I am taking the longest way possible so that I may pass the lingerie department first. It's a "love/hate" compulsion sort of thing. I want to touch the panties but I always feel like an impostor. I had this one girlfriend who had the most beautiful breasts and sometimes I'd just sit in the dressing room and watch her try on bras. But then when I needed to get some for myself, it was like torture 'cause I hated having tits in the first place and buying bras was like The Day of Remembrance. I used to buy those reducer bras but then I realized somebody was gonna find out sooner or later so why waste the money. Besides, size is not the problem. It's fucking girls with smaller tits than me that gives me the complex. It's sort of a dick thing manifested into a tit thing except inversely. I guess. Fuck, all this emphasis on my tits is freaking me out 'cause now I'm in the men's department digging through the boxers like it's a state of emergency. A saleslady who thinks I'm a boy asks if I need any help and as I begin to ask her if there's any more x-larges in back, she realizes I'm a girl 'cause I can see the expression on her face completely change, and so I explain that I understand the lack of selection isn't her fault but maybe she could ask her boss to order more, and then she tells me in this kinda patronizing way that I would probably find underwear better suited to fit me in the women's department, and I think I'm getting pissed 'cause I can feel the red in my face, so I tell her that they don't carry boxers in the women's department and if they did I wouldn't buy them because anything specifically identified as "women's" or "lady's" is over-priced, poorly-made, stupid-looking, and too small to accommodate my seven and a half inch dildo. *Later.*

First girl to EAt my pussy!

1981. 8TH GRADE. "CHICKS DIG AIR SUPPLY." I have fallen in love with my best friend, Susan. She is in 8th grade also and this is kind of cool 'cause in 8th grade your best friend is fucking God. I mean, we lie on her bed and discuss what color Vans we want and how we're gonna kill ourselves if we can't be together. This is my ideal relationship, until I start discovering the sensation between my legs. It's Friday night and I'm sleeping over at Susan's. I've waited patiently all week for this, as I do each and every week. We spend a lot of time in bed, listening to REO Speedwagon and Journey and Air Supply. Then I usually cry. I don't know why, maybe 'cause she feels so good, maybe 'cause I know it won't always be like this. Then you pull me against you and you ask me what's wrong and I can feel your breasts against me underneath your flannel nightgown, and I really don't know why I'm crying except that when I cry you touch me in this way that makes me want to kiss you, and when you ask me the next night what I want to listen to I say Air Supply 'cause I know this will make me cry again, and this is when I'm allowed to say I love you.

1995. AGE 27. "DINOSAUR JR. IS THE AIR SUPPLY OF THE '90S." It's sweet and sad and whiny but I love it anyway. I'm a sucker for gooey shit and I suppose this is why I'm so easily manipulated by it. For example, a girlfriend once made me a tape, kind of during the courting stage of our relationship. When we broke up, I couldn't listen to it for a year. I kept it handy though, 'cause I have this attraction to self-inflicted pain and sometimes pushing the play button is more convenient than burning cigarette holes into the skin. Anyway, the thing is, I don't listen to that tape anymore and I don't burn myself with cigarettes 'cause I quit smoking two years ago. Now I'm into good clean fun like smokin' crack and butt-fuckin' to Barry Manilow's Greatest Hits. On occasion, I enjoy a good whack with *Mr. Rogers*. Some scenarios might include:

a) Mr. Rogers gets gang-raped by Mr. McFeely, Chef Brocket and Handy Man Negrie.

b) Mr. Rogers secretly caresses himself while visiting Lady Aberlin in the Land of Make-Believe.

c) Mr. Rogers is tied up and forced to sing "Won't You Be My Neighbor" while townspeople take turns shooting him with jism. (This is my favorite.)

1983. 10TH GRADE. "BOYS SUCK." We don't hang out much anymore. She wants a best friend that wears make-up and wants to try out for cheerleading. She likes boys, but what she really likes is that boys like her. I am chronically sick over this. I gave her my heart but she has lost it somewhere on the varsity football field. Soon it will be trampled upon by hundreds of adolescent boys in tight gold pants. Every once in a while, we'll be at a party and she'll pull me into the bathroom and if she's drunk enough, she'll hold on to me and tell me she's sorry. Then she'll cry, like she used to, just long enough for me to believe her and then she's gone.

Me.
Susan.
Lauren.
Me.
PROM night '85

1995. AGE 27. "TO FUCK OR BE FUCKED."
YOU: How come you won't let me touch you?
ME: You can touch me .
YOU: Then why can't I fuck you?
ME: Because I don't want you to.
YOU: Oh, so you can fuck me but I can't fuck you.
ME: Yes.
YOU: I bet it's nice and safe for you, isn't it?
ME: It's never safe for me.
You say nothing and then I watch my fist disappear into your cunt.

1984. 11TH GRADE. "DONUTS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND." Around the time Susan completely dumped me for some foul, steroid eatin', football player, I became friends with Lauren, the Junior Homecoming Princess and Miss Whatever of every fucking beauty pageant in our county. Anyway, Lauren lived one street away from me so we began hanging out after school together, usually in her kitchen eating loaves of cinnamon toast and then watching her barf it all up in her parent's bathroom. Lauren loved to eat and I have to say I found it quite entertaining. Watching this delicate specimen of perfection eat a pepperoni pizza was like watching a truck driver plow through chicken fried steak. I suppose she felt safe with me, and so I found myself teaching her how to chew tobacco in the parking lot of the local hospital where we frequently could be found hanging out in the bushes, smoking pot and drinking Manischevitz wine stolen from my parents liquor cabinet. For some reason, guys were scared to ask Lauren out so we ended up spending a lot of weekends together while Susan was out trampin' around town with The Neck. I guess in some way Lauren was there to console my busted heart but we never spoke of it in those terms. She was there to do it, but it could've been anybody. Lauren was my new best friend but when Susan came back to reclaim her title, I never hesitated to give it to her. Me and Susan were like any other fucked-up couple in love, we just called it "best friends." This is the cruel thing about love: you will hurt anybody to get it. And then you get hurt trying to keep it.

1995. AGE 27. "GIRLS WITH ISSUES." For some reason I always fall in love with girls who have eating disorders. I'm not sure why except maybe they're attracted to me first. Like I make them feel more comfortable with their body, or maybe they dig my love handles, I don't know. On the other hand, maybe I'm attracted to traits that are associated with eating disorders. Insecure, obsessive, multiple personality (my favorite), needy, unpredictable, passionate, unstable, moody, and generally quite fucked-up. I think fucked-up is the key. See, if it's not eating disorders, it's an issue of some sort, usually manifesting itself into some other form of fucked-up behavior. My first girlfriend was a bulimic and a great fuck – very "giving" I'd have to say. We lasted three years. My second girlfriend was a binger and compulsive dieter. She was also my manager at McDonald's. We lasted two and a half years. My third girlfriend had no issues at all, which makes perfect sense 'cause I never fell in love with her. We lasted eight months. My fourth girlfriend was a recovering bulimic / anorexic who had checked herself into a hospital at the age of seventeen. I wanted to marry her. We lasted four years. My next girlfriend, well... Let's just say, an eating disorder was about the only issue she *didn't* have. It lasted a year and a half; she insists it was a year. (Issue.) Whatever.

1985. 12TH GRADE. "HAPPY HOMO LEZZIES IN LOVE." The best part of high school is not going. Me and my girlfriend can't find any reason to get out of bed. All we do is fuck, eat, and sleep. I think the parents are getting concerned 'cause the sleep-overs are turning into entire weekends. They've sent me to shrinks, drug rehabs, and specialists but it's a waste of time 'cause I'm insanely in love, and I got a boner the size of John Holmes. Basically, I have lost interest in all other aspects of life. I have waited fourteen years to rub naked bodies with another girl and once I get started, it's pretty hard to stop. For example, my girlfriend is going down on me for the very first time and I've never felt anything this good in my entire life. My insides are beginning to feel warm and tingly when I hear my mother's keys in the front door. TURN. OPEN. CLOSE. I want to stop but my body is not listening to me. It is approximately 50 feet from the front door of my house to the front door of my room and I think I'm gonna come. I try not to, but my pussy obviously has a mind of its own 'cause I'm already blasting off when the door opens.
MOTHER: What are you doing in bed so late?
ME: Uh... I was just about to get up.
MOTHER: And where's Kristin? (Big lump under the covers.)
ME: Um... I think she's brushing her teeth... I'll be up in a few minutes, mom.
MOTHER: You're missing a beautiful day outside...
Door closes. This must be a bad dream 'cause shit like this only happens in John Hughes movies.

1995. AGE 27. "PERVERSITY: INTRINSIC OR ENVIRONMENTAL?" I am one of those rare dykes who doesn't dig cunnilingus. Receiving it, that is. I blame this on my mother, for walking in on the most profound sexual experience of my life. I mean it's not her fault, but certain things turn me on now that I know are directly related to this. For example, any situation in which there is a possibility of getting caught, I find particularly arousing. Like public restrooms. I have jerked off in every bathroom of the San Francisco State Library. Floors 1 and 3 producing highly exceptional orgasms. And then, of course, there is the time factor. Tell me you have to go to work, and I'll insist on fucking you. I don't know, maybe that's a control thing. Like I know I could come in three minutes if I had to. And I have to. So I do. Or, there's the chicken/egg theory. Did I evolve out of the Pervert, or did the Pervert evolve out of Me? For example, when I was five, the boy next door would make me watch him take shits. Not in the toilet either. He'd take me out to the garage, where he'd pull down his pants, lie down on some sort of cloth, and then squeeze out a big log. He then wrapped it up carefully, and threw it into the wash, which ran alongside the back of his house. This memory continues to perplex me and I am starting to wonder if this is at all related to my ensuing diaper fantasies. Don't get me wrong, I would not care to be shit on, but I can think of nothing more romantic than changing the diaper of the girl I love.

RETRO/SPECTION: HISTORY + PAIN = SURVIVAL. *I was speaking with a friend awhile back and we were talking about bodies. He asked if this particular ex-girlfriend of mine had the kind of body to which I was typically attracted. I hesitated because all of a sudden I was scared to answer this question. Or rather, scared of what I was about to say: I found her body beautiful because of its history. It was like this living monument to so much pain and horror, that I became intent upon giving it pleasure, something which was stolen long before. I realized later that no one person can take on the responsibility of fixing another's pain. Even if it is out of love. And so I began giving my own history the attention I had only allowed to others. And then I cried. A lot. 'Cause no matter how much I learn from the pain of my past, or how strong I get, I'm gonna get hurt again. I know. 'Cause I refuse to hide. And I will never compromise again.*

What is childhood but a series of happy delusions. –Sydney Smith

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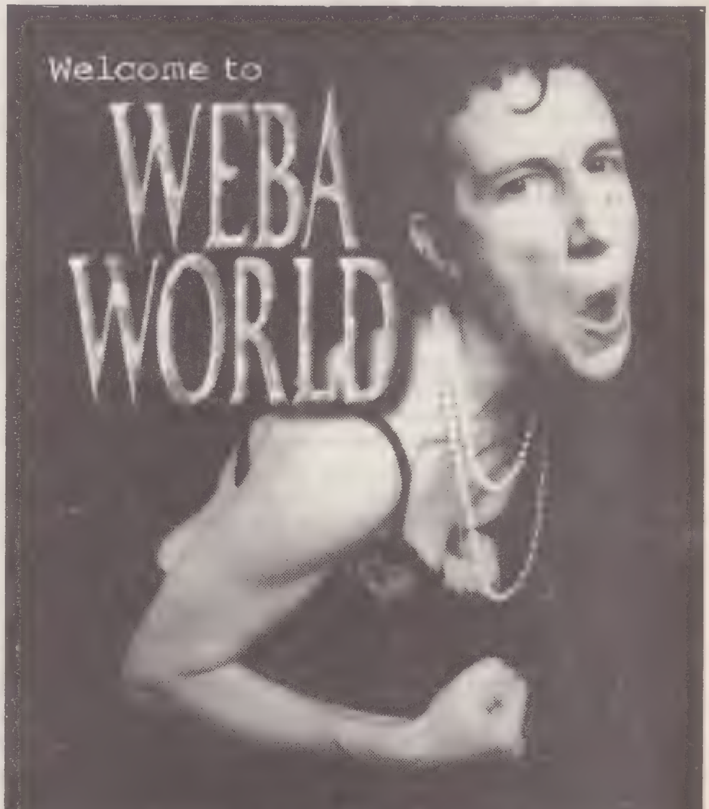

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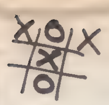
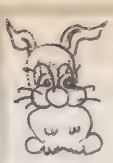
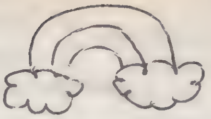
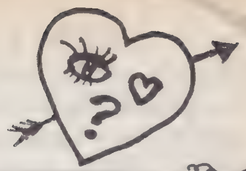
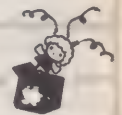
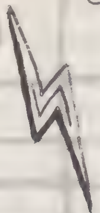












Slam

by Amra & Darcy!

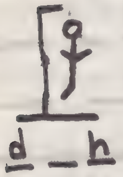
Retro Paper Games

to put your friends through Hell

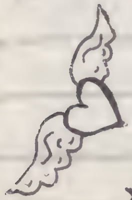
TO MAKE A SLAM BOOK YOU NEED:

1. A notebook, preferably Lisa Frank or something really hideous and juvenile. You can also always customize your own, our first had a Betty Page sticker on the front. Be sure to write SLAM really big on the cover.
2. Sit down with your fellow slam companion (it's more fun if it's done with someone else), and write a different question at the top of every page, and then number each line under the question. Fill in your answers to all the questions.
3. Make everyone you know fill it out. Call all of your long distance friends and humiliate them orally. Do not accept wise guy answers like, "I don't know."
4. Tell them it's anonymous, but keep a secret legend with everyone's name and corresponding number. Disclose information at your own risk or leisure.
5. Comfort your friends by telling them your answers, but only after they've given it up to you.

While making up your questions be sure to devise questions for your own selfish purposes, after all it is *your* book. Be sure to ease into it by making the first few questions harmless like, "WHAT FOOD WOULD YOU EAT FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IF YOU COULD ONLY PICK ONE?" or "WHAT'S YOUR DREAM CAR?" or "WHO DO YOU MOST RELATE TO ON *90210*?" and then intersperse them throughout the rest of the book, especially before and after the real doozies. Remember it's a good thing to have your name in the SLAM book as much as possible. See if you can get any one to say you for "Who would you most like to be stranded with on a deserted island?" Questions in the SLAM are of especially good use to you for screening potential boyfriends or girlfriends. EXAMPLES:



1. **WHAT HAVEN'T YOU DONE SEXUALLY THAT YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN DYING TO DO?** If they answer "Have sex with two chicks at the same time," they are so clipped.
2. **DO YOU KNOW WHAT SEMEN TASTES LIKE?** If a guy answers no, you know he's just a liar.
3. **WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT MOST WHILE MASTURBATING, ACTUAL INTERCOURSE OR ORAL SEX?** This question is used to catch guys who only care about blow jobs.

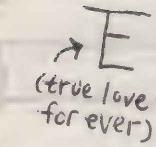


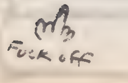
There are also questions that separate people into two specific groups, though most people don't even think twice about their answers to these questions.

1. WHICH DO YOU LIKE BETTER: *FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH* OR *16 CANDLES*? 2. BOXERS OR BRIEFS? 3. ON YOUR MATE, DO YOU PREFER LONG HAIR OR SHORT? 4. DO YOU LIKE PIE OR CAKE MORE?

OUR OWN PERSONAL TOP TEN FAVORITE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS (names withheld)

1. **WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE SEX WITH SOMEONE WHO WEIGHED 85 LBS. OR 200 LBS.?** "85 lbs. , a 14 yr. old skater boy."
2. **WHAT HAVEN'T YOU DONE SEXUALLY THAT YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN DYING TO DO?** "Fuck Erin Moran and Melissa Gilbert after working them with a 2 x 4."
3. **WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SPANKED BY MOST?** "Koko the talking gorilla."
4. **HAS SOMEBODY EVER SAID OR DONE SOMETHING TO YOU WHILE HAVING SEX THAT THEY THOUGHT WAS SEXY, BUT REALLY WASN'T?** "They started talking Jewish to me."
5. **WHEN YOU MASTURBATE DO YOU THINK MORE ABOUT ORAL SEX OR ACTUAL INTERCOURSE?** "Shopping."
6. **ARE YOU OBSESSED WITH ANY PARTICULAR BODY PART ON THE OPPOSITE SEX?** "NOO" . .
7. **DOES SIZE REALLY COUNT?** "God I hope not." "All you people who say it does are so shallow, that's not saying it's small you know."
8. **WHAT FACIAL FEATURE DO YOU TEND TO NOTICE FIRST?** "Big hairy mole."
9. **WHAT WAS YOUR MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT?** "Peed in my Dolphin shorts in 2nd grade and had to wear the pink bell bottoms that everyone knew were the extra pee pants."
10. **WHO IS THE GROSSEST MATE YOU CAN THINK OF BESIDES JOE PISCAPO AND BEA ARTHUR?** "Getty Lee, Glen Danzig or the robot girl on *Small Wonder*."





Editor's Note:

Now, as an editor I sometimes have to force myself to allow others to share their aspects on things...even when they're wrong. Of course, two different opinions can both be "right," can't they? (Um..) So when Amara, Darcy and Carla were insisting that their version of the SLAM game was totally and positively and no doubt about it correct, I, knowing the truth, made it my mission to prove them wrong. And what better way than to find the correct version in a Judy Blume book. I mean, you'd have to agree that if there were a right and wrong way to play a kid game, Judy would know the right way, right? Not to dis the girls too bad. Their game is fun and I did play it when I was younger, but it wasn't called SLAM. Here's a clip from Ms. Blume's "Otherwise Known As Sheila the Great" for the correct version:

"Sondra and Jane threw their clothes in a pile on the floor but Mouse folded everything and packed it away in her overnight case. Then she took out a small notebook and said, 'Let's make a Slam Book.'

'What's that?' Jane said.

I was glad she asked because I didn't know either. I figured I would tell Mouse that the reason I didn't know about Slam Books is that I haven't made one in years because where I live that is just for babies.

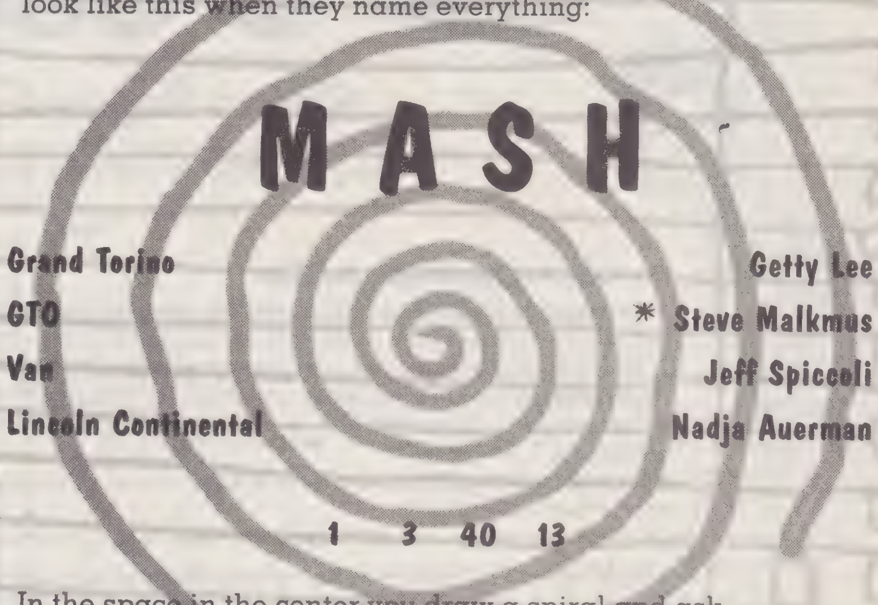
Mouse told us, 'Slam Books are great fun. You'll see. She was busy writing something down in her notebook. We sat in a circle around her and waited.

In a minute she held up a piece of paper and said, "This is a sample list. All of us fill it in about each other. It's that only way to find out what your friends really think of you!"

I looked at the sample list. It said: Name, Hair, Face, Body, Brain, Best thing, Worst thing, and In general.

'You see,' Mouse explained, 'we'd never be brave enough to just sit around and tell each other the truth about ourselves. That would be too embarrassing. But since everybody wants to know what other people really think of them, this is an easy way to find out. You can start with me if you want. I'll go stand in the hall and you fill in the list. Later, when we've all had our chance, we get to read about ourselves in private.' Mouse walked to my bedroom door. 'Remember,' she told us, 'you've got to be honest or it won't do any of us any good.' She opened the door and stepped out into the hall.'

MASH is another favorite retro paper game used to humiliate your friends. All you need is a piece of paper and a pen. You start off by writing MASH really big at the top. Then, you ask your friend to name four guys/girls, they can be famous or real, but most important of all. one of the guys/girls has to be the grossest mate they can think of. Next they have to pick four numbers, at least one of the numbers has to be really high, like 200. Next, they have to name four cars, and at least one has to be something they hate, (Pintos and Gremlins were popular for the gross choice). Your diagram should look like this when they name everything:



In the space in the center you draw a spiral and ask them to tell you when to stop. When they tell you to stop, you count the lines of the spiral, and you use that number to start the process of elimination, hoping, of course, that they will end up with the worst combination possible. If there are seven lines of the spiral you start of with the M of MASH and cross of every seventh word, until you have one left in every category. M = mansion, A = apartment, S = shack, and H = house. The names of girls/guys = their mate, numbers = the number of kids they will have, and the cars are the car they will drive. Example: You live in a shack with Getty Lee, you have 40 kids, and you drive a Grand Torino.

BOY PAPER GAMES!:

The difference with boy games and girl games is that boys always change the rules to their games *as* they're playing. Therefore our rules probably aren't correct. Feel free to change them or make up your own. Note: These games aren't limited to boys, duh.

1 Fold a torn piece of notebook paper in such a way that it looks like a **PAPER FOOTBALL** of sorts. The idea is that you're in class and one kid is on one side of the desk and you're on the other. You finger flick the football and try to get it as close to the edge without it falling off. I don't know how you score that part of the game but if one flicks the football off the table, the other gets to try to score a field kick by finger flicking the football into the air, and into the goal posts the other made with his fingers. Some just play the kicking field goals portion of the game.

(is note writing a paper game?)

2 Fold the paper in half. Then you and your opponent draw like five or more **BATTLESHIPS** on your side of the paper. Then you take turns trying to sink each other's battleships. To fire you make a mark with pen on your side of the paper, then fold the paper over and in the same place you marked (but on the opposite side of the paper) you go over the mark. This causes the ink to rub off on your opponents side of the page so when you flip unfold the paper you can see if your mark hit one of their battleships.

3 This one we're really not sure about. It's a **TANK WAR GAME**. Again you use a piece of notebook paper, fold it in half and then you each make a fortress on the bottom edge of their side of the page with mines in the middle. (You can also play it like spaceships and space stations.) Then you move your tank by taking a pen, holding it vertical to the paper and then letting it slide out from under your finger. You then move your tank's position where the ink stops.

4 Miscellaneous: Spit wads, paper towels that you get wet and throw up at the ceiling so they stick, sticking "kick me" type notes on goobers, paper helicopters and airplanes (sticking pins into the front so they'll stick into whoever they hit (e.g.: teacher's ass), straws (great as a weapon for spit balls; fold wrapper in such a way as to say messages; take off wrapper by pulling it down straw and condensing it, then you add a few drops of water and watch it grow like a worm).

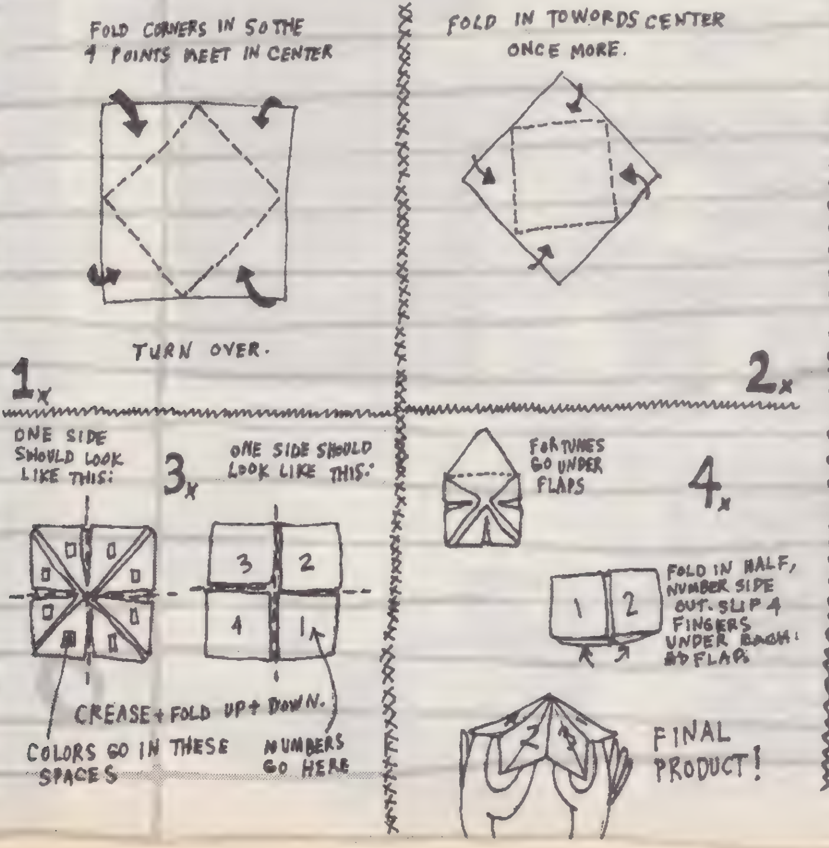
cootie catcher

fortune teller

This involves minor origami, (see diagram), but is well worth it. The outside leaves of the cootie catcher should have four different colors, the inside leaves should have eight different numbers (half even, half odd numbers) and under the numbered flaps will house eight different fortunes. Poise the CCFT on your fingers and tell them to pick a color. If they choose, for example, green, open and close the CCFT five times (G-R-E-E-N), and stop on the inner leaves that will reveal four numbers. Tell them to pick a number and open and close accordingly. Repeat this process over and over. When your friend is near exasperated and ready to walk away, lift up the flap of the last number called and read their fortune. They will wrongly believe that the fortune is extra true because of the time involved in waiting for it. Naturally, it will be a horrifyingly dismal fortune. Snicker as they turn away and the next friend eagerly steps forward for their turn.

Variation for further unfair and immature humiliation of your friends: Write one extra fancy beautiful special lucky fortune and memorize what number it lays under. When your favorite friend chooses that number, lift up the flap and read aloud. Your favorite friend will beam with delight as the others truly crumble under the weight of their misfortune.

Sample fortunes: You will die in a fiery auto accident; You are so ugly; Your BO smells like swiss cheese; You will have to eat your own boogers for the rest of your life, and will never have any good food; Why are you so fat?; Glen Danzig is your mate for life; Everyone talks about you behind your back; You have something black and cheesy stuck in your teeth; You suck.


FOLD CORNERS IN SO THE 4 POINTS MEET IN CENTER
TURN OVER.
1x
FOLD IN TOWORDS CENTER ONCE MORE.
2x
ONE SIDE SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS:
3x
ONE SIDE SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS:
3
2
4
1
CREASE + FOLD UP + DOWN.
COLORS GO IN THESE SPACES
NUMBERS GO HERE
FORTUNES GO UNDER FLAPS
4x
1
2
FOLD IN HALF, NUMBER SIDE OUT. SLIP 4 FINGERS UNDER EACH FLAP
FINAL PRODUCT!

perfect boyfriend

for life list:

(fun to do with other girls too!)

Write out all the qualities you seek in a perfect mate. Don't be afraid to be hyper-specific. Our personal imaginary boyfriend profile ran 5 pages. Casually mention to potential boyfriends that the list exists- if they express any interest at all in seeing it (and most will - you're a girl with *standards*) one bonus point for them. Laugh when you watch their faces contort in anguish and inadequacy as they read items that they could never possibly live up to. Feel smug and superior as they eagerly point and shout at the list. "That's me. I do that all the time!" Move ahead with both accordingly. Some sample perfect boyfriend for life qualities:

1. Smokes close to my brand, but not my brand so he doesn't mooch.
2. Likes coffee, but doesn't have to have a pot first thing.
3. Doesn't expect me to cook for him.
4. Doesn't wake up starving.
5. Likes Hole.
6. Doesn't hang up on my machine.
7. Has a cool scar.
8. Boyish to the point of femininity.
9. Empathetic to drama.
10. Throws out arm reflexively at sudden stops to keep me from going through the windshield.
11. No thin lips.
12. No facial hair.
13. No chest hair.
14. Always has a light.
15. Hasn't gotten a million girls pregnant.
16. Likes dogs but will never own one.
17. Comes over to my house more than I have to go to his.
18. Loves 7-11.
19. Isn't allergic to anything.
20. Is over the whore /stripper /model thing.
21. Doesn't bite my rhymes.
22. Cool belts.
23. Never ever cheats.
24. No dolts or dumbasses.
25. Reads.
26. Smells good.
27. Is willing to leave his house.
28. Spoons me.
29. No pipe dreams of becoming an actor /musician /poet.
30. I always win in the call waiting game.

the end.

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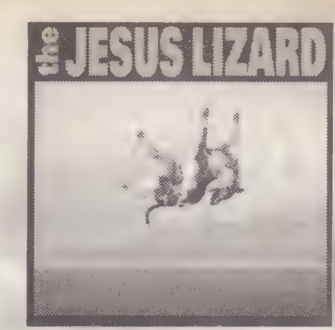
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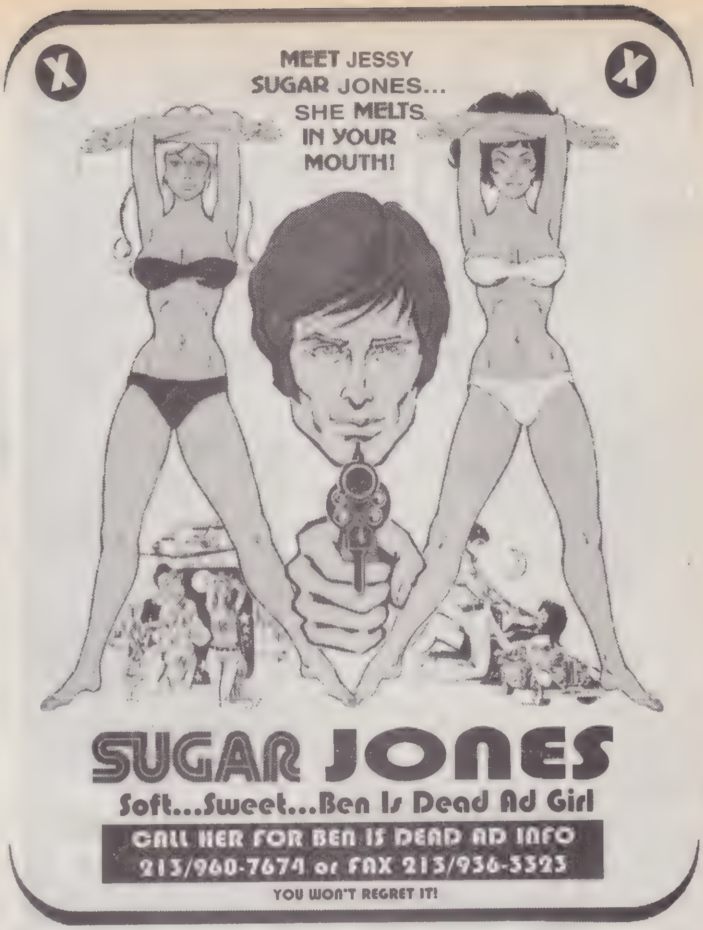
Superchunk
"Driveway
To
Driveway"
+
three
acoustic
songs

Blinded by the Light

This is a listing of lyrics people thought were one thing when they younger but later realized what they actually were. They're really funny when you think that there were a lot of kids out there who accepted the idea that adults were singing songs with these lyrics – and they sang along with them. The winner for most commonly misinterpreted lyric is Manfred Mann's "Blinded by the Light" with "reved up like a douche, you know the rover in the night" being the most common misinterpretation. Supposedly Rollerderby was able to compile and print a whole list of people's different interpretations of the lyrics from just that song.

INCORRECT	ARTIST	CORRECT
"Don't fear the reefer"	Blue Oyster Cult	"Don't fear the Reaper"
"Leo Chad and Delila, don't carry me too far away"	Steve Miller	"Big 'ole Jet Airliner, don't carry me too far away"
"Bald-headed woman"	Bee Gees	"More than a woman"
"...No Dukes of Hazard in the classroom, Boss Hogg leave them kids alone!"	Pink Floyd	"...No dark sarcasm in the classroom. Hey, teacher, leave them kids alone!"
"I want to rock and roll all night and potty every day"	KISS	"I want to rock and roll all night and party every day"
"I was Barney Rubble"	Tom Petty	"I was born a rebel"
"My love is like a shit on the ocean"	Hues Corporation	"My love is like a ship on the ocean"
"Strain my dick"	ELO	"Strange magic"
"There's a bathroom on the right"	Credence Clearwater Revival	"There's a bad moon on the rise"
"I like girls"	Elton John	"Island Girl"
"I'd rather have a sack of yaee-aa-hoo. BBBBenny and the Jets"		(We still don't know)
"Donuts make my brown eyes blue."	Crystal Gayle	"Doncha make my brown eyes blue."
"She's a big cow"	Commodores	"She's a brick house"
"Your mother and father they slept together"	Romeo Void	"I might like you better if we slept together"
"Rags baby oh yea"	Prince	Rasberry beret"
"Apple dapple you"		"I would die 4 U
"Love avision"	Foreigner 4	"Double vision"
"I'll kill your mother"	Culture Club	"I'll tumble for ya"
"Mister we could use a man like Herbert Who Herrockin'"	*All In The Family* theme song	"Mister we could use a man like Herbert Hoover again
"I'm your fetus, I'm the fire, of your desire"	Bananarama	"I'm your Venus, I'm the fire, for your desire"
"Number one box of dust"	Queen	"Another one bite the dust"
"Excuse me while I kiss this guy"	Jimi Hendrix	"Excuse me while I kiss the sky"
"Let's play, monster at seven"	Depeche Mode	"Let's play, master and servant"
"Dirty deeds and the Thunder Chief"	AC/DC	"Dirty deeds and they're done dirt cheap"
"Alex the seal"	GoGos	"Our lips are sealed"
"Pussy cow" or "Lucy Cal"	Cal Worthington commercial	"Go see Cal"
"Pulling muscles from Michelle"	Squeeze	"Pulling muscles from a shell"
"Hey Jew"	Beatles	"Hey Jude"
"He's making a list, chicken and rice"	"Santa Claus is Coming to Town"	"He's making a list, checkin' it twice."
"Chocolate Chip City"	David Bowie	"Suffragette City"
"She don't lie, she don't lie, she don't lie, cocaine"	Eric Clapton	"She don't like, she don't like, she don't like, cocaine"

Contributions by: Bruce, Don, Lisa, the Grand Royal boys, Darby, Wendy, Jessy, Dave (Fuzzy), Alison Novak, Jory, Lisa AA, Signe Corriere, Jim McLindon, Michael Carpri, Eric Brown, Bix, Tori, Naked John, Huey, & Caroline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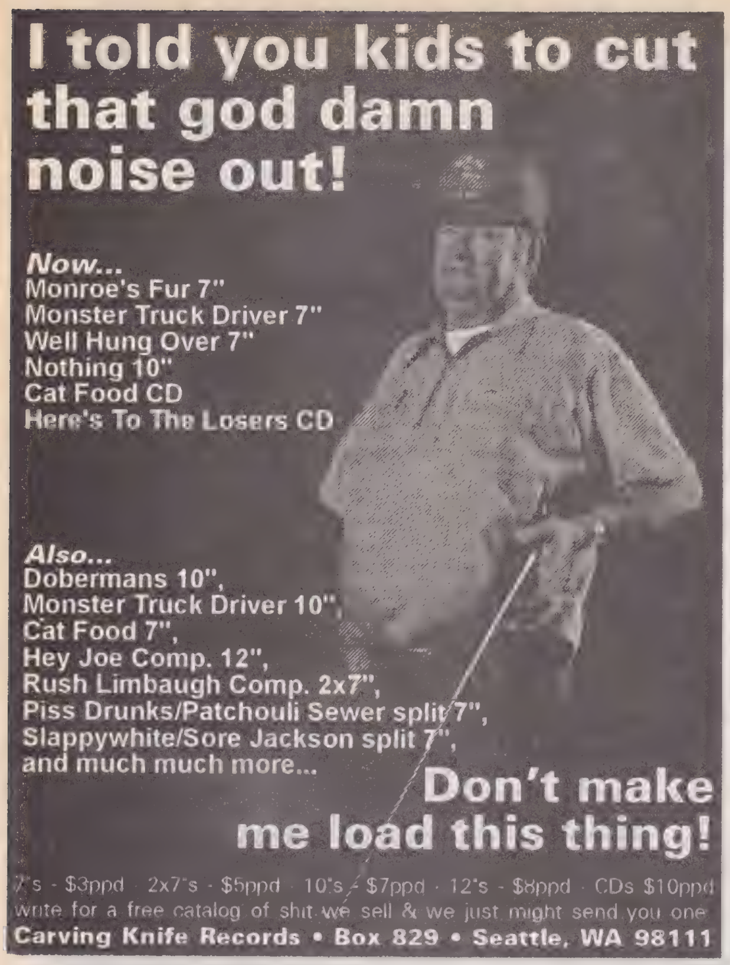
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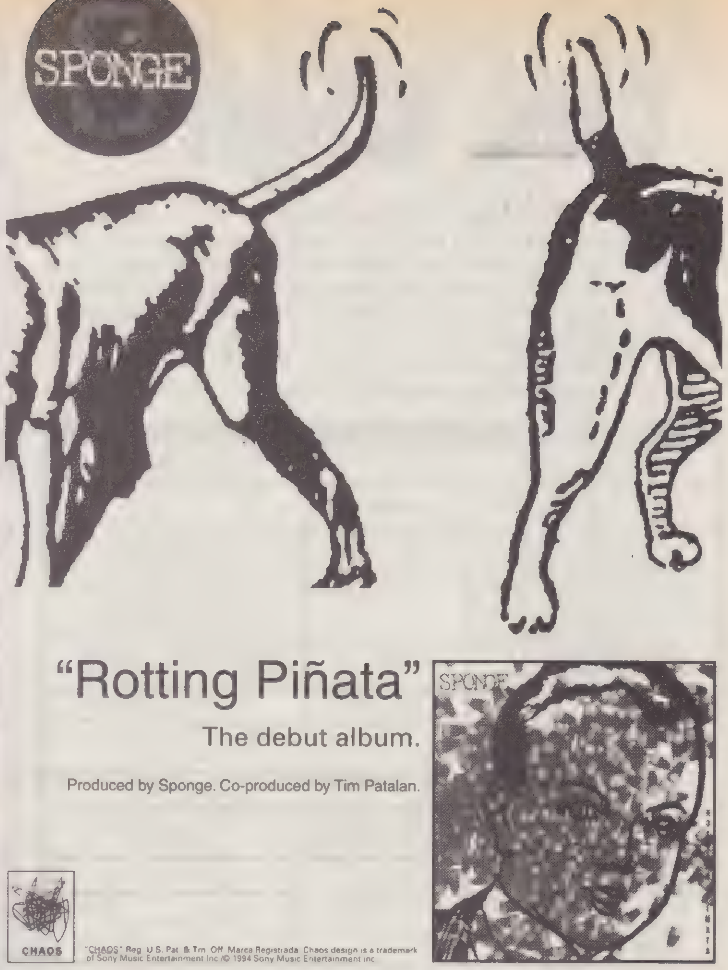

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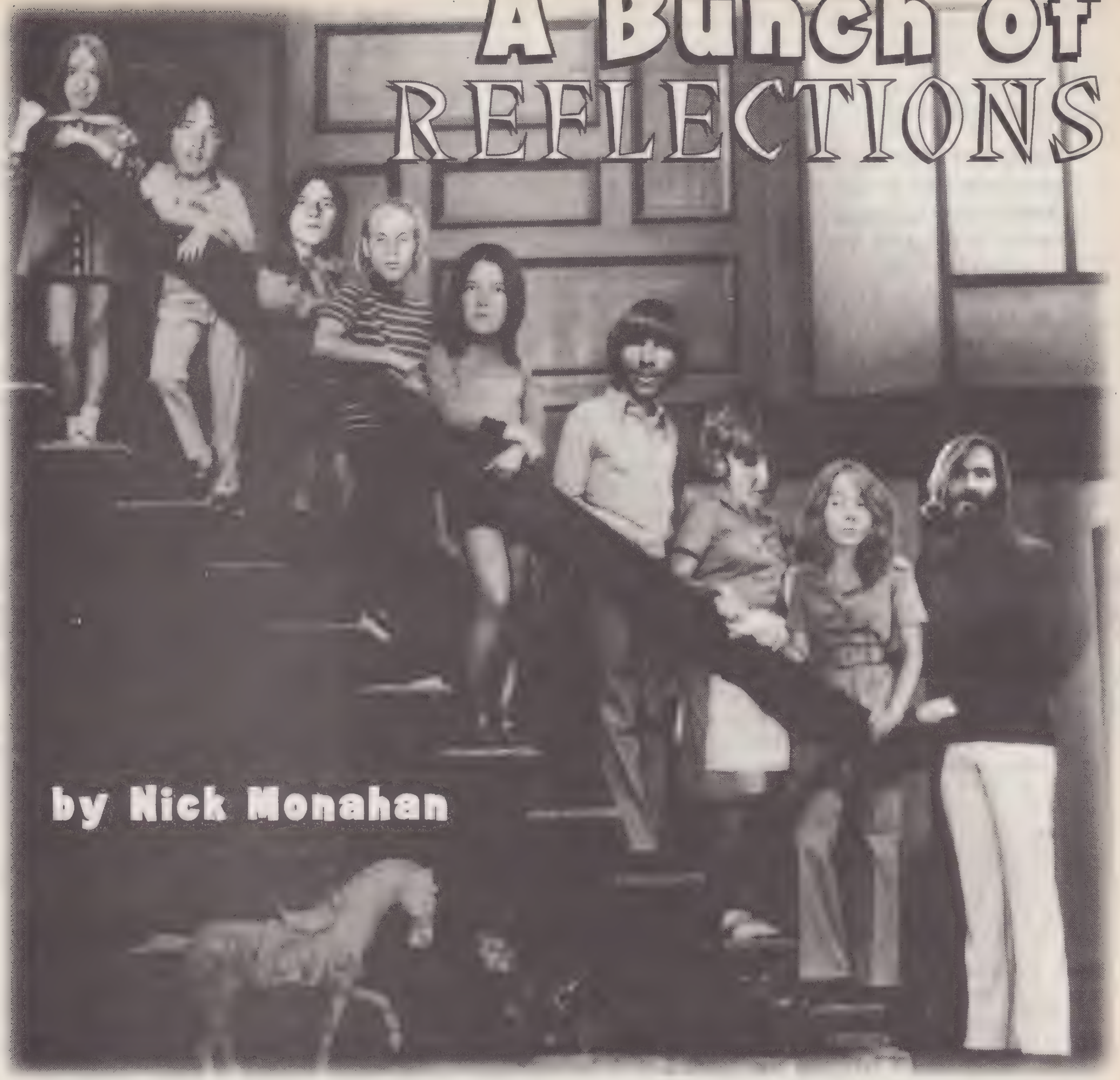

by Nick Monahan

If you had told me five years ago that '70s "culture" was going to make a resurgence, I would have nodded, smiled, and agreed with you, only to make disparaging remarks the minute your back was turned ("Just between you and me, I heard she donates plasma for cash," I'd snidely mumble). The '70s! It couldn't be possible. One may as well have said to me, "Hey, I think cholera is poised for a big comeback," or, "Dude, it's on its way – mustard gas is HERE!"

But they *are* here! Why, once again? Why, for that matter, the first time? Can't we come up with our own brand of cool? Are we going to systematically rob the fashion and culture of every decade that's ever been in existence?

I remember in the not so distant past my friends and I staring in wretched embarrassment at old photos of ourselves sporting afros and feathered hair, bell bottoms and platform shoes, and striped shirts with collars so wide you could para-sail with them. All of them hued, of course, in the most ridiculously garish colors you could imagine, from burnt sienna to puce to ocher. Sensible colors like blue seemed to disappear that decade. Garanimals now made it easier to look bad. "Just make that African spotted cuscus vest match up with some koala slacks and you'll look real sharp," I heard several times throughout my youth. The lack of taste was almost comical. It was disgusting. A few of us even swore that we'd take some type of revenge on our parents. (Six years later Earl Cohen, hepped up on goofballs and speed, actually did, but that's another article.)

The music scene could, like the fashion world, be summed up in two words - bad taste. The whole campaign revolving around the theme "Disco Sucks" was started for a simple reason – it did. As a matter of fact, nearly every band of the era (with the exception of KISS) sucked just as much, if not more. If you weren't some flamboyantly jeweled group of whining sissies (The Bee Gees), a "tortured" collection of drug addicts (Aerosmith, Led Zeppelin, my father's friends), a kiss-ass sycophant to the gay community (Village People, ABBA), a filthy, aging former hippie (Doobies, Santana, my father), or some type of obscenely vile family act (Jacksons, Carpenters), then you simply were not accepted into the American music mainstream.

Perhaps the only gem to come out of the '70s was its television programming. If we are to believe the highly educated and enlightened network executives and accept as fact that TV is indeed a cultural barometer used to reflect the society which it represents, then the years 1970-79 were truly a disturbing time in history. What other era could have given us *The Rookies, Grady, The Man from Atlantis, Lidsville, The Ropers, ZOOM, Carter Country,* and *The Captain and Tenille Show*? Character names fall off of the tongue like some type of surrealistic roll call. Sigmund, The Osmonds, Boz, Captain Steubing (a *real* captain, unlike Tenille's beau), Horshack, and the triumviral paean to phonics, Chaka, Chachi, and Cher. Antonio Fargas, against all odds, became a star, as did Susan Anton, Ted Lange, Anson Williams, Clarence Williams III (no relation to Anson), Donna Dixon, and that obese guy who eventually went on to play the fat man in *Jake and the Fat Man.* Why, even Herve Villechaize, *a dwarf,* became hugely popular and wealthy!

Instead of Marsha dating Doug Simpson (quarterback) or Harvey Klinger (future entomologist), in my world she hung with Ramon, some guy who tinted windows. In later episodes she started to run mescaline for him, until she was shot in the thigh by a dude that she'd stiffed over in Pacoima.

So why is it that when the zeroes responsible for bringing about this so called "retro" era reminisce about television shows from their pathetic youths, they invariably come around to the most flavorless program of all time? The Dutch elm blight of sitcoms. The show created by the supra-evil Sherwood Schwartz about a faux family of annoying miscreants. I am, of course, referring to *The Brady Bunch.*

A brief biology lesson: In the animal kingdom, wolves travel in ferocious *packs,* massive whales swim in *pods,* blah blah, etcetera...you know the rest. What you may not know, however, is that physically unappealing step-siblings with all the fashion sense of parched earth congregate in what is referred to as a *bunch.*

The problems I had with this show were innumerable. They plagued me constantly, trying to claw their way out of my brain. I wondered how my pallies could fall for this insipid program. For instance:

1) What happened to the former spouses of Mike (the dictatorial leader of the "bunch") and Carol? Was it divorce? Separation? Some type of insurance scam? Did they run off with each other, leaving the below average offspring they helped produce to reside with the lesser partners?

2) Alice. Who was responsible for the hiring of this dreadful being? Why also, did this strange woman fill the middle square of the tic-tac-toe-like image displayed at the beginning and end of each episode? This strategic placement made it seem as if the maid were actually, in some kooky sitcom way, the *real* leader of the family. Perhaps on *Family Affair* this would be the case, but definitely not with the "bunch." I thought the woman was such trash that I viewed her blatant relationship with the meat man as an attempt to "marry up."

3) If Mike was such a fucking brilliant architect, why couldn't he design a home that had more than two 6'x6' bedrooms and a single bathroom for six kids? Those brats lived in all the cramped luxury of a Serbian prison camp and believe me, it showed.

Wasn't there another famous "group that somehow formed a family" during the '70s? Didn't they too reside in Southern California, living in harmony with other non-related "family" members? True, this bunch consisted of Squeaky, Charlie, and Tex and they lived on a ranch in the desert. But the others were named Peter, Jan, and Greg and didn't they live in a split-level *ranch* home, *near* the desert? Coincidence? And I believe young Charles Manson had aspirations of becoming a famous rock musician, even going so far as to cut an album, JUST LIKE A CERTAIN GREG BRADY (aka Johnny Bravo)! The parallels, with the exception of mass homicides, were startling.

* * *

The questions puzzled me. While other media-choked friends of mine would talk about the show, I would grow strangely quiet, a furious rage building inside. They thought Marsha was cute, or that Peter was funny, whatever. Granted, I too regularly watched the program, but for different reasons. I admit, I was enthralled.

Yes, day after day I'd rush home from little league practice with a fervent desire to see the extra-chromosomed "Cousin Oliver" finally get his, be it getting smacked across the cheek with a bicycle chain or being sent off to a juvenile camp for boys on some trumped up charge. I often tuned in just hoping that this would be the day when the mysterious Alice confessed her ardent devotion to the quasi-religion Santeria, a bizarre mixture of voodoo, Catholicism, and animal sacrifice. "I don't want to hear about that now Alice," a blitheringly stupid Peter would blubber, "I just want to find good ol' Tiger."

When none of these episodes ever came to pass I took it upon myself to write my own Brady stories. Sure, my school work started to suffer, and I began showing up to class with dark circles under my eyes, but it was well worth it. I'd started creating different levels of existence for this televised extended family, putting them in locales and situations where they'd never been before. In a way, my writing heralded a new breed of television, that of the era of Problem Solving and Real Issues, in the mode of *Family Ties* and *Blossom* (Bill Bixby, director, R.I.P.). The style was ten years too soon but it didn't matter. Yes, my Bradys were different than yours.

Instead of Marsha dating Doug Simpson (quarterback) or Harvey Klinger (future entomologist), as she did on your show, in my world she hung with Ramon, some guy who tinted windows. In later episodes she started to run mescaline for him, until she was shot in the thigh by a dude that she'd stiffed over in Pacoima.

Peter revealed to Cindy that even though they were *called* brother and sister, they weren't *legally* related. As Pete stroked her flaxen hair, he went on to explain that in the eyes of God they were living in sin and should therefore consummate their relationship in order to avoid His wrath. Cindy replied that of course it would be okay, but only if Pete made her some s'mores and promised not to tell any of her friends. (I even tried to incorporate the old joke – *Hey, that's not my belly button.... Well that's not my finger* – into the episode, but I have some sense of propriety.) Peter explained the blood on his sheets as, "Probably Bobby or Greg goofing off."

Bobby started to take a great interest in the West Hollywood drag scene, hitchhiking down on nights his parents were asleep to catch the she-male shows. When his mother asked him who "The Boston Batwanger" and "Kimba Rickshaw" were, and why he was always speaking about them on the telephone, he confided in her that they were indeed cartoon characters on a "really neat" new show. Ten years later Bobby went to Switzerland and became Bobbi, really throwing a wrench into that fucking theme song *(they were four men, living all together...).*

One day, the leaders of the clan got a phone call from Jan's guidance counselor, begging them to come in and sit down with their troubled daughter (whose grades had begun to slip). It was during this little Q&A session that sensible Jan revealed that Sam the Butcher had been touching her in "weird" places and some of the things he said to her made her feel "dirty." When Sam was confronted he nervously admitted that sure, sometimes he said stuff like "blood sausage" or "beef stroganoff" in front of the girl, but only because, hey, it was the nature of his business. Two days later he left town, and months later was rumored to be living in a mobile home community near Gibsontown, Florida.

One of my final episodes, entitled "Gregg Rides the Big Brown H," took place in the early '80s. In it, Gregg (who now spelled his name with two "g"s) came back to stay with his parents via the work release program at Chino. Needing a fix so badly, he held his parents at knife point while searching for some type of cotton to filter out the impurities in his heroin (scored on the sly from Ramon). When he found nothing in the medical chest, he vehemently flipped the couch upside down, cut open the bottom, and began pulling out the stuffing. It was situation comedy at its finest. After he shot up ("I feel groovy," Gregg stated), Mike bludgeoned him with a table leg. He and Carol then proceeded to tie the hopeless addict with some nylon rope and threw him in the car (he was down to 104 lbs.), dropping him off at the methadone clinic. Long gone were the days of their handsome straight A student.

* * *

I eventually stopped writing my Brady episodes. After repeated attempts to get the scripts actually made, I just gave up and decided to quit harassing the development staff. The producers took me to court and won but, lucky break, all I had to do was some community service owing to my minor status at the time.

Treading the well-worn path followed by most television writers in Hollywood, I attended some mining school in Minnesota, where I majored in metallurgy. Degree in hand, I arrived in L.A. and immediately got my first job on the talented staff of the Emmy-nominated *Mr. Belvedere.* From there I moved to the innovative show for and about young people, *Saved by the Bell,* writing most of the episodes revolving around the character Screech, and I've never left.

Every once in a while though, I wonder how our generation would have turned out if *I* had written *The Brady Bunch.* Then I cry.

What is King Tut's favorite television show? Name That Tomb

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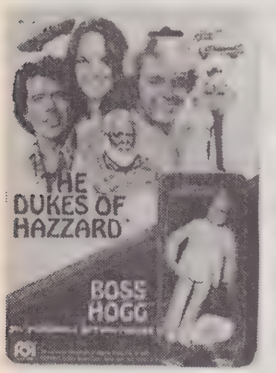
FLASHBACK

by Bruce Elliott

Flashback is a tiny retro shop in a hip Chicago neighborhood. My friend Gene told me about it and said I had to see the place, which I did during a recent visit. I noticed its flower-laden sign, which bore the name and the promise of "'60s & '70s Collectibles." I was familiar with collectibles, those items too old to be useful yet too new to be interesting. The '60s had produced youthquake[1] of such junk. But what of the '70s? What kind of material droppings had they left? I had to find out.

Upon entering, I realized just how aptly named the shop was. A space no bigger than a Silverlake bedroom was encrusted with the Day-Glo shatterlings of my preteen wasteland. It was like finding every toy I'd ever wanted or ever lost. You see, the '70s that they spoke of was not some coke snorting, *Ms.* reading, Qiana[2] clad, heap of earth toned corduroy. It had nothing to do with EST[3], embargoes, earth shoes[4], or energy. Instead, it had everything to do with bell bottoms, bubble gum, Bradys, and *The Bugaloos*[5]. In short, the owners had clearly spent as much of their youth watching TV as I had!

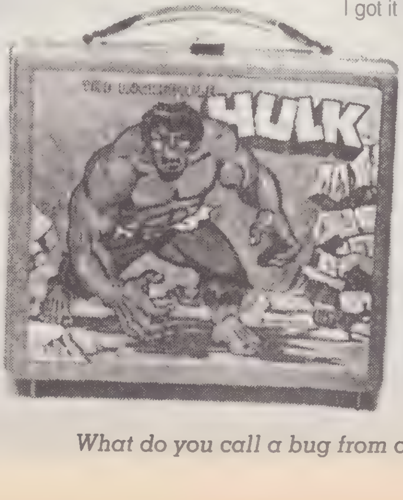
"CHiPs"
MOTORCYCLE



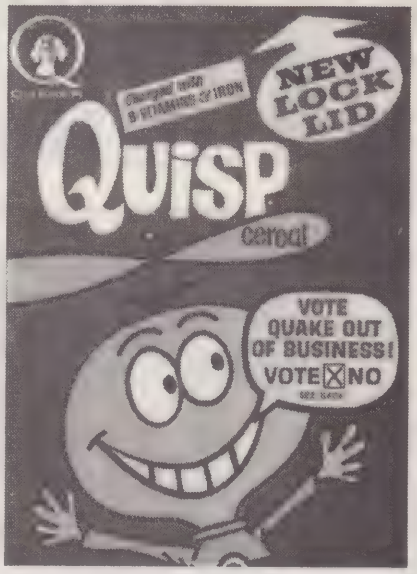
One of them, a nice short gay man in his late 20s, nodded as I took it all in. His t-shirt read "3, is a Magic Number."[6] I maneuvered in the cramped space and noted the action figures of Stretch Armstrong[7], Steve Austin[8], Billy Carter, and Donny Osmond. I looked through the record racks and noted that both The Partridge Family *and* The Brady Bunch merited their own section headings. Black light zodiac posters still bore their velvety fuzz. Stacks of *Tiger Beat* and *16* doubled as furniture. Old Coke shone from under plastic sheets. I was getting dizzy.

I turned and found myself face to face with rubber icons of the Scrubbing Bubbles and Sigmond[9] (of *Sea Monsters* fame). From every nook & cranny various incarnations of the Happy Face leered a vacant grin. Darting about, my eyes caught another evil smile of the past. It was the Cheshire grin of Quisp, the obnoxious spaceman of my once favorite breakfast cereal. Quisp stared down at me from a shelf of boxes, all filled with the stuff of my former life. My audible gasp caught the attention of the guy with the t-shirt. "Isn't it amazing?" he said, looking at the cereal box, "You can still get it in central Indiana." Had he told me I could still get a Stutz Bearcat[10] there I'd have been less surprised. At this the other owner, slightly older, taller, and with a nicer earring, came out to join our "conversation." "Ya know, you can still get Coca-Cola down there in 6 1/2 ounce bottles." he said as he held aloft the one he was sipping. "The place sounds like a regular *Land Of The Lost*," I chimed in. Knowing smiles crossed their faces. "Yeah," the tall one said, "but we'll never find Chaka[11]." As we all laughed, I realized that I was dealing with a pair of world class geeks. I was excited.

I really wanted to see how deep these two went so I said, "You guys have got a real *Curiosity Shop*[12] here. A regular *Conjunction Junction*[13]." Their excited nods showed that they recognized me as one of their own. "Oh, you'll like this," the little one said. He held up an original cast promo picture for *Getting Together*, the short lived *Partridge Family* spin-off series starring Bobby Sherman[14]. The fact that it was in 3-D made it an icon worthy of worship. "Check this out," the tall one said as he rolled up his sleeve to reveal a Gerald Ford watch, which somehow went well with the mood rings he was wearing. I was beginning to wonder if they also had the preserved remains of some celebrity, like Tottie Fields, Andy Gibb, or Jimmy Hoffa.



It was getting to be a bit much. I stepped back from the counter and accidentally knocked over a peanut shaped Jimmy Carter doll, to which they had attached a WIN[15] button. I returned it to the shelf, next to the Jimmy "J.J." Walker doll, which was entombed in its dusty original box. A dozen lunch boxes glistened at me, bearing images of *Welcome Back Kotter*, *S.W.A.T.*, *Chico & the Man*, and my favorite, *Here Come The Double Deckers*[16]. The owners seemed to derive delight from my bewilderment at the surroundings. I, however, could not. In one respect, all this stuff was cool, but in a more immediate way I sensed a great futility. Here I was in a room full of half the things I'd ever coveted, yet it was actually a sort of purgatory: I could buy any of them, but I could never really play with them again. I looked at all these toys originally made to bring joy, that were now sitting in this little room only to be admired – and reminisced over by two boys who never really did grow up. It was a curiosity shop all right, but more out of Dickens than Chuck Jones.



I was thinking too much. I went over to the jars of cheap goodies. I filled my hands with all the treasures the gumball machines would never surrender. In one jar, I found one of those plastic racks from which parts are detached, like in a model kit. A tiny one was still sealed in a transparent pouch. I recognized it right away, a favorite toy of summers lost. "I love these things!" I exclaimed. "You know what that is?" said the tall one. "Yeah, it's a little diver & submarine kit. I got it once in a specially marked box of Sir Grapefellow." An excited glee overcame both the boys. "You actually remember Sir Grapefellow?" asked the little one. "Oh yeah. They also made Baron Von Redberry," I explained. The tall one scampered to the back, while the little guy asked how the toy was put together. I opened one and quickly assembled it, more from memory than skill. In the end, I had a blue plastic submarine-like thing, to which a diver-like figure was attached. I showed them how it was placed in water, sank, deposited it's diver on the bottom, and returned to the surface (so much for the poor diver.)

The tall one returned with a large book and found his partner playing with this toy. He also became far too amazed by it. "Ya know, we've had those in here for months and nobody has known what they were," he said. I enjoyed a brief moment of thinking myself The Knowing One – he who would come to solve the great riddle – but then I got over it.

"What cereal did you say you found that in?" the tall guy asked as he leafed through the book. "Sir Grapefellow," I replied. "It wasn't out very long." "Yeah," he said, "I can't even find it in here." My mind reeled, in all my travels as a geek, I had never imagined that there would exist something as useless as this book, a reference guide to cereals. "About when would this have been?" the little guy asked. "I'd say '70 or '71 maybe." I couldn't believe I remembered that. Both of them poured over the book, looking like inept alchemists. I amused myself by looking at a *Where's Huddles?*[17] coloring book. "Here it is!" the tall one yelled. "It was only out regionally, for about eight months in 1971." Just when I thought this great matter resolved, they offered me a look in the book. And yes indeed, there was a photo reproduction of the box in question, along with all pertinent information, including its current market value. "This is the definitive collector's guidebook," the tall guy said. I stared at the book for a minute. He was right; something this detailed had to be definitive. It said that a box of Sir Grapefellow could now command $75 on the open market (but just how open could that market be?) Bewildered at this strange artifact, I combed the book's pages. I imagined something like this ending up in Bosnia, and these two trying to explain to the shivering masses what it was for.

I scanned some more, and found my favorite cereal box, Moonstones[18] (circa 1978). "That," I pointed with geek pride, "is the most beautiful cereal box ever made." Neither of them were impressed. The little one told me that most "experts" bestowed that title on Kellogg's Jets (circa 1963). He dashed in back, and returned with still more books and magazines. "Here," he said, "there's a picture of it in the latest issue." He handed me the latest issue of a cereal box collector's newsletter titled, appropriately enough, *Flake*. I looked at this legendary box and saw that yes, its tail-finned car rocketing through a wheaty "0" had a charming mid-century *Boys Life* psycho-phallic quality to it – but beauty? Please!

BUCK ROGERS
IN THE 25th CENTURY

I was about to argue the point when the tall one said, "if you like that, check these out." He opened an even thicker and heavier book, this one contained more pages, and more madness. This tome did not stop at cereal boxes, instead it delved into the entire universe of paper collectibles. Its pages were filled with Gene Autry folding fans from the '30s, programs for forgotten films, Garfield giveaways, coloring books, stamp collections, and much other kindling. I got a sick feeling looking at those pages, like that feeling you get in the homes of the very old, where an almost lethal stench of memories can overpower you if you're not careful. I thought of these books, their size, heft, and purpose. They seemed like excess cultural baggage, the weight of which threatened to crush the life out of these young men, and myself. While this filled my mind, I was compelled by the fact that not only had someone saved this stuff, but had catalogued it, and sealed it away for a future that would never come looking for it. Sensing my astonishment, the little one looked at me and said, "Don't you see? Nothing is lost!" "Except the present," I coldly replied as I closed the cover on the book and its troubling visions.

I had to leave. Something was not right in this place. I was starting to feel as if I were stranded on Donkey Island with these two. I had a sense of time slowing down, stopping, and even running backwards. Still, I knew this exchange had been a kind of geek's catharsis, and I needed a souvenir. A rubber scrubbing bubble would do. "Great in the bathroom," the tall one said. The little one squeaked it as he put it in the bag, presumably so I'd know it worked. "Please don't squeeze the Charmin," was my witty response. And with that I walked out the door and *didn't* turn back.

FOOTNOTES:

1) YOUTHQUAKE: A late '60s term, coined in *Newsweek* to describe the explosion in young adults caused by the maturing of the Baby Boom. The term enjoyed brief usage in the Aquarian Age, before it was learned that babyboomers would describe themselves as "babyboomers" into middle age, and presumably beyond.

2) QIANA: One of the last great synthetic fabrics. A highly evolved polyester, it had clingy feel and iridescent sheen. The fabric found its greatest use in so called, "disco shirts."

3) EST: The most famous of the '70s self-help cults.

4) EARTH SHOES: Rounded orthopedic-looking footwear which enjoyed a brief vogue in the mid '70s.

5) *THE BUGALOOS:* An early '70s Saturday morning children's show. The "plot" featured the adventures an ABBA-like singing group, who also happened to be some kind of insects.

6) 3 IS A MAGIC NUMBER: One of songs from the *Multiplication Rock* series. These animated vignettes were shown on weekend mornings in the mid to late '70s. They featured cleverly written songs to teach multiplication tables.

7) STRETCH ARMSTRONG: A rubber doll sold in the mid '70s. Made to look like a long-haired muscle man, it could be stretched considerably without breaking.

8) STEVE AUSTIN: Name of the title character in the TV series, *The Six Million Dollar Man.*

9) SIGMOND: From the mid '70s Saturday morning series, *Sigmond & The Sea Monsters*. The title character was a young sea monster who ran away from home to be with human beings.

10) STUTZ BEARCAT: A popular road car, circa 1910.

11) CHAKA: A character on the mid '70s Saturday morning series *Land of the Lost*. Chaka was a Neanderthal boy, who befriended a family of humans who had fallen into his prehistoric world.

12) *CURIOSITY SHOP:* The title of both a Charles Dickens novel, and a '70s Saturday morning series, produced by veteran animator Chuck Jones. In both cases, the title refers to a shop filled with odd items. However, Dickens' tale is a bleak portrait of mid-19th Century London, while Jones' series dealt with three children in a "magical" shop wherein they learned all about the adult world.

13) *CONJUNCTION JUNCTION:* From the series *Grammar Rock*. Similar to *Multiplication Rock* (see footnote #6.) This series used the same combination of animation and catchy songs to teach the basics of grammar.

14) BOBBY SHERMAN: A teen heartthrob, whose career peaked in the early '70s

15) WIN BUTTON: A political button of the mid '70s. WIN, stood for Whip Inflation Now, and was a cause championed by President Gerald Ford. This economic program was not popular.

16) LUNCH BOX DESCRIPTIONS: The titles mentioned are all from prime time TV series' which were popular among adolescents in the mid-'70s, except *Here Come The Double Deckers*. This obscure show was produced in England, and was shown in this country on Sunday mornings. It featured the misadventures of several London children, who used an abandoned double-decker bus as a clubhouse.

17) *WHERE'S HUDDLES:* An animated prime time TV series which ran during the summer of 1970. The series dealt with the "comical" adventures of two professional football players.

18) MOONSTONES: The box in question featured very elaborate artwork depicting a sub-lunar world, where elf-like creatures were shown mining the multi-colored cereal inside.

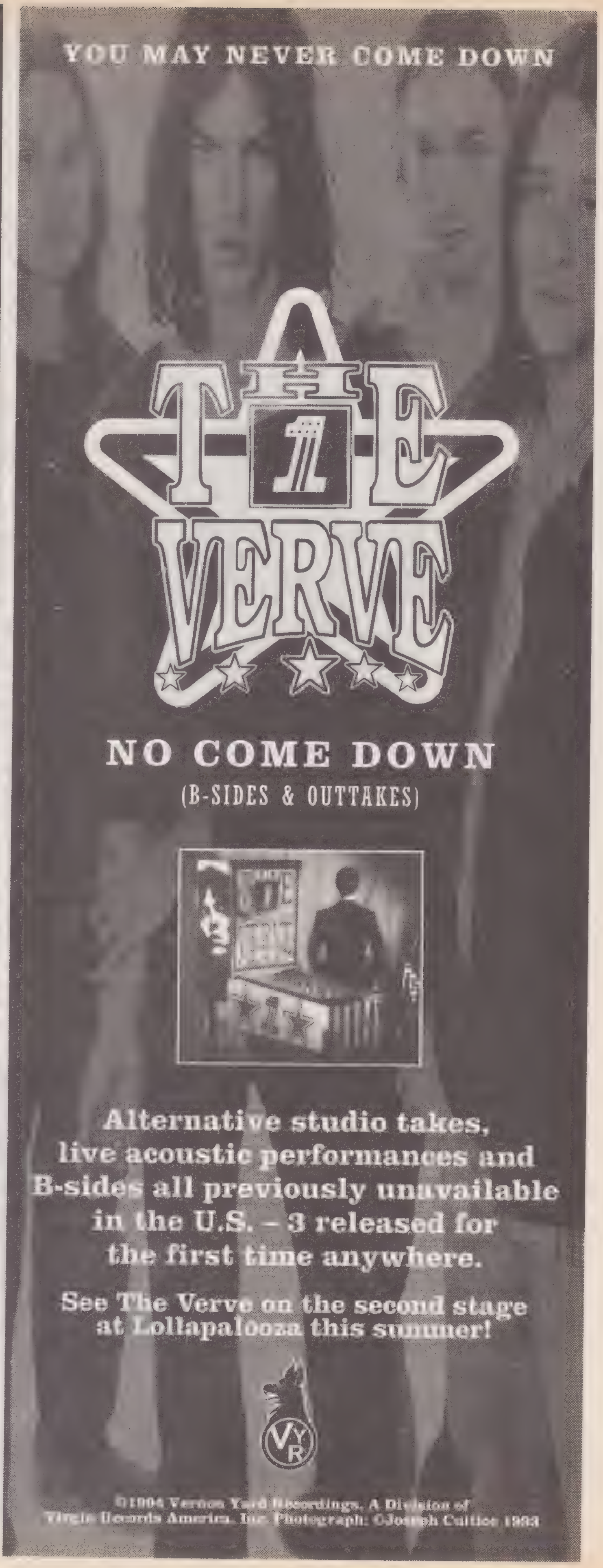
What youth deemed crystal, age finds out was dew. –Robert Browning

S*M*A*S*H
SELF ABUSED
S*M*A*S*H
SELF ABUSED
S*M*A*S*H
SELF ABUSED
S*M*A*S*H
SELF ABUSED

Tell me it's a beautiful day

S*M*A*S*H
SELF ABUSED
S*M*A*S*H
SELF ABUSED
S*M*A*S*H
SELF ABUSED

Hut recordings u.s.a



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See The Verve on the second stage
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'70s PRESERVATION SOCIETY

L to R: Craig Balsam, Danny Bonaduce, Horshack, Epstein, Cliff Chenfeld

Late night. You're pre-coma but post-functional. The TV's on and suddenly you're being fed some wretched music that you thought had been buried long ago. You kinda like it tho, in that fuzzy, nostalgic light. You muster up enough energy to open one of your closing eyelids and see some characters acting as if they're back in the '60s, '70s, even '80s, groovin' with these memorable tunes. Perhaps, in your dreamy state, you even called them up and gave them your credit card number - completely perplexed when your bill arrived later. Well, more than likely it was The Seventies Preservation Society that brought this wonderful event to your life. Here Jessica "disco momma" Jones gets down and funky with its co-chairman Cliff Chenfeld.

Jessy: When did it start?

Cliff: 1990. Well, it started with my partner and I. We were both lawyers wanting to get out of our jobs, and we decided that the Seventies were going to make a comeback and we wanted to spearhead it. We were sort of starting a record company the same time we were doing this. So we started putting out '70s music. And, god, things just happened very quickly. We put these records out on TV titled *The '70s Preservation Society Presents the Fabulous '70s* and a couple of other things and it just took off.

So those commercials are you?

Yeah.

Those cheesy, awful, horrible commercials with...

Well, I can't really agree with *that*.... The *Disco Fever* one with the two people on the phone? That one?

Did you write those?

Not if you're going to call them that, I didn't.

That was a joke, though, wasn't it?

Well, I had a good time writing it. 300,000 people bought the record so something must have been right.

There have been more than a few times where I've had a little too much to drink and been really tempted by those late night commercials. Stumbling to find my credit card... I wonder if that's why you sold so many?

Maybe you just weren't drunk enough!

I love that music, it's my favorite, don't get me wrong...

Now we retreat to our polite tone, who wrote those stupid piece of shit commercials?! You're as bad as me.

So you made a lot of money off of that?

I can't really say I made a lot of money, but, you know, it was great.

God. It's so crazy.

Why?

Well, I never thought I'd get to talk to the person behind that TV phenomenon.

We do all those Eighties records too.

So you were able to quit your jobs obviously.

Yep. In the beginning we held all these events. We had the lava lamp achievement awards, which were really a fun thing. We gave out the Lava Lamp Achievement Award for the sexiest man of the decade to Danny Bonaduce. We had a Sweathog reunion where we reunited Horshack and Epstein. It was much better than if Lennon and McCartney got back together.

Any other events?

We had surveys like "What was the best disaster movie of the '70s?"

What was that?

Towering Inferno, like you didn't know.

You'd think so but what about *Jaws*?

Sure, definitive '70s, but it was more than a disaster movie, it was a cultural milestone.

So do you think you were the first one to tap into the knowledge that there was indeed going to be a '70s revival?

I was the person.

Did the gods speak to you?

I believe it was the ghost of Freddie Prince, but I'm not really sure.

So how did you figure this out, by watching the club scene?

No, not really. I just kind of thought that the people that were into the '70s were getting a little older and the early Nineties and late '80s were so bleak. So I thought people would be into the frivolous aspect of the '70s. And you know, it turned out to be true. So that was the start of it. I think that we were so silly when we started this thing. We were having the Sweathog reunions and the disco music and we brought Tavares back and I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Tavares!" And everyone cried, it was so emotional. Now, I'm not even as into it and it's all across the country! It's unbelievable. I was just on Fox News talking about the beauty of bean bag chairs.

Are you sitting in one right now?

No, I'm not really, but I could tell you that I am for your article. I'm actually sitting in a red one right now.

I'm sitting in a two story bean bag chair right now in my penthouse....

With my shag haircut...

How old were you when the whole '70s thing happened?

I was born in 1960, so I did 10 to 20 in the '70s. My formidable years.

Well, I was born in '68 and...

You were a child!

I still *got* it, though. I grew up in the midwest so we were stuck in it a little longer. So you're indulging in the past?

Sure.

I mean do you feel...

Yes, I feel guilty. I'm snuffing out contemporary culture and shoving my nostalgic longings for the past in everyone's face and making them think that "Turn The Beat Around" is a great song. Yes, I'm guilty of that. I don't mind doing it.

You don't think that it really is a good song?

It's the best song I've ever heard. I'm making them believe the truth.

Have you learned a lot about history doing this?

Yes. The '70s may have been the greatest decade ever. Or at least the 1970s was the greatest decade of any that ended in " '70s."

How come?

I'm a little older than you and I've gotten a new appreciation of what it's like to grow up in a time where there's not all this sickness and suffering and without AIDS and without crack and without the crime. If you had told me that the '70s would be looked at as an innocent, frivolous, fun time I would've said, "God! Never." Everyone was already bummed out that the Sixties were over. But you look back and it was fun. Like John Travolta's in *Pulp Fiction* and everyone's like, "Oh, we love you!" You know, who would've thought that? So I've learned a lot. I've actually learned to appreciate a lot about the '70s. I think that the movies were fabulous in the '70s.

What movies were your favorite?

I love *Annie Hall* and *Cuckoo's Nest*. I love the really ridiculous movies like *The Towering Inferno* or *Earthquake*. But in terms of really good movies, if you take the kitsch out of it, *Godfather*, *Cuckoo's Nest*, *Apocalypse Now*, those were really good movies. Those were the movies that made a lot of money. This is when good movies actually sold the most tickets as opposed to now you've got *Total Recall* or *The Specialist* or *Forest Gump* the reactionary tract against the liberal value system, thank you!

When you were talking about the carefree feeling that was so ever-present in the '70s, I was looking at this Captain & Tennille record in front of me...

Ooohh, Tony Tennille is the diva of my time!

I'm thinking that almost every '70s album cover where people are smiling, their smile and their eyes are all glossed over with this super happy cheesyness that you don't see in the '90s anywhere. Not even in kid's faces.

You bought the bullshit. It's done. You are a victim.

It's the lip gloss, huh?

Well, you're 25 so you kind of missed it, but, you know, you could do whatever you wanted to do, be as irresponsible as you wanted to and what was the worst thing that could happen? Somebody would be mad at you. And there

Our nostalgia is no longer our own; it is served, rather than felt. Like so much else, it has been taken from us, remade, packaged and then sold back at a profit. –Jim Hougan was a lot of money and people were throwing it around and being very indulgent and excessive and like, you know, "We're not interested in changing the world anymore, we're just interested in having fun and being stupid." That gave us a lot of entertaining things. I think that was the glow of lack of responsibility and easy living. And of course, Donny and Marie had that glow from religious beliefs but I can't speak for that.

Do you think you're ever going to get over this?

I'm seeing somebody about it.

Is it ever going to burn itself out? Are you going to use it all up?

This thing is really going to go on for awhile, to tell you the truth. We've done seven '70s albums, so I would have to say I've sort of explored every aspect of the '70s. And I don't know how much I have left to discover, but I continue to find fun things to do with it. No, I don't see it ending very soon.

Are other countries as interested in the '70s as the United States?

Yeah. There's a lot of it going on. A lot of these compilations sell tons.

And I bet you sell a lot to kids who weren't even born yet in the '70s.

Of course. I can't believe it. There's this club in New York called Polyester's. It's the '70s club and there's all these people there your age and younger...

Cliff, I was here in the '70s. I wasn't an adult but I still went to discos.

Yeah, yeah, you did all the *bad* stuff you weren't supposed to do...

No. My mom took me to the disco on Saturdays for 'kids day.' I knew how to roller skate backwards to "Disco Duck." I had an unbreakable comb in my back pocket. Those weren't only grown-up things you know.

All right, okay. I'm talking about people who are only 20 years old and when Maxine Nightingale's "Right Back Where We Started From" came on they screamed like it was "Let It Be" or something. It's unbelievable. They're pretending like it's Studio 54 or something. The same way people my age say, "Oh man, I'm really sorry I missed Woodstock," young kids are now saying, "I wish I could have done that." And I don't blame them to a certain extent. It was a lot of fun.

> **Yes, I feel guilty. I'm snuffing out contemporary culture and shoving my nostalgic longings for the past in everyone's face and making them think that "Turn The Beat Around" is a great song.**

What does The '70s Preservation Society have to do with the scheme of the world?

It's the world's desire for happiness, self-indulgence, frivolity, happy faces, bad fashion. It's Bill Clinton, it's Jimmy Carter. What does it mean? It means...

If everybody listened to your records would there be world peace?

I don't know if I'd go that far. But you're not that far off.

We could all understand eachother just a little bit better.

Well, they won't care as much, I think that's the key thing.

If we could all get out on the floor and do the hustle together...

People won't feel as intense about things and they won't be as depressed, you know? Look at how bummed out everybody is. The economy is growing and everything and the deficit's down and people are like, "I hate it now!" If they'd just listen to a little more '70s music they wouldn't be so whiny about everything. People are always whining

about crime, and the crime rate's down. And if they'd just listen to my fine record *Disco Fever*, which had perhaps the best commercial I've ever seen...(pause) Thank you for not adding anything to that... I think if they listen to that, they'd be a little bit more happy. Don't Stop Thinkin' About Tomorrow, hey! How good did Stevie Nicks look that day?

It's true, I know it. If I'm in a bad mood and I have to go somewhere and I feel depressed, the tape I always reach for to get me going is The Bee Gee's.

Atta girl.

And all the hell falls away.

You know the truth.

I do.

See, look at this, the Eagles and Led Zeppelin are back and all this stuff, it's pathetic. In a sense, it's really sad. The Eagles reunion show on MTV, which was lame-o, and I can say that as chairman of The '70s Preservation Society, I mean come on boys, it was beyond lame, it was just energy-less. It was the highest rated special in the history of MTV. Did you know that?

No actually, I don't care for them and I don't have MTV.

But I'm making a sociological point to you. And that is, who watches MTV? All these, "Hey, man, we're part of the MTV Generation , Generation X, we're 22 and hip!" What do they want to watch? They want to see Don Henley, 48 year old, self-righteous *Don Henley*, and Robert Plant whose face is sagging like grandma's. I mean come on! That's what they want? They want to see the legendary Eagles and Led Zeppelin. Who the fuck cares about them? Well, everybody at this point. Because they're part of those legendary '70s. And I can't believe it's continuing like this, but it is. And, as long as it's continuing, I'll be very happy to support it.

You're actually letting it support *you*.

I personally would rather see a bona fide Earth Wind and Fire concert, but that's just me.

Do you know any juicy rumors or scandals from the '70s?

Sure, Robert Plant. Anne Murray. Item.

Doin' the do?

Item. Bobby Plant and Anne Murray, who woulda thought? It's kind of gross actually.

Yeah, it is. It's kind of *A Star Is Born* or something.

Exactly. You're pretty smart. When are you coming to New York?

Is that the only gossip you have? When did Elton John come out as a bisexual?

Mid-'70s.

Did that help or hurt his career?

It actually hurt it. His career went pretty much into the toilet for a couple years after that. Outing is not a '70s thing. We just let our homosexual friends do what they needed to do. We did not out them as is done today.

What about Barry Manilow?

I don't know what Barry's deal is...

He's still really successful.

I know and it's kind of weird. It's really just weird.

Loved him as a kid. That song "Copacabana."

Breaks your heart everytime you hear it. Other scandals? Gabe Caplain, "Welcome Back, Kotter." Tyrant. Not a nice guy. And he likes to spend a lot of money at the tables. That's all I can say today.

No more rumors?

You guys are scandal mongers. I thought this was a respectable magazine. Oh that's right, it's a *fanzine*. There was a problem with polyester suits lighting on fire, self-combusting.

My theory for that is that there was more static cling in the '70s.

Oh, man!

It was a '70s energy thing.

I think you may have something there.

Everyone had fly-away hair and clingy clothes.

I had more hair in the '70s.

Maybe that's why.

I think you're right. Like I said, when are you coming to New York? If you can say smart stuff like that you have to come to our office and entertain.

What was the worst act ever?

Musical act of the '70s? Black Old Arkansas.

Blacko Garkansas?

They're not bad enough. Of course, my official answer as the chairman of The '70s Preservation Society is, there are no bad acts in the '70s. And that will answer your question.

Okay, got out of that one.

Worst act of the '70s could be Dan Hill with "Sometimes When We Touch." The honesty's just a little too much.

Do you have any important childhood memories that you would like to share?

I remember getting Bar Mitzvahed. I am Jewish. I remember being really small and having like 5" platform shoes that made me as tall as Tammy Sallis.

Who's that?

She was the hottest girl at the time. And by virtue of the fact that I was 5'4" in my shoes instead of 5', my Bar Mitzvah was a little bit more of a special event than it would have been.

You got to kiss her?

Come on! It was the '70s! I was 13. Kissing?

You had sex?

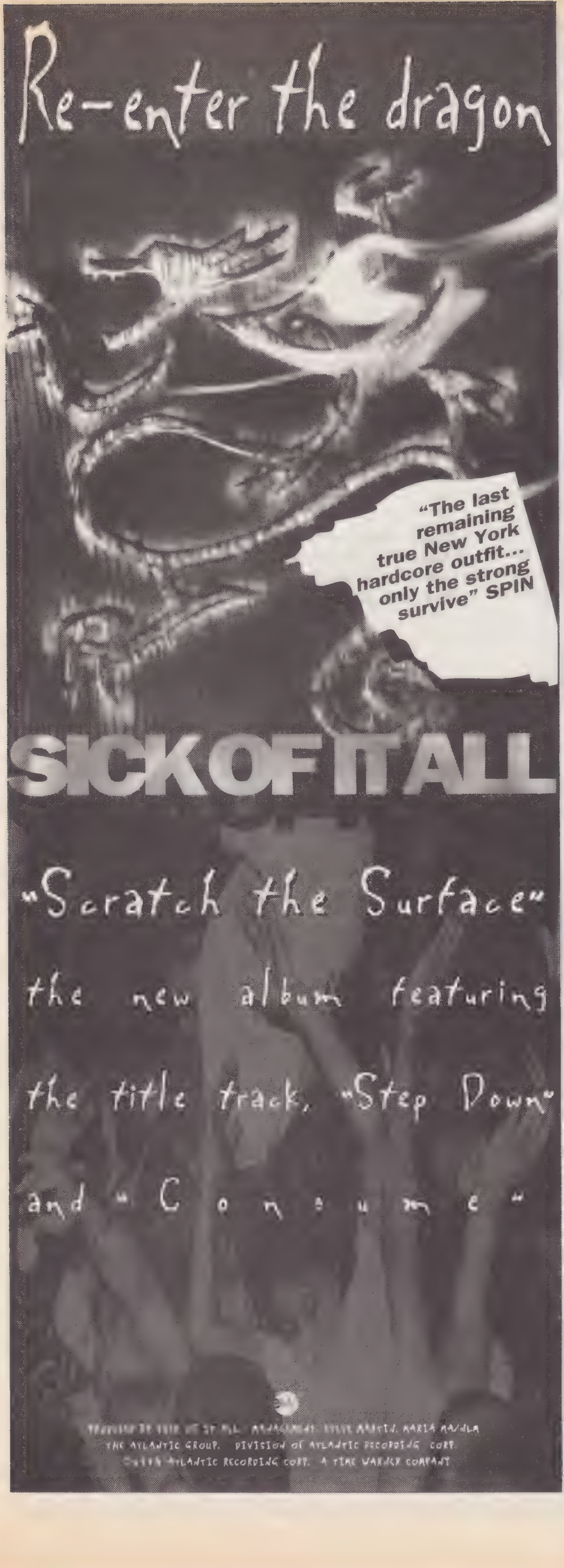
Well, I'm not going to get that far into this with you. Let's only say that those platform shoes definitely enabled me to accomplish things that I would not have been able to accomplish without those platform shoes. And I feel sorry for the short guys of today who do not benefit from things like that.

One final question, what did the '70s accomplish for us as a people?

It brought together the races. You had this beautiful democracy and equality and people just accepting people for what they were. You had disco music where the blacks, whites, gays, and straights all danced together. All getting together on the disco dance floor, learning about each other, accepting people who were different than you, hanging out and partying with them, doing illegal things with them. It was a quest for greater understanding between people.

For a free '70s Preservation Society catalog, write to: The '70s Preservation Society, PO Box 49099, Colorado Springs, CO 80949-9901, or call 1-800-933-1973.

The trouble with our times is that the future is not what it used to be. –Paul Valéry



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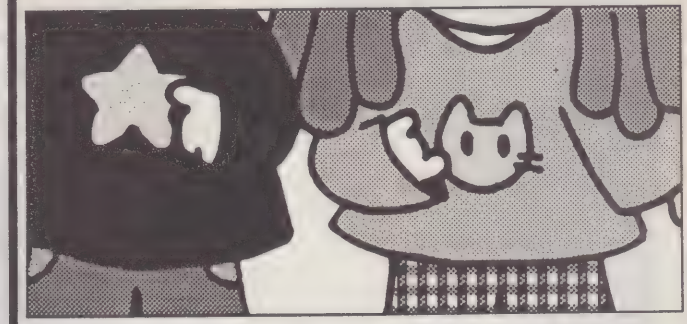

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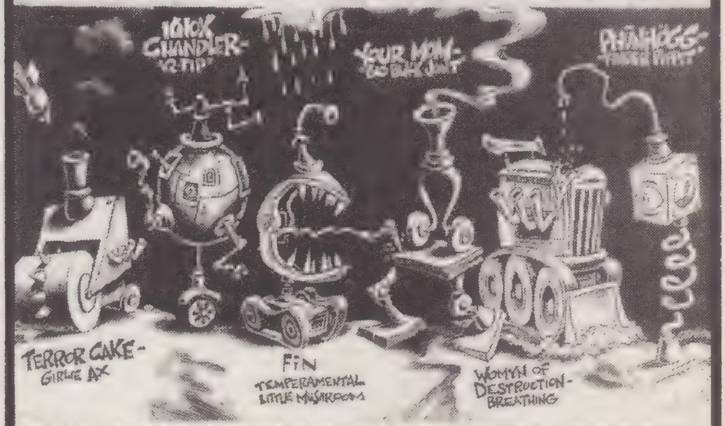

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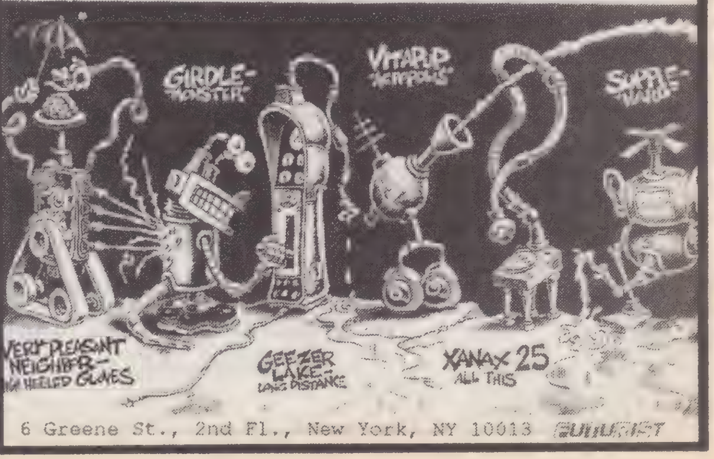

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smashing pumpkins
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LOOKING OUT FOR #1

BY NINA DENTATA

THE ULTIMATE RETRO-CHIC IDEA

When all is said and done, and I heard it has been, there is nothing more fabulous for you to acquire from all this retro return-of-the-repressed than the axiom that styled the mentality of the '70s "Me" generation. Yes, that's right, always but always *look out for #1*. So, for the life of me, I, Nina Dentata, can not understand how you are so easily persuaded to wear Adidas or Calvin Klein jeans again when you don't even make so much as an accessorizing attempt to incorporate this self-indulgent idea into your own personal statement, fashion or otherwise. Without it, you've missed the whole point of retro, the raison d'etre of the '70s and early '80s.

If I thought about it long enough, and believe me, I would love to, but I just can't spare the time right now, I would undoubtedly determine that you don't know how to look out for #1 because you don't have the slightest clue who #1 is – let alone who *you* are. Am I right? Of course, I'm right. If you knew who the hell you were, you wouldn't be re-living the past trying to figure it out, now would you? I mean really darling, Generation X is a punk band from the '70s, so when are you going to get it together and fill in the blank? Well?... I thought so.

Look, I'd shed a tear for your identity crisis, honest, but as it is I have enough to concern myself with that is far more important than you. Like me, for instance. So, let's get to the point and stop kidding ourselves here. You don't know who you are and I don't care who you are. And nothing's going to change that until you become more like me, Nina #1 Dentata. And I'll tell you how, so listen.

But wait, let's first get things clear. Don't think for a moment that I'm trying to help you. Self-interest is and always will be my only interest. As I see it, when you are more like Evel Knievel Snake River 1974 you will be far more of a pleasure. I mean, thinking about you will be like thinking about me; and what is more enjoyable than that? (That was a rhetorical question babe, so don't puzzle yourself with an answer.) Okay, let's get on it, go girl, grab for that gold #1 charm dangling off my gold choker. It's never too late, as long as you are fashionably late. So be #1, be like me, Nina Dentata, and hurry…patience is not my forté.

Nina Dentata's
6-Steps to Greater Self-Awareness through Self-Indulgence

STEP #1 – NEVER DEPRIVE YOURSELF OF ANYTHING YOU WANT, NO MATTER WHAT.

As I, Nina Dentata, see it, knowing what you want makes you special. It is a skill that sets you apart from the rest of the confused masses who only want what others want them to want. Your efforts to develop this skill deserve reward! Even if you only have a vague idea what it is your heart desires right now, go after it like your life depends on it. If you are fortunate enough to really know what you want, by all means, *get it now*!

STEP #2 – ALWAYS LIVE BEYOND YOUR MEANS. BE EXCESSIVE NO MATTER THE COST.

Simple truth: excess builds character. The sooner you get over that tired, grungy "Can you spare some change?" aesthetic, the better. Being broke is not cool, it is B-O-R-I-N-G. The only people who still think being broke is cool are those who are only acting broke to amuse themselves when they should be taking you out to amuse you! Don't put up with that! Stretch your imagination by over-indulging in what the uniformed call excessive or unnecessary at all times. Only when you unleash your hedonism from moral and monetary boundaries will you truly realize your full potential. Besides, being in debt affords a certain "it may all end tomorrow" joie de vivre that is incredibly chic.

STEP #3 – NEVER LET PC IDEALS CRAMP YOUR STYLE.

So you proudly wear only cruelty-free clothes that rely on the manufacturing of plastics which pollute the ocean and kill marine life. So you love to complain about air quality but jump in your car to go one block to buy cigarettes. So what? Don't let '90s PC doctrines get in the way of who you are. Why not even try twisting those outdated notions to your own advantage whenever possible to rationalize your behavior? "Sorry I'd love to have sex with you but I'm a vegetarian!" or "Really I'd stop using dope but the economic repercussions on the livelihood of the Northern Thai drug lords concerns me, besides I feel it is positive to set a negative example for the nation's youth." Remember that the TM (transcendental meditation) craze to get beyond the self had its biggest boom with the "me" generation. Learn from this and learn to celebrate your own hypocrisy.

STEP #4 – JUST SAY "NO" (UNLESS SEX, DRUGS OR MONEY ARE INVOLVED.)

Saying "No" to all requests of your effort, time or fleeting attention shows you have your priorities straight. Being choosy is not half as fabulous as refusing to choose at all. To look out for #1 you must only do what directly concerns you at all times. At first it may be hard to break the "yes" habit but with practice you will be saying – "No way, I'm too good for you!" when someone dares even ask you the time of day. Moreover, on principle, I would recommend demanding sex, drugs and/or cash for every act of kindness until you master this level of selfishness.

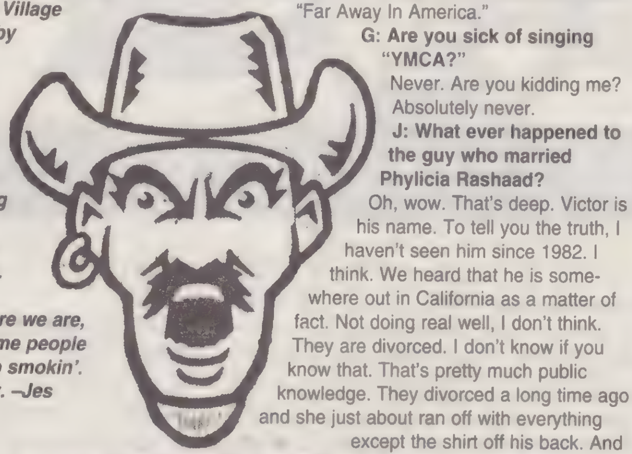
STEP #5 – BE BITCHIN', BE A BITCH!

Check the statistics. Nice guys finish last and no one knew this better than the foxy bitches of

I would if I could but I can't so I won't.

Macho Man

When I was talking to my friend Greg in NYC on his three-way calling, we called Jeff Olson, the Cowboy, from the Village People. Greg's band, Canned Travolta, had the rare and beautiful opportunity to tour with the Village People [see interview in part two] and they just recently released a record featuring the Cowboy on Greg's Go Kart Records. The Village People were created in 1977 by Jacques Morali who saw a group of men dressed up in "macho" costumes at 12 West, a gay disco in NYC's Greenwich Village. He had a fantasy, a dream of beefcake models in macho drag singing subversive gay lyrics to the straight public. They had the look, they had the mustaches. What started out as a joke snowballed into reality. So here we are, 18 years later. Now what? Some people never burn out, they just keep smokin'. What follows is just plain silly. –Jes



The Cowboy

Jessy: What's new?

Cowboy: We were just asked to be on Rikki Lake's show, "Men In Uniforms."

J: Are you over the '70s?

What? I wasn't over it ten, fifteen years ago. No, I'm not over the '70s, why should I be over the '70s?

J: I don't know. What time are you living in right now?

Well, this is 1994, so I mean I am living in the present. But as far as being over the '70s, no. Are you talking in reference to listening to the music of the '70s?

J: What kind of music do you listen to?

Well, my favorite artist of all time is, well, there are several groups that I can think of right now and they are Yes, The Stones of course, and Led Zeppelin. And you're talking about groups that have been around for a long time. They're still pumping out some good music with the exception of Led Zeppelin, although Page and Plant got together again.

J: So I hear.

You know that Greg?

Greg: Yeah. As a child, which did you play: cowboy or indian?

I played trucker actually. I played with the Tonka toys in the sandbox in my backyard. My nephew is a big cowboy dress up kind of guy.

G: Do you think you've inspired that?

Oh yeah.

G: If you could be any of the legion of the Superheroes which would you be?

I'd definitely have to be Mick Jagger. He's definitely my Superhero.

G: No! A superhero like Superman or Spiderman.

It would have to be Spiderman because I have to admit that my very first modeling job was for Marvel Comic Books. I was living in California at the time and they sent me up to Edmonton.

J: In Canada?

Yes, in Alberta, Canada. To open a mall. Dressed up as Spiderman and you know, this little kid came up to me and he was absolutely terrified and he started crying because I was taking a picture with him, and he turned to me suddenly and he said, "You really can't be Spiderman because you have skinny legs."

G: What's your proudest moment as a Village Person?

Probably receiving my first royalty check.

G: You guys still get those?

Yeah. We just did a single over in Germany called "Far Away In America."

G: Are you sick of singing "YMCA?"

Never. Are you kidding me? Absolutely never.

J: What ever happened to the guy who married Phylicia Rashaad?

Oh, wow. That's deep. Victor is his name. To tell you the truth, I haven't seen him since 1982. I think. We heard that he is somewhere out in California as a matter of fact. Not doing real well, I don't think. They are divorced. I don't know if you know that. That's pretty much public knowledge. They divorced a long time ago and she just about ran off with everything except the shirt off his back. And rightfully so, too, because he was a real schmuck. How did you know about that? That's real trivial that you would know that.

J: People talk and I listen....

Well, quite honestly, none of us has had any business with that person in a very long time. Unfortunately, the reports that we've heard from people that do run into him or see him or know of him haven't been real positive reports.

G: Out of the songs, "In the Navy," "YMCA," and "Macho Man," which are your favorite of the Big Three?

To listen to or performance-wise?

G: Both.

I guess I like them all equally. If I had my choice I guess it would be "YMCA."

G: Is there a another Village People song that is really your favorite that isn't one of those?

Yeah. It was a song that was never released. It was a song that was produced as a demo and it was called, "Chicago Nights." It was an outrageous song, real high tempo, typical Village People dance thing that did absolutely nothing. It's too bad. As a matter of fact, that's about due for a reconsideration. Because musical tastes have changed. It really was a tremendous song.

G: What's in store for the Village People in the future?

I think that we will continue to experience a great deal of success, primarily because we will have product out in 1995.

J: You're putting out a new record?

We will rise like the Phoenix. Back on the charts again in a big way. I really do believe that we haven't seen the best of this group. I'm telling you that it's better now than it was fifteen years ago. It really is. And I just think it's going to continue to get better. I'm real happy about it. I'm real fortunate, this entire group is very, very fortunate. And we're also very grateful. So we ain't out of touch... entirely.

G: Any parting statements for the millions of Village People fans around the world?

Stay tuned. We're going to be there again. In a big way.

LOOKIN OUT FOR #1

continued...

the "Me" generation when everything cool was bitchin'. Demanding special treatment gets you special treatment. Why fight it? Think of all the extra time you'll have to make yourself even more fabulous when you stop trying to convince yourself out of doing what comes naturally. Remember the only point of expensive therapy is not to ameliorate your neurosis but to fine tune it, really understand how to work it to its full potential. Criticize, complain, and be cruel to everyone around you, so they keep a respectable distance. However, be aware that so many people have no self-esteem these days they will probably love the abuse. You may become fabulously in-demand, like me, Nina Dentata. But since you never meet any of these demands, this shouldn't be a problem.

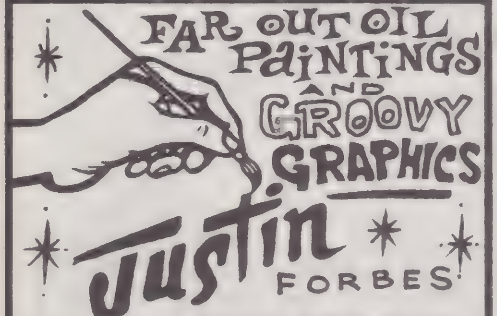
STEP #6 – REALIZE YOU ARE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND.

By all means, never do anything for or with anyone just to be friendly. This sort of behavior is extremely self-defeating. Face it, no matter how hard you try to be nice to someone, if you don't really want to they will know it and start to resent you anyway. Worse, they will use it against you the first chance they get – like when you finally stop indulging them. Why take this played out detour and exhaust yourself unnecessarily? From the get go, just use others as you see fit. Never feel bad about this since they are undoubtedly either confused or medicated and probably won't even notice. In fact, try fucking with their minds for your own personal amusement. If you are a man or a dyke, get pregnant, claim immaculate conception, start a religion, get people to worship you and give you money! No one is as important as you, so there is no need to seriously deal with them beyond your own good time. This will uncomplicate your life and afford you more time to indulge what is truly important. After all, it's too hard to know what other people want, so stick to what you NOW know and look out for #1! After all, a whole generation couldn't have been wrong and you know that I, Nina Dentata, never am.

That's my name don't wear it out.

"He's my favorite bargain!"

"A bargain," says the dictionary,
"is an advantageous purchase."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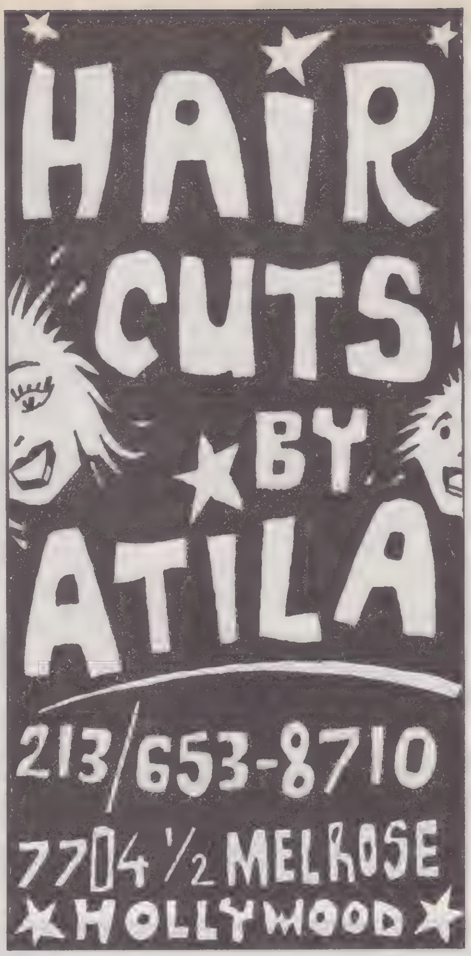
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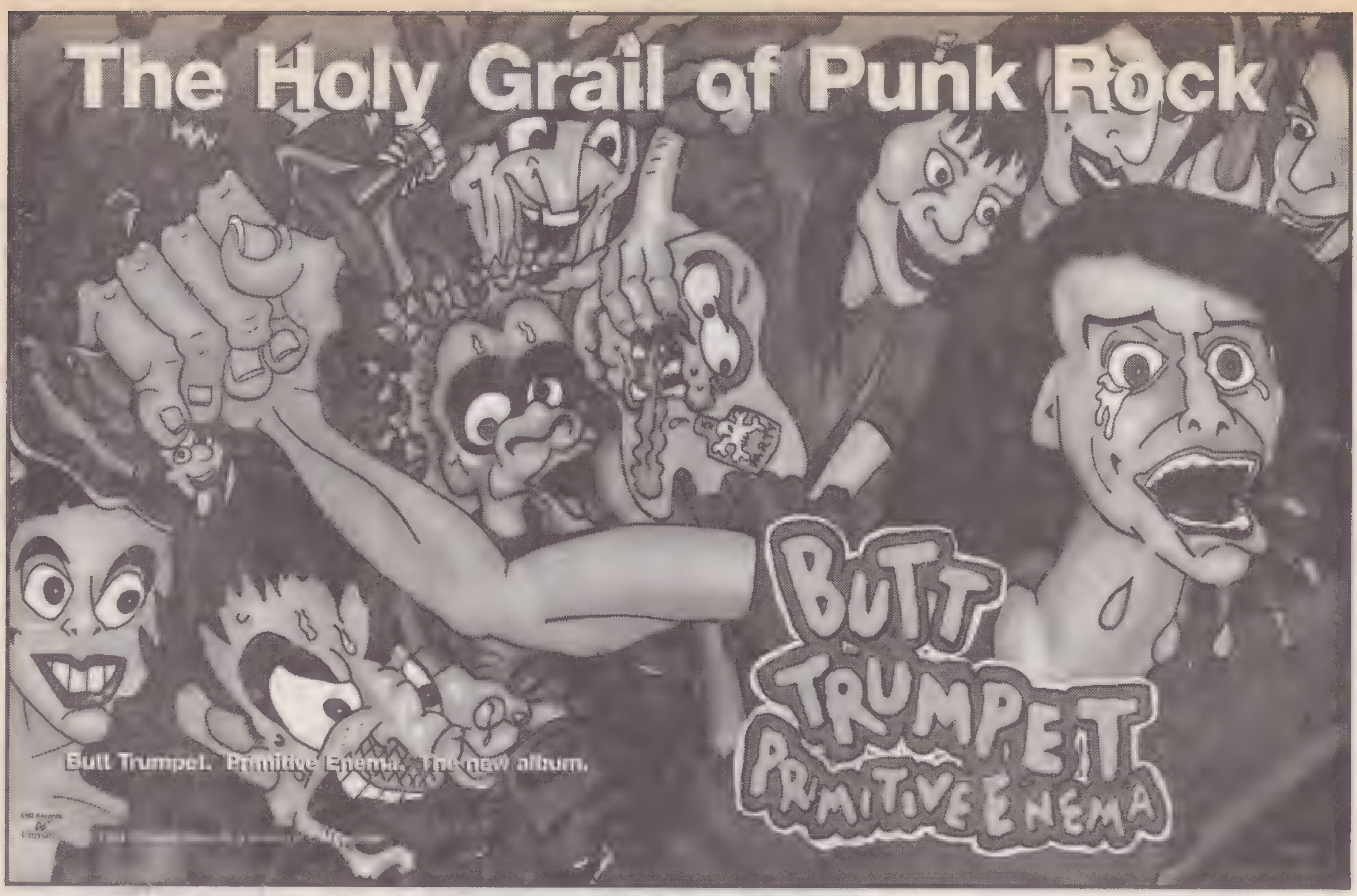
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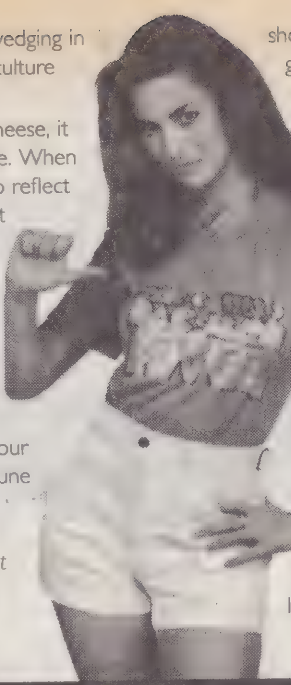
I Had PAC-MAN Fever

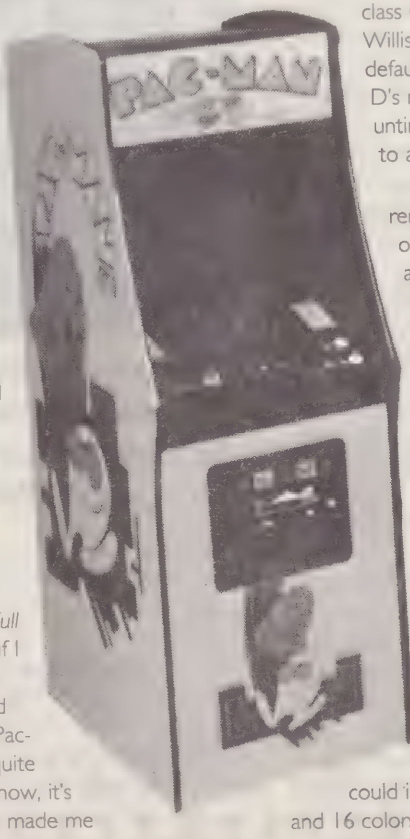
BY NOEL TOLENTINO



It's been a good six or seven years since I've seen an episode of *Diff'rent Strokes* and all of its racial harmonizing. A big part of my youth was spent (wasted?) watching little Arnold Drummond cavorting about in a number of ill-fated adventures, redeemed only by the hogwash moralizing of his authorative, but gentle, rich whited dad ("Mr. D"). Like the rest of America, I was partially responsible for his skyrocketing career, suckered in by that "Whajoo talkin' 'bout…" schtick.

So imagine my delight when the screen lit up and there it was in syndicated glory. I thought, hey, L.A. does have its perks. The opening was simple enough, with a typical family breakfast scene (I think this was post-Mrs. Garrett). Arnold apparently had a voracious appetite as was displayed by his rapid shoveling of cereal into his big mouth, which people found mildly amusing. Not to be outdone, an observant Mr. Drummond tried to break up the morning monotony with his very best, commenting, "Arnold… you're eating so fast, you look like Pac-Man!" As bad as the joke was, the crowd just about died. There was nothing much I could do about it but shake my head in disgust.

Dimwitted humor always seems to appeal to the lowest common denominator. Duh. I guess bad humor is the key to success, at home and abroad, I mean, how else can we explain the phenomenal popularity of pathetic shows like *America's Funniest Home Videos* or *Full House*[1]? Perhaps if I was still a regular dumb kid, I would have found that Pac-Man joke to be quite amusing, but for now, it's just plain awful. It made me realize how desperate people are for cheap laughs, even if it means wedging in some unwarranted pop culture reference.



But like any good cheese, it was only a matter of time. When I finally had some time to reflect on that particular scene it made more and more sense to me.

All of us old enough to remember the Eighties know too well an era of greed and excess ushered in by Reaganomics, where our models of fame and fortune were highlighted by such TV shows like *Dynasty*, *Silver Spoons*, and *Diff'rent Strokes*. As far as Daddy Warbucks, er, Mr. Drummond was concerned, it was only appropriate that a little goofy yellow gobbler like Pac-Man – whose appetite was never quite satiated – should be a topic for conversation. And there I was, the lower-middle class kid, looking up to Arnold and Willis, the brothas who had it all by default. (Their mother, who was Mr. D's maid at one point, met an untimely death and he felt obliged to adopt them.)

On that note, there remains a weathered Atari 2600 on top of my TV up in my apartment in San Francisco. It sits there in the living room, an artifact from the hallowed history of video games, along with a pile of game cartridges, collecting dust like any other cheesy postmodern centerpiece. And yes, there is a copy of Pac-Man somewhere in there. But beyond that, it unknowingly serves as a constant reminder of the way things were.

Atari. Sheesh, just the thought of it makes me chuckle. There was a time when it was just plain King, at least it was for me. Who could imagine today that 4-bit graphics and 16 colors could have ever amounted to so much damage? Even with its display of shockingly rudimentary, retarded graphics, Atari was light years ahead of the competition, opening up a brave new world of cathode rays to the delight of pasty spoiled brats everywhere (eclipsing the rise of the Sex Pistols and *Star Wars*.) I guess the timing could not have been more perfect, even though there was nothing remotely punk rock about Atari (they were part of the Warner Bros. entertainment conglomerate), but it made that significant leap from the doldrum of Pong to the intergalactic madness of Space Invaders. This was, of course, a time when a score of 2,000 still meant something and pinball was still en vogue. But all of that was about to change.

Oh sure, Atari had its share of "competition." Nerdish types found pleasure in Magnavox's Odyssey 2 system which featured a built-in keyboard for strategic word games and such, but it faded into obscurity[2]. There was the Commodore VIC-20 that actually had more juice than Atari, but failed to push the slowly developing gonads of prepubescent kids. And who can forget Mattel's plunge into video game history with Intellevision, Perhaps the only system at that time that gave Atari a run for its money, Intellevision instantly appealed to sports enthusiasts with its catalogue of games like Football, Baseball, and Basketball. I, too, was caught up in all the hype, asking poor old Santa Claus for one (which I never got). But when push came to shove, the only game that I liked on that system was Burgertime and SNAFU, evidence of my lack of patience with games that required any extensive reading. On top of that, in some god-awful attempt to not duplicate Atari, they developed these stupid disc-shaped controllers for their system that made life difficult. If they only realized the power of the *joystick*.

Atari had a clear advantage over the competition. Besides having tons of won-

Knock! Knock! Who's there? *Banana*. Banana who?

derful press coverage touting it as the greatest thing on earth, they had the support of numerous third party software developers. The fine people at Activision, Imagic, and Parker Brothers, among others, were responsible for some of my personal faves like Pitfall, Demon Attack, Frogger, and Dragon's Lair. If that wasn't enough muscle to flex, Atari boasted the exclusive rights to some of the most popular arcade video games around, among them being Asteroids, Space Invaders, Defender, and Berzerk. Most importantly, kids, they had the rights to the bossest game around: Pac-Man.

VIDEO COMPUTER SYSTEM by ATARI
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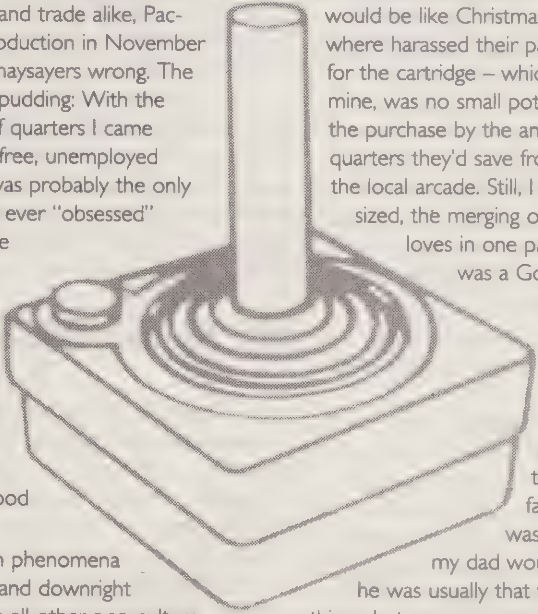
If it already didn't occur to you, or your mom was still wiping your bottom in 1981, Pac-Man was *it*, holding its special place in history as the mother (father?) of all video games. It was the game that revolutionized the industry in one fell swoop. Not only was it the first successful departure from outer-space oriented games, it was responsible for converting hardcore pinballers to full-time Pac-Maniacs[3]. Originally deemed "too cute to be successful" by press and trade alike, Pac-Man, with its introduction in November 1980, proved all naysayers wrong. The proof was in the pudding: With the measly amount of quarters I came across in my carefree, unemployed youth, Pac-Man was probably the only video game I was ever "obsessed" with. Okay, maybe Centipede, too. And, later, Q-Bert. But it was Pac-Man all along and basically the whole world had "Pac-Man Fever"[4]. This was more than good news for Atari.



The Pac-Man phenomena was unbelievable and downright ridiculous. As with all other pop culture crazes, Pac-Mania was accompanied by bloodthirsty opportunists. Colorful, tacky consumer goods – from paper weights to Underoos, breakfast cereal to beach towels – flooded the market, allowing every single person on the planet to profess their affection for the yellow muncher in more ways than one. But even more amazing was his intense popularity that propelled him beyond superstardom. No longer was Pac-Man just a video game character, he was a celebrity. He was the newest in a rather short lineage of fictitious pop culture icons, including Mickey Mouse, Snoopy, and Miss Piggy, to make such a dramatic jump. And with the undying devotion of luminaries ranging from the Dallas Cowboys' Tony Dorsett to Cindy Williams of *Laverne & Shirley* fame, it seemed as if there was no stopping the portly yellow guy. It even got to the point where prominent mayors across the nation gave him keys to their city, not to mention the 27 cities that officially proclaimed April 3rd "Pac-Man Day" in 1982.

When Atari finally announced to the world that, yes, they created a home version of Pac-Man, it was a dream come true. Jaws dropped, eyes widened, and ears perked up. Shit, playing Pac-Man in your own home! That would be like Christmas everyday! Kids everywhere harassed their parents to shell out $60 for the cartridge – which, for families like mine, was no small potatoes – and justified the purchase by the amount of time and quarters they'd save from the temptations of the local arcade. Still, I obsessed and fantasized, the merging of my two childhood loves in one package. Maybe there was a God.

There was just no way out of it, I had to have that cartridge. The financial situation in my house was teetering around that time and in a family of eight, money was always tight. I knew my dad wouldn't buy it because he was usually that way about "trivial" things, but my mom was a different story. My brothers and I bugged her about it for weeks and for awhile there I was convinced that she wasn't going to buy it for us. But we persisted and as that fateful day neared, she finally caved in.

What seemed like an eternity finally ended. Atari unveiled its newest baby to the buying public and it was no surprise that storefront sidewalks were lined with fanatic dweebs aching to get a piece of the action. There was a definite buzz in the air, all these kids clamoring for Pac-Man, and everybody eyed their digital watches as the minutes ticked away until opening time. When the doors opened, people rushed the stores with a typical mob mentality that turned the place into a madhouse. The grabbing hands grabbed all they could and stores were soon cleaned out of Atari Pac-Man. Needless to say, the party was just getting started.

Like every other fool, we tore through the package (fuck the instruction booklet!) and popped that baby right in and for that millisecond between the power switch to the television screen it seemed all of the world's troubles had completely vanished, that this was the moment of moments that would define our generation and I'd tell my granchildren about it for years to come. And when I looked up on the screen, my jaw dropped. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure it out. Atari Pac-Man was the biggest turd to ever be shitted on the planet. Not only did it not play like Pac-Man, it didn't even look like Pac-Man. Even worse, that lovable "wocka wocka wocka" sound that I found so endearing in the arcade sounded more or less like "dang dang dang"[5] on the Atari version. It was a sad day indeed, about as disappointing as discovering that there was no Santa Claus.

CHOCOLATE
PAC-MAN

In an episode of "Taxi," Louie reprimands Jim Ignatowski for playing too much Pac-Man.

From that point on, my view of the world was tarnished for life. I couldn't understand for the life of me why Atari, a company I had loved with all my heart and soul, would pull such a sneaky stunt, equivalent to "Ha ha, fuck all you stupid kids!" They *knew* that the game would sell like hotcakes no matter what it looked like. For all their obvious disdain for loyal customers, I just had to grin and bear it like all other good girls and boys, grudgingly playing Atari Pac-Man out of sheer guilt. But as the weeks progressed, it was quite clear that the game wasn't getting any better and I wasn't getting any younger. Atari Pac-Man was just plain retarded and I hated them for it.

Cindy Williams (co-star of ABC's "Laverne & Shirley") caught hugging her machine.

Atari Pac-Man was a tough lesson for both us and them. It killed my faith in home video games. In many ways, it was a moment that illustrated our desire for "More! More! More!," our thirst for "realistic" graphics and game play that resembled the actual thing and they just couldn't give it to us, at least not with the puny power of the 2600. In a time when ColecoVision took us to the next level with its amazingly dead-on rendition of Donkey Kong and Zaxxon, the 2600 was looking real dumb. More frightening was our dwindling imagination and patience that enabled us to have fun with retarded looking games like Adventure and Air-Sea Battle. As arcade games became more and more detailed and complex, we became more jaded about home video game systems. Even as they tried to redeem themselves with the Atari 5200 Pac-Man, which I still think is pretty right-on, my love for video games was already in the toilet.

The point is, home video game systems like Atari were a big hoax, and from day one they have been this illusion for those of us who are financially challenged that we could buy into a world where all of the "real" fun is reserved for rich people. It's funny to think that at one point, Atari was practically the ultimate middle-class luxury item for those of us who couldn't afford to have a well-stocked arcade room like the "Ricker" did in *Silver Spoons*. Sure, Atari Pac-Man could have been fun on its own merits, but it was too late. We wanted more. Raised in a world where we tend to place so much emphasis on the superficial cosmetic nature of things, it was only natural that Atari would lose in the long run. By the time Nintendo and Sega hit the market in 1987, the world had just about forgotten about Atari all together[6].

All this talk about the Atari 2600 gives us an interesting perspective on the current state of home video game systems. The industry is bigger than ever and Nintendo's "Super NES" and Sega "Genesis" systems are at the head of the pack. Home video games are at the point where they actually rival the quality of the stuff you find at the arcade. But to be honest, I just don't buy it. Most games are just variations of Street Fighter or Mortal Kombat, sporting extra glossy graphics and we know how boring that is[7]. Otherwise, big hits are likely to be old games that have been milked for all they're worth in regurgitated sequels of Super Mario Brothers and Sonic the Hedgehog, a similar trend that once existed with, you guessed it, Pac-Man.

As I sit here reminiscing about the good ol' days, Atari has since resurfaced. What was originally planned to be just another 16-bit system on par with NES and Genesis, Atari ditched those original plans and raised the stakes with its new, heavy-duty 64-bit "Jaguar" video game system. They've been off to a slow start since they only have seven games to work with and their own financial woes[8] have been a hindrance as well. While Atari's games are still cartrige based, others like Panasonic's 3-DO, the now defunct TurboGrafx-16, and Sega Genesis have beefed up the quality with CD-ROM games. Like all other mult-media whores, they're trying to cash in on the crazy hype with interactive games (which I find mildly amusing) and will soon be dipping into (gasp!) virtual reality. And while everybody's being duped into staying indoors and living in cyberspace, I just keep jonesing for those days when fun meant hide-and-seek and learning how to do bunnyhops on my fake Mongoose BMX bike.

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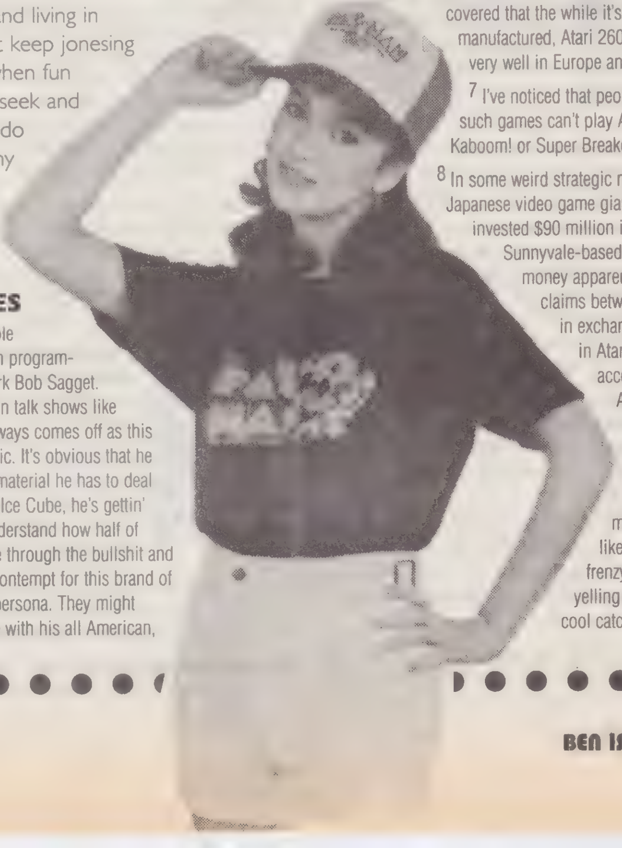


FOOTNOTES

[1] Both of these horrible examples of television programming star burnout dork Bob Sagget. Whenever I see him on talk shows like *The Late Show*, he always comes off as this shrewd and bitter cynic. It's obvious that he hates the cheeseball material he has to deal with but like my man Ice Cube, he's gettin' paid. Still, I don't understand how half of America just can't see through the bullshit and realize that his utter contempt for this brand of humor is part of his persona. They might think he's wholesome with his all American, cornfed look, but I think he looks like a weasel.

[2] Odyssey 2 developed a Pac-Man type game called K.C. Munchkin which was way more exciting than Atari Pac-Man. Of course, Atari sued them for copyright infringement and took their case to the U.S. Supreme Court, which ruled in favor of Atari.

[3] The book *Pac-Mania*, written by the editors of *Consumer Guide*, credits Pac-Man for "getting women heavily involved in arcade play." More recently, Marge Simpson was quoted for saying that "Ms. Pac-Man struck a blow for women's rights."

[4] Two crazy kids that went by the name of Buckner & Garcia penned the lyrics and music to that classic hit "Pac-Man Fever," which sold over 1 million copies. The song was, of course, celebrated by the Solid Gold Dancers who choreographed a beautiful dance routine on national television.

[5] Gen X'ers would now call this the "Seinfeld Funk-Bass" sound. On a related note, Michael Richards, affectionately known as Kramer on NBC's *Seinfeld*, once played the character of Pac-Man in a parody skit for his former dud of a show *Fridays*, which was on ABC.

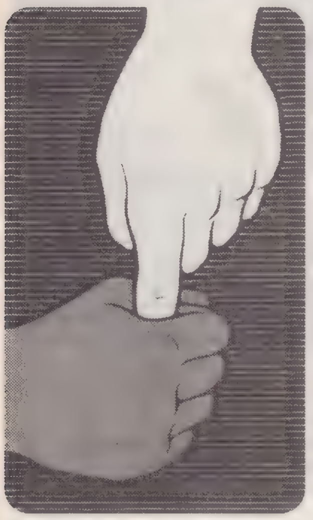
[6] *Dirt* Magazine did some investigating and discovered that the while it's no longer being manufactured, Atari 2600 is still selling very well in Europe and Asia.

[7] I've noticed that people who've mastered such games can't play Atari classics like Kaboom! or Super Breakout. Go figure.

[8] In some weird strategic maneuver, rival Japanese video game giant Sega recently invested $90 million in the troubled Sunnyvale-based Atari Corp. The money apparently settles all legal claims between the companies in exchange for a 7.4% stake in Atari. This allows Sega access to about 70 Atari patents on games and technology. In related news, Atari Jaguar commercials look a lot like the fast-paced frenzy that made yelling "SEGA!" a cool catch word.

HAND GAMES!

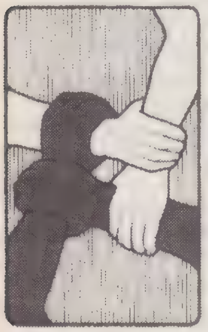
Compiled by Jessy, Darby, and Wendy with help from Jory, Lisa, Paul and Jon.



One thing that never changes about kids is that they're easily bored. If not constantly occupied with something, they start climbing the walls. The only thing more dangerous than a bored fifth grader is a bored fifth grader after eating one of those huge pixie stix that came in the three foot plastic straws. In a simpler era, before Mortal Kombat II, we had to come up with cheap ways to fill the time between feedings, especially when our parents wouldn't let us watch TV. This often meant resorting to playing games with our hands. We played different ones depending on what state we lived in, what city, what school (or McMartin school) we went to, and the crowd we hung out with, but for the most part these games were universal. Actually, not all of them were really games, they could also be creative expressions, functional tools, and a children's sign-language of sorts. The face and hands are often the best tools for expressing oneself – when one can't find the right words... or just hasn't learned them yet.

The ability to move the thumb in a direction opposite to the other fingers is one of the major differences between human beings and all other living creatures. Your hand contains 27 bones – 8 in the wrist, 5 in the palm, and 14 in the fingers. Your palm has more sweat glands than any other area of the same size on your body: about 400 per square centimeter. More of the brain is devoted to controlling hand movements than to any other part of the body.

ALIEN IN SHIRT TRICK – If you're wearing a long sleeve shirt, take one arm out of a sleeve and put it on your belly. Grab the empty sleeve with your other hand and hold it in front of you. In a fluid pumping motion, push your fist up from under your shirt, while you bring your sleeves down. Scary monsters! (note: Noel insists this is a breakin' move.)



THE ARM CHAIR – Make a chair of arms by holding your wrist with one hand and grabbing on to the other person's wrist with your other hand, while they're doing the same thing. Can be useful in emergencies. More fun to ride in than to make.

ARM CREASE TICKLE – Have your friend close their eyes and have them tell you to stop when you get to the crease in the middle of their arm, tickling from the wrist up. They usually tell you to stop too soon.

ARM-HAIR DREDLOCKS – Make funky nappy mini-dreds out of someone's hairy arm by rubbing circles with a spit-wet palm into the top region of the arm near their bent elbow.

ARM MELT – Have somebody lie belly down on the ground and lift their arms by the wrists way up over their head, pulling out. Count for 60 seconds, then slooooowly bring their hands back to the ground (still pulling out, away from their body) until their arms reach the ground. They'll feel like their arms are melting through the floor. Can be done with legs too. All the rage at slumber parties.

ARM WRESTLING – Game of strength and some level of psych-out. Begin elbow to elbow with your right hands clasped and grab ahold of your wrestling partner's left hand so nobody cheats. Very romantic excuse for contact with a boy you just met.

BITING FINGER NAILS – Some "hand games" are more in the realm of solitaire and are usually for those who have some sort of nervous problems. Too much coffee, tea, speed, or stress at one point or another – or no outlet for excess energy.

BLOODY KNUCKLES – Make fists, and put them palms down in front of you. Your opponent does the same, so your fists are nearly touching. Then whoever's turn it is tries to smash the other person's fists with theirs, while their opponent tries to pull away in time to avoid having their hands bashed into bloody stumps. When you missed, though, it was your turn for punishment. Like "Hot Hands" for kids in Parochial school.

BREAKING AN INVISIBLE EGG ON SOMEONE'S HEAD – To break an invisible egg on someone's head, you just make a "breaking an egg noise" and then you trickle the imaginary egg intestines down the victims head and neck with your finger tips. It's imperative to be *slow* and light with your fingers. Sends shivers all over their body.

CHEEK POP – Make a popping noise by putting your finger in your mouth and then "popping" it out. Hard to master but, just like riding a bike, you never forget it.

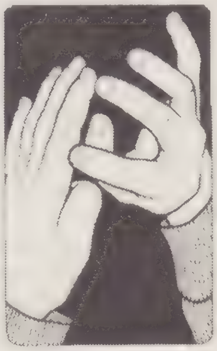
CHURCH AND STEEPLE – You put your hands together with the last three fingers crossed and tucked inside with your pointers making a steeple and your thumbs are the doors. As you sing the song, "Here is the church and here is the steeple, open the doors and see all the people," you open the door (so your hands are palm up) and wiggle your six fingers which are supposed to be the people. *So* Christian.

CLAPPING – Okay, pretty obvious, but there are some variations: The prim and proper clap, the sissy clap, the fake or finger clap, the high and happy clap, the cha cha clap, the hand jive clap, the ballgame clap, the deep "daddy" clap, the yapple dapple clap, and the horse gallop clap.... What kind of clapper are *you*?

COUNTING ELEVEN FINGERS ON HANDS – Demonstrating that you have eleven fingers in various sneaky ways. • Hold up your fingers. Count two of them aloud, putting them down as you count them then say, "Skip these three," putting down the rest of your fingers on one hand, then begin with "four" on the other hand, count those and then count the remaining three. • Count fingers on one hand, "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, plus five makes eleven." • Count all fingers on both hands, "One-eight, two-eight... seven-eight, (skip eight), nine-eight, ten-eight, eleven-eight."

CRACKING KNUCKLES – Boys like to do this to look cool. It becomes a habit later in life because, as some Eastern healers might claim, it's a way to move stagnant chi. (See biting finger nails.)

CRACK YOUR NOSE – Tell someone you can crack your nose bone. Put your hands together and cover your nose, and secretly put your thumbnail under your front teeth. Then while you move your hands as if you were actually cracking your nose you snap your thumbnail and make a crack sound. A totally convincing gross-out when done correctly.



CRAZY DIGITS – Cross arms at wrist and interlace fingers. Turn your hands inward and upward. Now try to raise your right middle finger. Chances are, you wont be able to do it because you won't know which muscles to move. Try the left hand. You'll probably have the same problem. It's good to do to someone else, pointing to each finger and seeing if they can raise it.

CROSSING THINGS – Allows you to tell lies and get away with it by saying your fingers are crossed. You can be super sneaky and say your hair, guts, etc. are crossed.

CUTTING OFF YOUR THUMB – Pretend your thumb is in two pieces by hiding your right hand thumb in your palm while with your left hand you grab your other thumb with your index finger. You can slide the pieces back and forth and freak out your mom. (See visual.)

DOLLAR DROP – You say, "You can have this dollar if you can catch it." So you drop a dollar between the victim's thumb and index finger and they try to catch it but they can't. Soooo very frustrating for the kid who already spent her allowance.

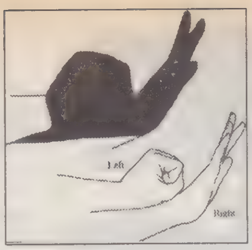
DRAWING ON SOMEONE'S BACK – Use your finger to draw on someone's back – while they try to guess what you're spelling. Also fun to just draw images – the typical kid's "house" drawing, for example, is one most can eventually guess. I recall that during recess we girls use to straddle the benches and, all in a row, we'd do each others backs while someone else was doing ours. Must have looked pretty kinky to the pedophiles who got a peek. (dr)

DROPLET – Flick your finger against the side of your cheek while puckering up and blowing in and out with your mouth. Sounds like a drop of water falling into a pool. Very good way to distract your teacher.

ELBOW PINCHING – Put arm straight. Grab extra elbow skin

Let your fingers do the walking, it's a snap crackle punch.

and pinch on it. Do it as hard as you want because if you're doing it right it won't hurt. It's also fun to do to other people who you feel like pinching but then you don't have to get into a fight with after doing it 'cause it didn't hurt them.

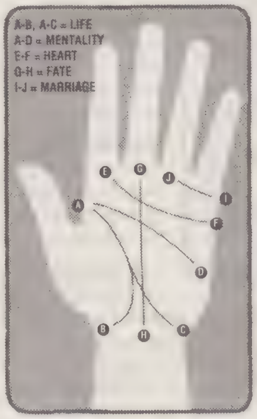


FAKE GUNS – I was always confused why people would make guns like this: when it looked like the "L" part was the gun. So I always held mine upside down like this: and used my other hand to shoot it. (dr)

FINGER SAUSAGE – Stare into infinity (sorta crossing your eyes) while moving your pointer fingers together (aiming tip to tip) in front of your eyes until a third finger, or "finger sausage," appears.

FLICKING PEOPLE IN THE NOSE – When you trick someone into looking at their shirt by saying, "OOO! What's that on your shirt?" or saying, "Smell my hand" and when they look down, you flick their nose with your finger. AHAAA!!!!

FLIPPING OFF – Raise middle finger with all other fingers held down with the thumb. • The next stage is having your ring and index fingers partly raised. Really hard core when accompanied by phrases like, "Sit 'n spin!" • Do the same jesture but have the inside of your hand face out • THE JUDD (as in Nelson): Facing your hand in "flipping off" position towards the ground and say, "Can you hear this? Do you want me to turn it up?" • Rubbing your eye or scratching your ear with your middle finger is a good way to flip off an authority figure without getting caught. • Snapping your thumbnail under your front teeth. • The Italian one where you put one hand in the elbow crease of the other and bend it up. Extra harsh if you complete it with the basic bird or finger/tooth combination like the older sister did in *Poltergeist*. • Brush the back of your fingers under your chin. • Hold up three fingers and say "read between the lines." • The first time someone showed me how to flip someone off they told me to keep all my fingers up except the middle one – a sort of opposite fuck you. When I was forced to stay in my room I remember sitting on my bed looking out the window, down at all the "big" kids playing in the parking area, and feeling mighty superior flipping them off this way. (dr)



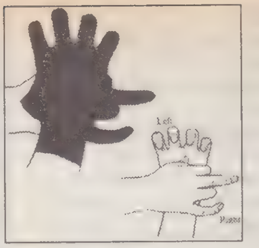
GIMME FIVE – Gimme Five, on the side, in the hole, you got soul! • Gimme five, up high, down low, too slow! • Gimme five, way up high, gimme a nickle, tickle, tickle! (that scary one Jes came up with.) • Gimme five (hold out both hands, they give you ten), here's your change (slap 'em in the face.) • Walk toward your friend and pretend you're gonna give 'em a high five. Miss their hand up high, then slap their hand as it comes back down to their side. (Note: there's an infinite number of these.)

GOTCHER NOSE! – Pinch someone's nose between you pointer and middle finger, then stick the edge of your thumb out between them and say, "I've got your nose!" Scary. Usually done by a gross older relative.

GRANDPA'S FAVORITE – Tell your friend to pull your finger, then fart or burp when they do.

HAND HORN – Use your hands to form your own musical instrument. You cup your hands together, lick your thumb's knuckles (which should be aligned), and blow through them.

HAND PRINTS – Boys often did this trick to girls in cute outfits. They'd lick their whole palm, then whack it across the back of a girl's leg. It leaves a big, red, embarrassing hand mark.



HAND PUPPETS – Draw a mouth on your hand, put hair on top; draw faces on your fingers. This can be done to the tips of penises, too, but then it's not a hand game, is it? I guess it could be. Another funny non-hand game variation is drawing eyes and a nose on your chin so when you turn upside down, you make a little face and your mouth looks really silly when you talk. It's pretty overdone but usually funny anyway.

HAND SHAKES – Put arm out to shake someone's hand, then pull it away just as they're gonna grab it and slick back your hair with it instead. • Tickle someone with your middle finger on their palm while you shake their hand to let them know just how interested you are. • Variations are really up to you, but some super combination shakes to mix-n-match might be the wrist shake (hold onto the other person's wrist), the homeboy shake (grab the heel of the other person's hand, your fingers just above their wrist, with thumbs crossed on top), and the finger shake (hook the end of your curled fingers with theirs). Add in a finger gun or snap and you can start your own exclusive club. The person with the most smooth moves per shake wins. Has semi-sexual connotations – a needed outlet for male to male contact.

HAND SHADOWS – The *first* moving pictures! All you need is light, a flat, light colored surface and, of course, a nice girl like Peter Pan's Wendy to sew on your shadow. There are an endless number of shadow pictures to perform but the two we printed particularly rule (see images.)

HANDSTANDS, HEADSTANDS – Use your hands to keep yourself up upside-down.

HAND/UNDERARM FARTS – Get the suction going, maybe add a little spit or sweat for good measure, and liven up your math class with disgusting boy noises. I tried and tried but was never astute enough to execute these classic stunts. (jj)

THE HUMP – Make fists with palms up and hold them out in front of you. Thrust your hips forward while simultaneously bringing your arms back. Your fists should end up at the sides of your hips. Can be done in a repetitive motion. Making a grunt face is recommended.

INDIAN NOISE – Hit your hand over your mouth repeatedly while yelling to make yourself sound like an "Indian" on the war path.

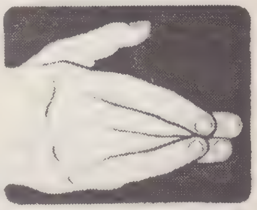
INDIAN WRIST BURN – Grab hold of a "friend's" arm with both hands and twist *hard* – like wringing out a towel. Then quickly reverse the motion. Repeat rapidly. It'll burn like a mother and they will want to punch your face in. (Bad bad injuns!)

ITSY BITSY SPIDER – *The itsy bitsy spider crawled up the water spout* (have the thumb on one hand touch tips with your middle or ring finger on the other hand and then, in an upwards motion, rotate the hands in order to make your other thumb touch your other middle or ring finger), *down came the rain and washed the spider out* (make rain with fluttering fingers going up and down in the air), *out came the sun and dried up all the rain* (raise hands in air slowly, as if your mimicking the sun rising in the sky), *so the itsy bitsy spider crawled up the spout again* (same as #1, but now you can see how futile the whole effort is.)

JOHNNY WHOOPS – Tell someone: Betcha can't do this! Hold up your left hand and bounce a finger from your right hand across the tips of the left (starting from the pinky side), saying "Johnny" each time you land. After you hit the index finger, slide your finger down all the way up to the tip of your thumb while saying, "Whoops!" Then hit your thumb tip and say, "Johnny" and slide back down with , "Whoops!" and go back over the fingertips again. After you do the last pinky, cross your arms. The person you're tricking will think you're trying to get them to do the "Johnny whoops" part only, but you're lookin' for them to cross their arms after they're done. Show them again and again in a bunch of different ways (ie. really fast, really slow) until they get pissed off and call you their worst enemy.

JUGGLING – Start off with three objects, two in one hand and one in the other. The goal is to keep one in the air at all times in a continuous motion. The better you get, the more objects and fancier tricks you can accomplish. Hint: Try using the socks *before* using the eggs.

KNUCKLE WRITING – Writing four-letter words on your knuckles was pretty bad-ass. Popular favorites other than bad words were band names like RUSH or OZZY.



LIGHT AS A FEATHER, STIFF AS A BOARD – One girl lies down on her back and everyone (five or six people sitting around her) put two fingers of each hand under her. The the leader of the group, sitting at her head, starts rubbing her temples in a circular motion and tells a really macabre story that's usually really long and ends with the death of the girl. And at the death point of the story everyone starts chanting, "Light as a feather, stiff as a board," and with their fingers, everyone lifts her up in the air (like four or five feet) because she's become light as a feather, stiff as a board, while in a trance. Then you put her down and wake her up, and then you try it again without the story and you can't even budge her and everyone goes, "Wow, that was weird."

THIS LITTLE PIGGY – On a kid's foot you count their toes starting with the big one and say, "This little piggy went to the market, this little piggy stayed home, this little piggy had roast beef, this little piggy had none, and this little piggy went weee! weee! weee! all the way home!" Then you tickle them all the way home. Not a hand game, per se, but it's in there with tickling. What an awful thing to do to a kid.

MERCY – A test of how much pain one could handle. The victim can cry, yelp, and beg but only when he declares, "Mercy!" does he really give up.

MUMBLEDY PEG – Spread your fingers out on a flat surface. Get a sharp knife (or perhaps a twig or something for starters) and stab the space between your thumb and index finger then stab the space between your index finger and your middle finger, then between your middle and ring finger, then between you ring finger and pinky. Then do it in the other direction. Eventually you gotta go really fast. Then, with practice, try it with your eyes closed. Scare the girlie girls with this amazing feat. I find boys who perform this trick these days incredibly agile with their hands, fingers, and sense of confidence. Practice, practice, practice! (jj)

NOOGIES – A knuckle rub to the head of the little squirt who's buggin' you, or just to the one you love. (See A to Z next issue)

NOSE PICKING – I ate 'em. The greener the better. Still the best way to deal with nervous energy – and accomplish something at the same time. This is certainly one of those universal hand games.

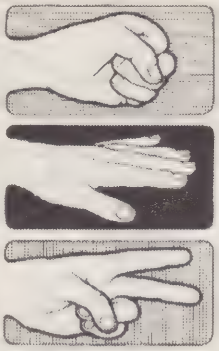
PALM READING – Amaze your friends. Tell them their future. Make them think they're going to marry a gross ugly old man, have twenty children, and die of breast cancer before they're thirty.

PATTY CAKE GAMES – More than any other games, people's remembrance of patty cake games had the most possible variations. Deviations depend on your geographic location, ethnic and economic upbringing, and the year you were born. Our most memorable are…

- "My name is **Eli Eli Chicali Chicali** Pom Pom Beauty Don't Like Whisky Chinese Japanese Indian Chief." Then freeze and the first person who moves loses and has to pick a color or flavor of torture (which were already agreed upon before the game), to which the winner will then play upon the losers' arm to the tune of the song.

→

- "**Miss Mary Mack**, Mack, Mack all dressed in black, black, black, she wore silver buttons, buttons, buttons all down her back, back, back, she asked her mother, mother, mother for 50 cents cents, cents to see the elephants, elephants, elephants jump over the fence, fence, fence. They jumped so high, high, high they reached the sky, sky, sky and never came back, back, back 'til the forth of July, ly, ly…."
- "**Down by the banks in the hanky panky** where the bullfrogs leap from bank to banky with an Eep Op Oodlie Oop, Ooo Whopabiliy And A Ker-Plunk."
- "**Say, Say Oh Playmate**, come out and play with me, and bring your dollies three, climb up my apple tree, slide down my rainbow, into my cellar door, and we'll be jolly friends for ever more!…Say Say oh playmate, I can not play with you, my dolly has the flu, boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo. …Ain't got no rainbow, ain't got no cellar door, but we'll be jolly friends forever moooore."

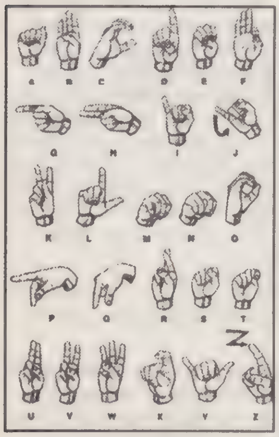


- "**Miss Susie** had a steamboat, the steamboat had a bell, Miss Susie went to heaven, the steamboat went to hell-o operator, please give me number nine, and if you disconnect me I'll kick you in the behind the fridgerator, there was a piece of glass, Miss Susie sat upon it and broke her little assk me no more questions, please tell me no more lies, the boys are in the bathroom pulling down their flies are in the city the bees are in the park the boys and girls are kissing in the D-A-R-K dark, dark, dark."

PEEK-A-BOO – Pretty basic but important hand game. Designed to create the understanding that people can be right in front of you but be gone at the same time. Then we giggled at the perplexity of it.

PENCIL FIGHTING – Pre-pog obsession. A pencil breaking game where you chop at each other's pencils (taking turns whacking the other's with yours) 'til the loser's pencil breaks. My Pal and art pencils work best.

PICKING – (See biting finger nails.)



PINCHING – This is more often an annoying habit of annoying people. It usually hurts more than you think it will and can lead to nasty fights between supposed loved-ones.

PINKY PRESSURE – Bite the tips of your pinky fingers until they hurt. As soon as you take them out of your mouth, hook the tips together and pull – *hard*! If you do it right, it will hurt like anything.

POINTER/PINKY TOUCH – Touch your little finger and your index finger together, above the middle and ring finger. Some people can do it easily, others find it impossible.

PSYCH-OUT KNUCKLE POP – Take your right index finger and place the tip on the top of the webbing between your left index and middle fingers. Then move them under your chin and push down on the webbing with your finger until it makes a loud popping noise, as if you're craking your knuckle – really loud. Another in a long line of boy-freak-out-girl tricks.

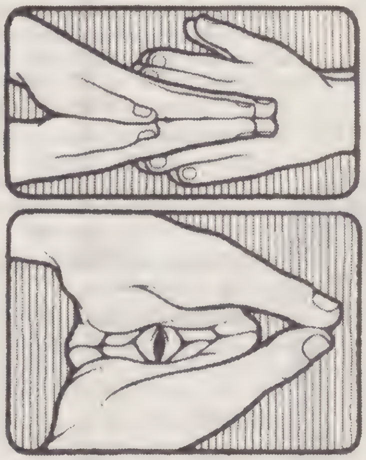
PUNCHING – "Let's see who can punch the softest. You go first." They punch you really soft. Then it's your turn and you hit them really hard and say, "I lose."

PUSSY LICKIN' – Make hand into a V and stick tongue in the crack and wiggle it like your lickin' some good pussy. Mmmm.

QUARTER ELBOW CATCH – Made famous by Richie's (?) clutz cousin on *Happy Days*, who was trying to get into the Guiness Book (which, for the record, didn't exist at that time in "real-world" history). When the episode appeared on TV for the first time, my entire elementary school was engrossed with the game. What you do is bend your arm and point your elbow out in front of you with your palm facing up, and place some quarters at your arms bend. Then you quickly move your hand down in a swift motion to catch the quarters. You keep adding more quarters as your skill improves. Mucho fun.

ROCK, SCISSORS, AND PAPER – Game designed to help indecisives with no leader figure out "who gets to or doesn't get to," or "who has to or doesn't have to." Two or more in a circle, then on the count of one, two, three, shoot, you make your hand into the form of either a rock, paper, or scissors (see visual.) Rock smashes scissors, scissors cut paper, paper covers rock. Eenie meenie for the more mature.

SCRATCHING – I find scratching a lost art. Jessy has to do "scratchy" to my legs before I'll give her her paycheck. She does it good, but I still think Tom Grimley is the best. (dr)



THE SHOT – My favorite prank as a tyke: pinch the victim's skin and with your other hand make a fist with your index finger sticking out a little to make "the shot." Then, pow! "Shoot" 'em with all you got. This one can really hurt. Could this have been the beginnings of my pain with pleasure compulsions? (jj)

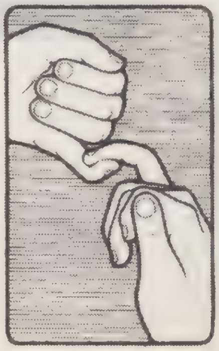
SIGN LANGUAGE – A good skill to have for communication between siblings when you didn't want mom and dad or the baby-sitter to know what you were plotting. Also helpful around the hearing impaired.

SIGNING DUHS – Slapping limp wrist hand against chest like a "retard." • Twist index finger into cheek. That's more "der" than "duh" or "doi."

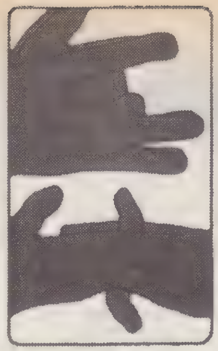
SMASH/HOT HANDS – Hold your hands out palms up and get your friend to lay their palms on top of yours. With a quick flip, you try to slap your friend's hands and as they try to pull away before you can hit them. My dad made up a rule where if you were on top and you moved your hands before he did, he could slap you. The sweet guy taught me a lot about trust. (jj)

SNAKE IN YOUR HAND – Pray, then cross your middle fingers, and pivot your hands around and wiggle your middle fingers so it looks like you have a snake slithering in there. Oooo.

SNAPPING – Snapping is a youthful action, but to do it while you're dancing is the ultimate retro hell. • The three stooges snap: snap and then hit side of fist into palm. • The annoyance factor snapping can create is mucho useful in the back seat of your parents' car on long road trips.



SOME GIRLS SIT LIKE THIS – Some girls sit like this (make two little legs crossed together with your middle and index fingers), and some girls sit like *that* (make two legs spread wide apart). The girls that sit like that (make the wide legs) get *that* (flip 'em the standard middle finger) like *that* (snap your finger).



SPIDER PUSH-UPS – Put your fingertips of both hands together with palms apart and put your palms together and repeat. Then ask somebody, "Do you know what this is?" It's a spider doing push-ups on a mirror. Hahahha!

SQUIRTING WATER – Cup hands in such a way so that you can squirt water with them in the pool.

STRING GAMES – Cat's cradle, kitty's whiskers, canoe, ladder, rabbit, glasses and/or butterfly, witch's broom. (Too hard to explain on paper – ask a girl.)

TALKING WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S HANDS – Hold your arms behind your back while a friend slips their arms through yours. They make your gestures and usually talk and say really stupid things that you lipsynch to.

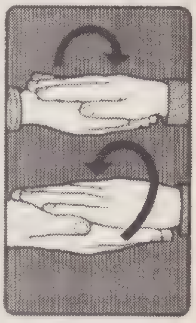
TELEPHONE – It's surprisingly easy to turn your hand into a telephone. Just make a fist and stick out your pinky as the mouth piece and your thumb as the ear piece. Voila.

TICKLING – What my dad sometimes did to punish me. As my friend pointed out, it's a pretty ingenious form of punishment: the child is tortured to the point of pain and certainly doesn't want to be "bad" and get punished again. And the parent doesn't have to hit to accomplish this. I can honestly tell you there were many times I would have preferred the belt. (dr)

THUMB WRESTLING – Shake your opponent's hand, then hook your fingers around theirs. At the count to three try to grab their thumb under yours (without pulling your hand out of the grip.) Your opponent will try to capture yours the same way.

TWIRLING ARMS – You twirl the arms around eachother in such a way to make it seem as if they're twirling through each other. (This is Darby's favorite. Since we couldn't get a visual together in time just ask her to demonstrate next time you see her.)

THE VAGINA HOLE – Make a vagina hole with your friend by each of you putting your hands together, fingers spread, and then inserting your hands into theirs between the ring and index finger. Then you take turns looking at the hole by lifting up the palms while they're still inserted. For some, this was their first X-rated experience.
One of the hand game books called the vagina hole "The Hideous Hole of Halicarnassus," and claimed the name was based on a story about a bored king who offered a thousand gold pieces to anyone who could show him something exciting. Of course it was a little girl who showed him this hideous hole… and she got rich for doing it.



THE VULCAN SIGN – Put hand out, palm away from you, with all fingers touching, then spread the middle and index finger apart to form a V. Imperative for Trekkies to master.

WALKING DOWN A HALL – You wave your hands on either side of your friend's face, making periphery wall action telling them, "You're walking down a hall." And after awhile they trip a bit and really feel as if they're walking down a hall. And then "WHAM!," you stick your hand in front of their face and exclaim, "You've come to a door!"

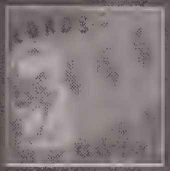
WHISTLING – Use your fingers in your mouth (usually blowing between both pinkies or the thumb and index fingers) to make really loud whistles. It's hard to write an adequate description – you kinda have to get someone to show you – but don't forget to curl your tongue and keep your fingers wet. • Put a piece of grass between your left and right thumb and forefingers and blow. Sounds like a fly singing.

WILLIES – Stick a moistened finger into some hapless persons' ear and swish it all around. Icky!

tHe end

get rocked !

CORDS
CATHERINE
SLEEPY
CATHERINE
40
NIGHT
OCTANE HIP-HOP FUEL WITH A METALLIC BITE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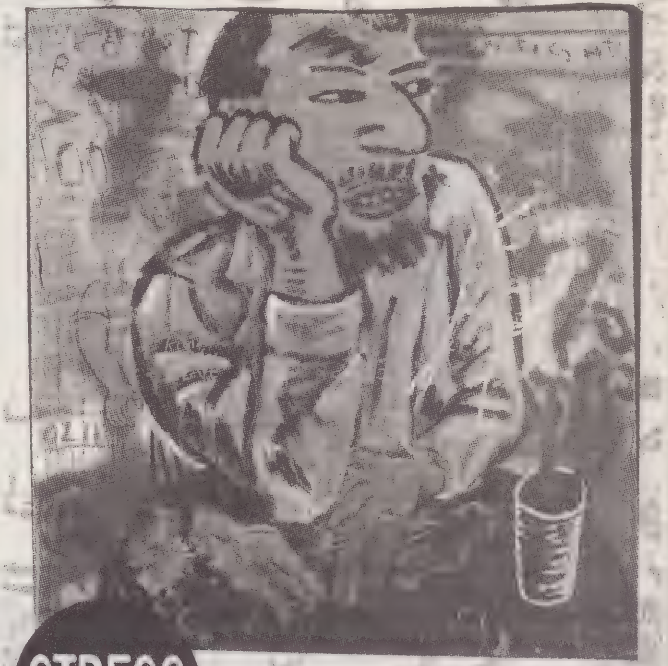

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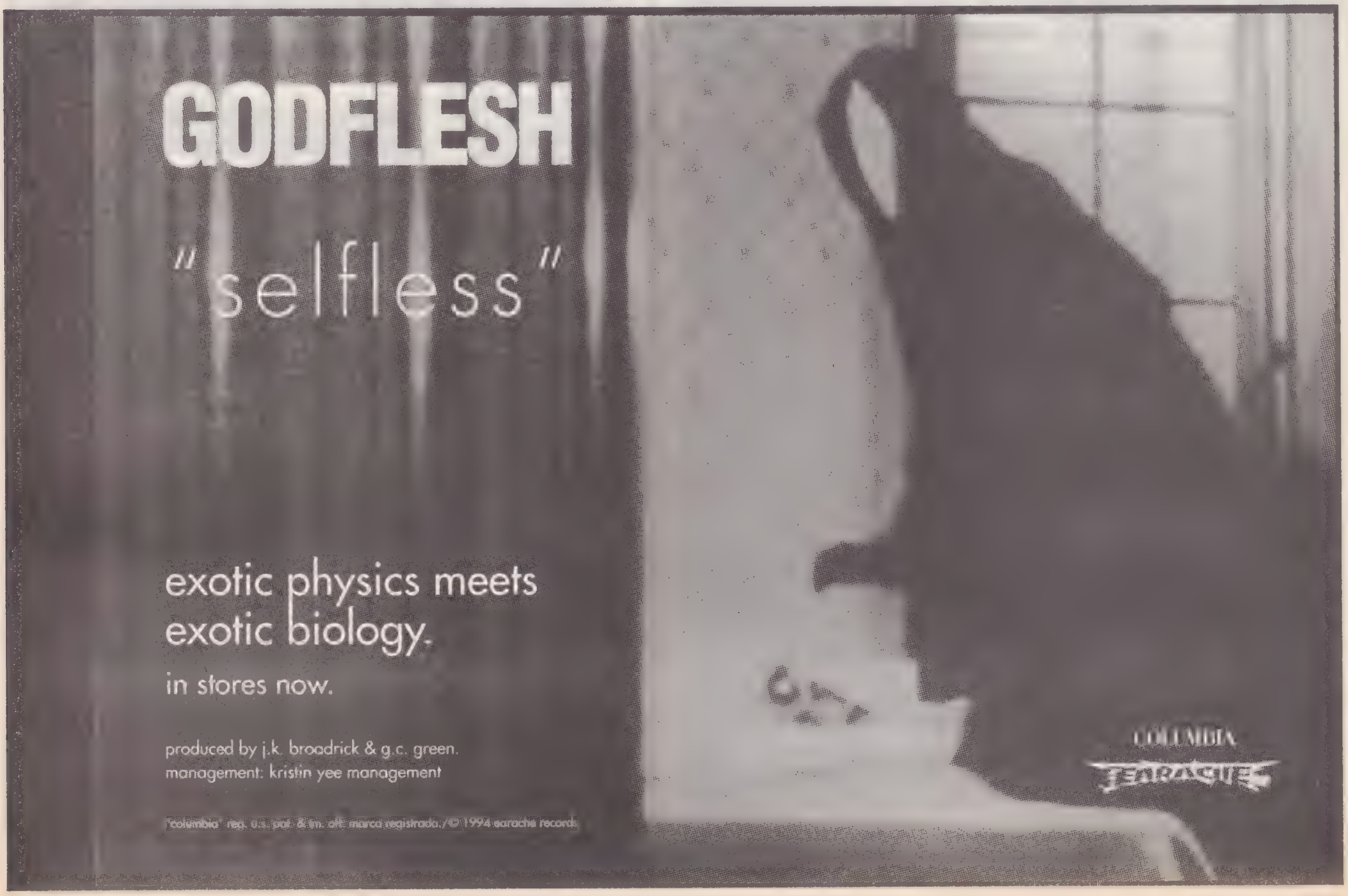

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The Dollhouse Story

⁜ by Pollyanne Hornbeck ⁜

When I was about five years old, I wanted a playhouse really bad. Every night I'd go wish on that magic "starlight, starbright, first star I see tonight" for a playhouse. Then one day my dad, who worked in a big "Plant" (it sounded like a philodendron to me), came home with one of the Plant's trucks. In it was a huge wooden packing crate. I asked him what it was and he said it was my playhouse. Well, that's not the way I had imagined my playhouse. *My* playhouse was yellow clapboard with a pointy wood fish scale shingle roof. He told me (in that perplexing universal phrase of all fathers) "to just keep my pants on." Which I always did whether told or not, unless of course I was wearing a dress.

Well lo and behold, in a few weeks I did begin to see something forming out of this cube of fire kindling. He built me two rooms. One room had built-in cupboards and shelves like a kitchen. The other was more of a front, or sitting room. He made me three windows with real glass panes that could be opened. The outside was just unpainted rough wood. It had a simple tar paper roof, but I began to like that better than my original plan. It made it less girlie and more versatile. He made me a darling Dutch front door, which could be locked from the inside or the outside – a good idea until my kindergarten "boyfriend" Rutherford locked me inside for hours one day. That little Kraut bastard (although I do sometimes wistfully wonder whatever happened to that rapscallion) once gave me a Cracker Jack "engagement ring." I snapped it in half one day when I was mad at him, but I did keep it and still have it taped in my Baby Book.

As they say: "All good things must come to an end." At the beginning of fourth grade I grew three full sizes. I still have stretch marks on my hips and knees. This caused a financial problem since I had outgrown all of my school clothes. I felt like a freak, sympathetic to the plight of the fifty foot woman. My bones hurt, I was gangly, and did not get more beautiful and powerful as I grew. I also was about to have the dubious honor of being the tallest kid in my entire school. My parents were constantly arguing about how they were "going to the poorhouse" just trying to keep clothes on my back. But the worst, the very worst thing was that I couldn't fit into my hideaway anymore. Over the years it had ran the gambit from Dolly Hospital, Secret Agent Spy Hangout, to Beatnik Speakeasy. Now I couldn't even fit into it unless I bent my neck, scraped my head, and got splinters in my hair. My playhouse days were over. Soon my beloved dreamhouse became a storage shed for junk. Eventually the tar paper roof began to sag in and leak and everything inside just turned into a moldy blob.

I was bummed. I felt stupid, giant and awkward. I talked too much in class. My height made me fodder for the bullies at school. I wasn't any good at sports and the mutants at school called me the Jolly Green Giant or Polly Wolly Doodle All the Day. I hated grade school. I missed my outgrown home away from home. As some sort of consolation prize, my parents got me a pressed metal, enamel painted dollhouse. From the front it was solid except for a door that opened and a couple of little cut out windows. It looked like the house in Robert Redford's movie *Ordinary People*, the kind of house that none of my "ordinary" friends had. Looking at this tin box just made me feel even bigger. It had all this shitty plastic furniture with chairs that could barely stand up by themselves. Their legs would get all bendy and buckle in. You couldn't even balance one of your Liddle Kiddles dolls on them. Dawn Dolls were out of the question. Their problem was the same as mine. Technically speaking, they were the wrong scale, too. They were too big and way too glamorous. I lost interest in this dollhouse quickly, and used it exclusively to hide stuff when Mom insisted that I clean up my "pigsty" of a room.

I had a little better luck later with a Barbie Penthouse. At least the chairs and sofas were grommetted down to thick plastic walls that smelled really great. I still have this thing for the smell of certain plastics and papers. So what, so I'm a sniffer. There's worse things to be. But I was over the Barbie thing pretty quick.

When I was 19 I had this boyfriend whose name was Raymond. He was 26 and really wanted to get married. I was 19, for goodness sake, and had no intentions of marrying anyone, not even Parker Stevenson. But he kept pestering and bribing me. He told me that if I married him he would buy me my dream car: A green 1969 British Racing E-Type Jag. At the time I was always complaining that I was fat and never doing anything about it. I wanted to lose ten pounds. He said that if I lost the weight he would buy me anything that I wanted as a reward. I didn't want to work at losing weight. I just wanted it to go away. So I thought that if I could think of something I really wanted maybe it would give me something to aim for. I was living in the God-awful South Bay at this time. Sometimes going down Torrance Blvd. on the way to the Del Amo Mall, I'd see this older man working in his garage. The door was always open and he was always making these great dollhouses. One day I stopped and talked to him. He said I could design my own or buy one off a pattern. He made the frame, the outside structure, walls, doorholes and window wherever you want them. You then decorate it as you want. I started thinking about this and about how much fun it would be to paint, shingle, lay bricks in the front yard, wallpaper and collect all these really cool tiny things for it and decorate it with really cool furniture that I

Mark Adley
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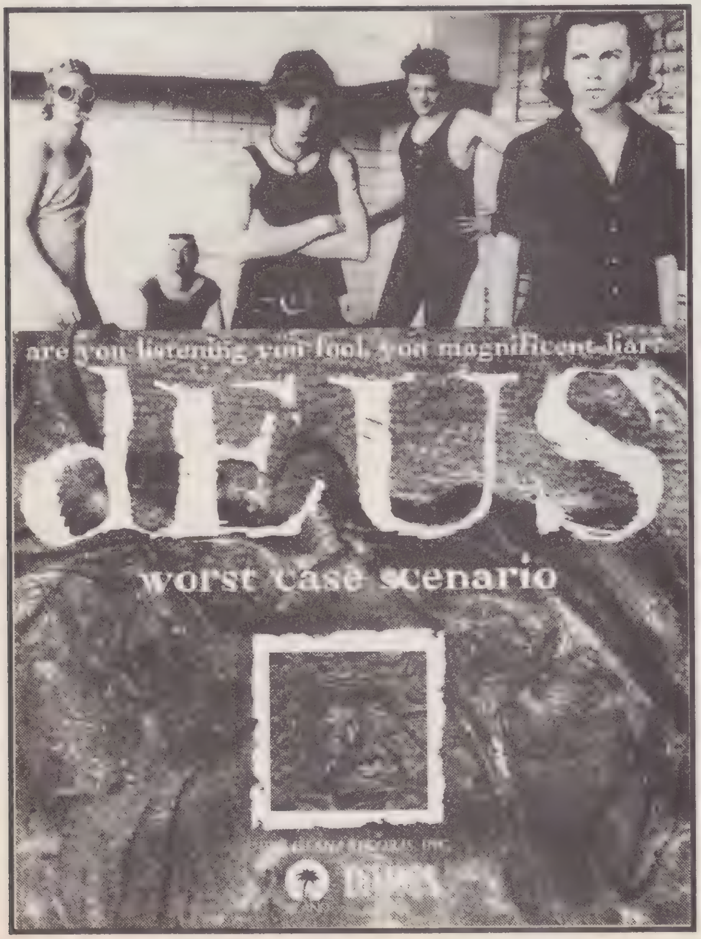

are you listening you fool, you magnificent liar?
dEUS
worst case scenario

couldn't afford for my own house. I started fixating on this symbolic dollhouse. It started working as a motivation for me to lose my teenage freakout ten stinking pounds.

The day I lost the ten pounds I handed over my blueprint for my one inch to one foot scale Victorian house on a platform (with a little room for shrubbery, a walkway and the like.) I also wanted a turret. I wanted the front and side of the house to be able to open up. I wanted the turret to lift off. And the back of the house was to be just plain open. In a few weeks the old guy had everything completed. Windows and doorways were cut out. Walls were built in with little baseboards, and everything was in plain ol' unpainted and unfinished plywood.

I started shingling the roof and painting the exterior. I wallpapered a couple of the rooms. I started buying furniture and knickknacks. I bought little windows that could be opened, and a cute little door with a tiny brass doorknob. I painted it green with white and grey detailing. I built a tiny brick walkway. My mom and all her friends adored it. At Christmas, I'd decorate it with a big tree and tinsel and ornaments and snow on the roof with Santa and his reindeers just about to land. What a sap I had become.

About this time I had finished college and was commuting from Gardena to my job at *The LA Weekly* in Silverlake. Stuff happened. I moved out of The Hornbeck Ancestral Home, which promptly got mowed down and remodeled into a cinder block machine shop. I moved into a glamorous Hollywoodland house and rented a room. I lived there with a hot plate for the next seven years. There wasn't enough room for all my books, toys, skulls and preserved animal collections, much less for my beloved dollhouse.

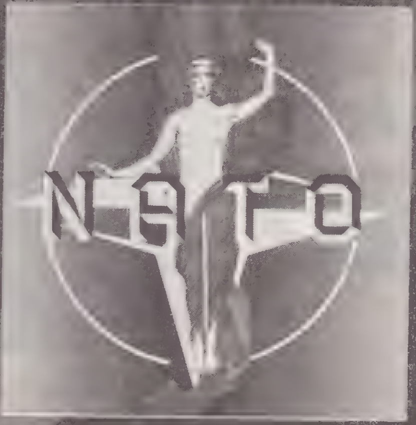
A couple of years before I moved into the fabulous NoHo condo in which I now reside, I had moved to the downstairs room of the same house at which I was living. This room is probably now a California historical monument as it is the room where Courtney Love lived before her rise to fame and possibly the very same room in which she and Mr. Cobain joined their wet nasty parts to conceive Little Miss Frances Bean. But enough of anything interesting. There was more room in this space, so I bribed a couple of my pals to haul this huge miniature monstrosity down two levels of uneven stone steps into my new room. This dollhouse was nice to look at again and it was fun to unpack all my little dishes and candlesticks and porcelain dolls, but it did overwhelm the room. It started growing on me in an unfavorable way. I started to resent it. I'm clumsy. I would knock into it and topple everything over and get a big hip bruise from the pointy corner of the base the house was built on.

This dollhouse didn't really fit. I didn't collect Madame Alexander dolls anymore; now I collected slime monsters and Universal glow-in-the-dark figures. I started noticing dollhouse magazines on the newsstands. I got catalogs in the mail showing little old ladies delicately displaying their precious country stores. A lot of the miniature stuff they were selling was pure shit and only some half-blind lady would find it even remotely charming. So I had felt pretty lucky that my friend Chuck had lent me some space in his treasure-filled garage in which to dump my custom designed mini money pit. Then, when I moved to NoHo, it hit me like a giant cottonball of chloroform forcefully shoved against my mouth and nose: I could fix this trendy corporate commodity and turn it into something I liked. So I rolled out my tube of grid paper and started on my new creation.

I talked to a couple of real model heads (all that glue does do something to make you extra creative). I chatted up a few "industry" special-effects people I happened to drunkenly bump into at parties about ideas. I learned how to age paint, break windows, work with this German bakeable clay called Fimo to make tombstones, and fixed my Victorian borehouse into a frightfully right suitable haunted house. I took out the mattress in my beautiful hand-carved bed and redid it with big black metal spikes. I glued a mini meat cleaver in mommy doll's hands. I rusted all the pipes and bent up and corroded the weathervane. I found Halloween masks. I bought H 0 train scale cast lead tombstones to make a pet cemetery for the kids. I started going to town – or at least from room to room. I had a new lease on life. I had an interest; a reason to get out of bed besides just some stupid demeaning job to pay the rent.

I feel like I am in control again. I am the mistress of my self-devised dark mansion. My playhouse demon dilemma has been exorcised and raised from the dead. But this time it's on my terms.

LAIBACH



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JOHN HUGHES

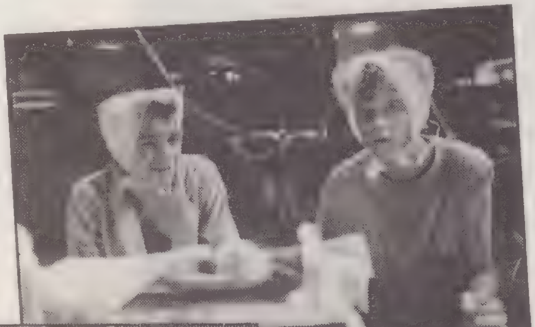
MENACE TO SOCIETY

by Gwynne Kahn

John Hughes was once one of the most creative contributors to *National Lampoon*, which, believe it or not, was once one of the funniest, most subversive and perverse periodicals around. But somewhere in the Reagan '80s, something happened. He was, I think, captured by guerrilla conservative forces, killed, and replaced by an *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*-type "pod" whose primary purpose was to extol, via his films, the virtues of Midwestern conformity and Reagan-Bushesque "family values."

Sixteen Candles

His first hit film, ***Sixteen Candles***, was the exact opposite of nearly everything he did afterwards. Rules were broken: the nerd-girl gets the suave guy, more significantly the nerd-guy gets the prom queen, the foreign exchange student is paired off with the homely jock-girl. Marriage is mocked, grandparents are perverts. Hughes even faced protest from the physically challenged for having a running joke about a student with a back brace and the school water fountain.



Weird Science, his immediate follow-up, started on the same promising track with the nerd-boys getting their fantasy twenty-three-year-old woman (they created her via their computers and an electrical storm – a foresight towards virtual reality/fantasy). This was, as you can well imagine, a particularly gratifying image to me, then twenty-three (and a hell of a lot younger looking than the who-is-she-kidding-thirty-if-she's-a-day Kelly LeBrock) and recently dumped by but in search of a new seventeen-year-old boyfriend. The movie's ending, though, was a letdown and a foreshadowing of things to come from Hughes: the boys, now that they've been given confidence and fashion consultation from LeBrock, are able to date girls their own age. And so LeBrock, whom they never did get around to boinking, kisses them good-bye, motherfigure-like, and tearfully but proudly rides off into the blue-lightning special-effects sunset. Her job is complete: they are now set "straight," no longer misfits and outcasts, suitable for proper coupling and breeding. I mean, she could have at least boinked them.

The Breakfast Club was, at the time, the most offensive film I'd ever seen. (Since replaced by Paul Bartel's *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* and Blake Edwards's *Switch*, but that's another essay.) For starters, it was pro-potsmoking. Now, I'm as aware as the next Earth First activist of the vitality of hemp as a resource. And I believe in the legalization of all drugs just because a) I believe it's everybody's individual right to decimate their own body and mind however they want to, and b) because I'm sick of worrying about getting gunned down in the street because of some stupid rival drug-dealers. But I have a problem with a movie that shows kids smoking pot and suddenly becoming *smarter* and *nicer*, because that is simply misleading, if not all-out irresponsible. In fact, it's a rather dangerous notion to spread, not only because widespread marijuana abuse will make teenagers (even) stupider, but because pot is one of the main reasons left-wingers can't get their shit together politically: because the only thing pot definitely does do is make people complacent and apathetic. I don't know what the hell Hughes was thinking, but I personally don't believe this country would benefit from more teenage potsmoking (unless it was in place of cracksmoking or something.)

More offensive yet is the fact that *The Breakfast Club* is a "wolf in sheep's clothing." Hailed as an in-depth examination of high-school cliquishness and conformity, *The Breakfast Club* appeared to be an attempt to eradicate stereotypes, to promote tolerance and show that we're more alike than different. And for a good part of the film, things seem to be going in that direction: five kids from different cliques are forced to get to know one another via an eight-hour detention. Naturally, once they get to talking, they learn that they *can* like one another. This could have been a great idea to promote (considering that the film was so massively distributed it was probably the only teen film screening for weeks at a time in many smaller towns across the U.S., which meant practically every filmgoing teen in the country would see it.) What an improved world this would be if high-school wasn't such a high-pressure social battle ground! If individuality were tolerated, even respected! Maybe the damn brats would stop worrying about how their *jeans fit* and get a frigging education! (The rhetoric of an alum from an institution with a uniform code.)

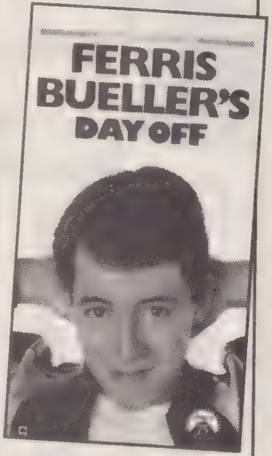
But it was not to be. Hughes didn't follow through with his idea. In fact, his ending seemed to be more pro-conformity than ever. Misfit-girl (Ally Sheedy), for example, spends much of her detention bonding with jock-boy (Emilio Estevez). He really begins to like her. The acting is good, and there's even a genuine chemistry between the two. But it isn't until the very end, after princess-girl (Molly Ringwald) gives misfit-girl a cosmetic makeover behind the stacks, i.e., making her look *exactly the same* as princess-girl, that jock-boy *suddenly* thinks she's good-looking. By the same token, jock-boy and greaser-boy (Judd Nelson, featuring his nostrils) wind up with the two chicks. But the scrawny nerd-boy (pre-steroids Anthony Michael Hall) *stays home and writes the paper for all of them*. The message is clear: Boys, you'd better buff up if you want chicks, because the nerd will always *stay home (alone) and write the paper*. And girls: no matter how swell your personality, you'd better not *dress weird*. Conform, conform, conform!

I walked out of ***Pretty In Pink*** when I saw it in the theater, because it was boring. But I watched the rest on cable, partly out of morbid curiosity, because I wanted to see just how bad it got. And it surpassed my wildest expectations.

In the film's subplot, Annie Potts plays Molly Ringwald's best girlfriend/surrogate big sister, a wacky, Cyndi Lauper/early Bernadette Peters-type (same thing) record store employee in her late twenties. Throughout the movie, she looks for love in all the wrong men. But in the end, she finds The Man Of Her Dreams: a yuppie. Molly and you, the viewer, are alerted to just how real this love is when Annie answers the door in full yuppie regalia. Hurray, she's so happy now she doesn't have to dress *weird* anymore! Because, as Hughes would like us to believe, people only dress *weird* to compensate for some other lack. Of course.

The Pick-Up Artist turned out to be another "wolf-in-sheep's-clothing." The plot: Robert Downey Jr. is a slick, freewheeling ladies' cad, until he meets his match in smart-mouthed, savvy Molly Ringwald. Well, god forbid a woman should have the last word, even in an allegedly pro-female film. *The Pick-Up Artist* rapidly deteriorates into a damsel-in-distress story of the most cliched *Dudley Do-Right* kind, wherein Downey must rescue rendered-helpless Ringwald from the evil gangsters who are after her compulsive-gambler father.

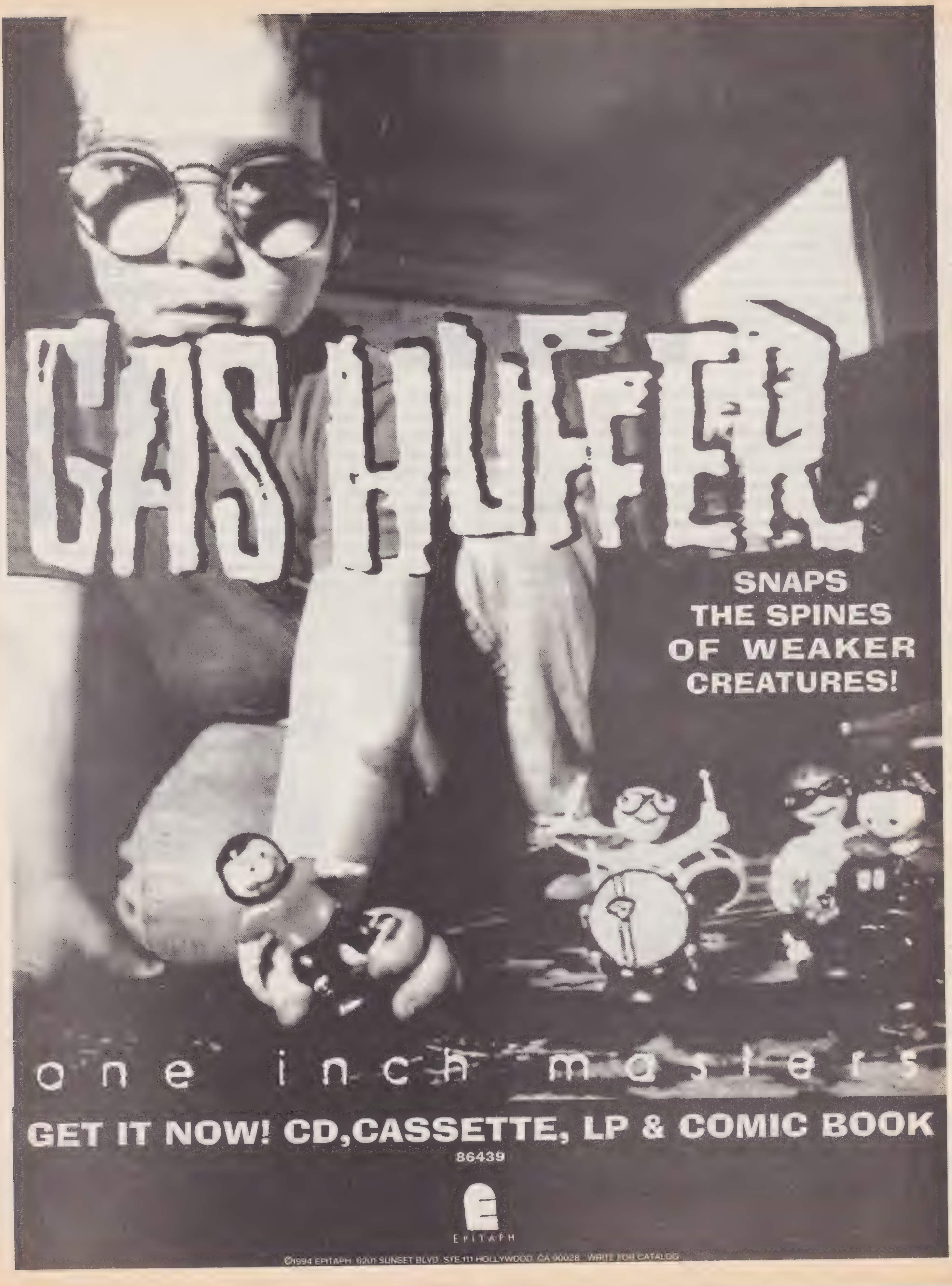
Ferris Bueller's Day Off – contuing the with the W.I.S.C. trend – is about Ferris, the supposed heroic school rebel, who is so wily he *gets away with cutting school!* So what does this daredevil do on his "day off?" He takes his girlfriend and his nerdy buddy to an expensive restaurant, a ball game, a museum, and a parade. Do you get the feeling that, despite his flair for appropriating jargon, Hughes has gotten a little out-of-touch with the teen mindset? Expensive restaurants and museums are the sort of deadly bores teens tolerate with their parents but are avoided-at-all-costs otherwise. And the only reason a rebel-spirited teen might want to go anywhere near a parade would be to throw firecrackers at the majorettes. A ballgame – well, maybe if you're some kind of *sports fan*, but that's pretty conservative, too. Ferris and his buddies showed teen America that true rebellion was to act like little polite grown-ups. Hughes was a lot closer to reality in ***European Vacation*** (one of his few films to which I have no objections) when he showed Rusty Griswald sulking through overseas taxi rides, meals, hotels, and historic landmarks with his Ozzy-blasting Walkman headphones glued to his ears.



Curly Sue was the last John Hughes movie to which, via cable TV of course, I subjected myself. I was a little curious to see just how much of a *Paper Moon* ripoff it was – though it actually wasn't like *Paper Moon* at all. It appealed to the audience in a much more basic level. Like the appeal of the Tarnex commercial where you see the tarnished spoon dipped into the solution and come out shiny and silver, or walking down the windowed corridor of a carwash, *Curly Sue* threw dirt all over two attractive actors and let us have the satisfaction of seeing them hosed down and dressed for dinner. That's all. The script could've been in Norwegian with no subtitles, and it wouldn't have diminished the storyline one sud. And so sums up everything Hughes is about: cleanliness and order. Getting the trains running on time. Sounds a little *Germanic*, n'est pas?

*

When *The Breakfast Club* came out, one of the last funny issues of *National Lampoon* ran a story razzing their former writer called *The Diaper Club*. It was a futuristic tale about how John Hughes had been so successful being the patron saint of teens that he decided to create a *real* "brat pack," first with children and finally with babies. There were a lot of crass, infantilism jokes, of course, with Hughes learning baby jargon and directing from a high-chair. There was a pedophilic overtone to the piece. It was a good gag. Hughes obviously took it seriously. From *Curly Sue* and *Home Alone* and finally to *Baby's Day Out*, he actually *is* doing *The Diaper Club*. I guess it's only a matter of time before the inception of the screwball foetus comedy.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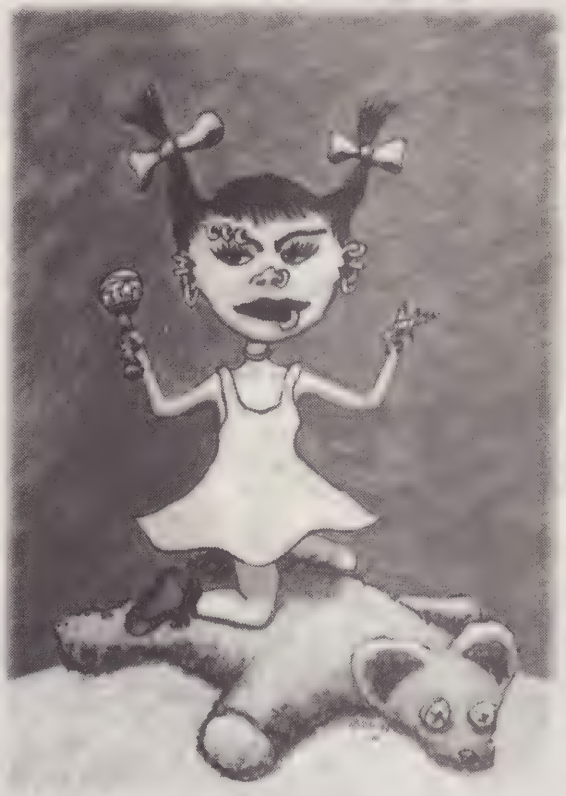
ON PEDOPHILIA, IRONY AND NOSTALGIA

by Jen Dalton

"Look at the girl
Look at the kitten
The kitten is soft
The kitten is warm"
–From an antique photo-card under the glass top of the bar at Babyland, NYC.



artwork by Robert O'Connor

First and foremost a chaotic, anti-conceptual combination of several different time periods, Babyland is also a bar and a "malt shop" located in the East Village of New York City. At the time I began this article, I had just moved from Los Angeles to New York. While it is possible to live in L.A. for eight years and manage to avoid places like the Lava Lounge the entire time, it is difficult to avoid its cultural equivalent if one has only been in N.Y.C. a week and one's social life is in, pardon the expression, the infant stage. My brief and uncomfortable visit to Babyland opened a can of worms in my brain which has taken me a month to exterminate. During this cleaning, I realized that Babyland makes several awkward and revealing time requests of its customers.

Remember when there were malt shops? (No? Don't worry, you're not alone.) A '50s-style malt shop is all that's visible through the windows of a storefront facade left over from the space's former life as a baby furniture store. Customers must walk through the malt shop to the dark recesses of the lost *Twilight Zone* episode that is the bar itself. Maniacally decorated with backlighting neon, toys, baby furniture, rocking horses, blackboards, hanging baby clothes and stuffed animals, the bar is home to the trendy, the beautiful and the Barely Legal™.

Remember when you were young and life was easy? The bar itself is covered with baby photos (many of them are of the staff), and proffers the use of baby rattles and other small toys while drinking. It is uncomfortable enough to watch beautiful pierced people work their employment/drug connections while sitting in cribs, surrounded by hanging plastic mobiles, but while I was sitting at the bar I watched a grizzly, burly, tattooed and heavily pierced man in a leather vest literally make out with his dog. Tongues were touching. I am not making this up.

Remember last year when the waif look was in? Yeah? And remember July, when you washed your hair? Even the garbage scented summer heat takes second place in nausea-inducement to the sight of dirty twenty-something doll-girls with pencil-only eyebrows, g-triple-r-l barrettes and see-through tops sitting in cribs hugging big dirty cigarette-burned teddy bears while slightly older and a little bit less offensively dressed males bring them drinks from the bar. (Are you turned on? Would you like to meet a nice therapist?)

Let the record state I have nothing against other-than-ear piercing and in fact have a soft spot, so to speak, for ornamentation. However, the vision of a twenty-going-on-six year-old weighing in at 97 pounds trying to look at ease in a kindergarten desk as she smokes and sips drinks while absentmindedly shaking a rattle, slitting her glossy eyes at the less beautiful around her is about the most disgusting thing I can imagine (right after the half-dead, stiffly twitching mouse-corpse my cat was munching on in the apartment earlier this evening). Don't even tell me if you're still turned on.

Babyland, like all other bars, turns its customers' ambiguous anxiety and mild discomfort into cold hard cash. However, it takes some serious bad faith to create this anxiety on-site. It reminds me of my adult experiences at Disneyland. Imagine if the cast of "It's a Small World" were combined with the terrifying plots of "Pirates of the Caribbean," or if "Talking Tina" had a place in the "Haunted Mansion," and Disney, at its logical extension, selling drinks and drugs to the beautiful and the alienated.

Nostalgia has been somewhat of a theme for me since I arrived in New York. The first art show I saw here was "Crash" at the Thread Waxing Space. It was titled after the J.G. Ballard novel and the exhibition catalogue was subtitled "Nostalgia for the Absence of Cyberspace." The show of at least 30 different artists was a big conceptual and physical mess; in this respect it had much in common with Babyland. But "Crash" could get away with near chaos because it addressed technology and systems breakdown and was supposed to be a big mess. The artists, as opposed to the bar owners, were engaged in distilling any remaining sense from the nostalgia confusion, not making us feel ambiguously yucky about "the past" (a phrase which has never failed to make me feel ambiguously yucky) so we'll buy more drinks.

Coincidentally, nostalgia has also been a theme of many New York conversations (arguments) in which I have engaged during the past weeks. Unlike some of my more social theory-minded friends (you know who you are), I believe that nostalgia itself is not an offensive concept and that it is not inextricably wedded to commodity and consumption. I understand that nostalgia has been used as a tool to sell products, but so has love, so has loyalty, so has beauty. I find the regular old dictionary definition of nostalgia to be the most useful and commonsensical, to paraphrase: a feeling of longing for home or a past time. I feel nostalgic for conversations with my grandmother, who died a year and a half ago. I can't think of a way this illustrates my acquiescence to consumer culture.

Intrinsic to the cynical use to which nostalgia has been put by Babyland and commercial-land in general, and the aspect of the retro phenomenon I find most insidious, is a universal disrespect toward the original participants, victims, and referents which made all this looking-back possible. There is nothing like invoking an ironic detachment to protect one from honesty or emotion and help one feel safe and superior. We gain a sort of cultural (as opposed to physical) safety by reducing the Manson Family and other serial killers to paraphernalia; what was formerly threatening and scary is now clothing and home decoration. (Oliver Stone & Co. showed an amazing understanding of this in *Natural Born Killers.*) Before the vogue of serial murderer fascination, our culture used its reduction facility to pulverize the

Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired. –Plautus

'50s, a complicated decade which one would know was far from idyllic – if one paid any attention to people old enough to explain – into absolute kitsch and insubstantiality. And we all know what happened to the hippie/peace movement of the '60s. The people who make and sell meatloaf will continue as long as there is any steak left to grind.

Case in point is the new Carpenters "tribute" album, *If I Were a Carpenter*. In the spirit of allowing oneself to be involved and vulnerable and foregoing safe detachment, I am going to mention my deep love and admiration for the Carpenters. They, more than any "pop" group I've ever heard, profoundly understood, confronted and communicated pain and longing; their music screams without screaming. So I was thrilled to hear about the compilation with some of my favorite contemporary bands, such as American Music Club and Sonic Youth, and I planned to be among the first in line to buy it.

Some of the bands, to their great credit, approach the beauty of the Carpenters' recordings and seem to "get" what the Carpenters meant. (A friend of mine won't even listen to the American Music Club's version of "Good-bye To Love," because listening to either anything by A.M.C. *or* that particular song can make her suicidal, and *that's* what I think the Carpenters meant.) Some of the bands, however, refuse to get involved with the meaning at all. They place the Carpenters and their music between giant ironic quotation marks: implicit in the cover versions by Cracker, 4 Non Blondes, and Babes In Toyland is a colossal "[sic]". Ironic detachment allows them to not get their hands wet, to not be *involved*. Safety, critical distance, and insincerity are huge obstacles in art making. Redd Kross, on their almost satisfying version of "Yesterday Once More" ultimately holds the original song up at arms' length by two fingers, like a vomit-stained shirt which reminds them unpleasantly of the night before. Their insincerity and unwillingness to be involved is betrayed in their conspicuous refusal to sing the just-too-embarrassing line "Only oldies but goodies." They probably also refused to kiss their moms good-bye when they got dropped off at junior high school, but at some point you just have to *grow up*. Redd Kross, hug your mom and give in to "oldies but goodies" – you know you want to.

It strikes me that irony and its often-attendant cynical, superior attitude just might be "the enemy," the original dangerous force behind kitsch and retro and all that's bad in art and life. If I sound like Clement Greenberg or any other old, hated, conservative or "fuddy-duddy" art critic, that's because I see something very compelling in their search for truth and beauty. However, I do think there is a place for irony in art, but it's a line few seem to be able to negotiate. The horrific and insulting cover art for the *If I Were a Carpenter* CD features a faux "big-eye Keen kids" painting of Richard and Karen on the front and a close-up photo of shag carpet on the back. (Whatever you do, don't ever get me started on how much I hate the hypocrisy and classicism of "white trash" bashing. My hate has gotten old, even to me.) But beyond that, nearly everyone knows the basics of the tragic story of Karen and Richard Carpenter. I find the fact that smirking people everywhere were able to reduce their pain and music to cutesy kitsch very personally disturbing.

Though the retro/nostalgia craze, encompassing everything from bar decoration to dresses in Charles Manson fabric to a near-obsession in current rock music with so-called "tribute" albums, is as annoying as all fuck in its presumptuousness and critical distance, it has at least one redeeming feature. Not to excuse its rampant bad faith, current "retro" culture's demand that "the past" meet it halfway actually makes some sense, seen from the perspective of the idea of perspective. I'm not addressing "cultural relativism" in this particular can of worms, but in the same way that costumes and style of a film made in the 1970s but set in the 1780s look about equal parts each decade, no person or culture can reach out of its own skin, poke around in the static ash-can of history and retrieve and examine an indisputable piece of truth. If retro hell illustrates blatantly, yet aesthetically painfully, that history is – as they say – constantly being rewritten, well, that's something.

All the same, it really bums me out when I hear a beautiful Abba or Barbara Mandrell song and someone in the room says, "It would be so cool if some ["alternative" rock] band covered this song." Why such an urge to translate rather than create, anyway? A song needs to be processed into the language of the last three months in order for us to appreciate it fully? Despite possible redeeming features, I don't yet (and might not ever) understand our culture's obsession with recycling as anything other than creative laziness and collective fear of intimacy.

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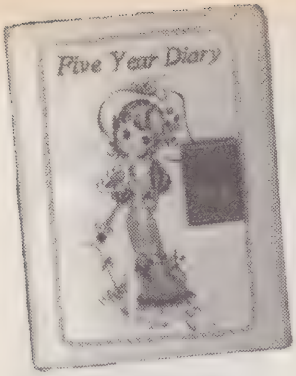
VR

I'm just a cute wimpette. –Kristy McNichol



Dear Diary...

by Jessy Jones

When I was growing up, my parents never talked to me. They were always busy with something and I honestly don't remember the exchange of conversation between any of the family members. Talking was unnecessary. Except for my mom and dad yelling at each other. So I locked myself in my room and read a lot and listened to music and smoked and hung out with my cat who understood me. But when I needed to talk about something that pissed me off or was bothering me and my friends weren't around, I turned to my diary.

It all began when I was little and I read Judy Blume's *Are You There God? It's Me Margaret.* I think every girl began a diary after she read that book. We gave them names and shared every detail of our tormented prepubescent lives. But I never outgrew the habit. As I grew older, my parents' disinterest grew into anger for me and we all started hating each other. And I would write volume upon volume in my diary about why I hated my family and how I plotted to kill them, etc. And since nobody ever talked to anybody, my mom decided that instead of a simple conversation regarding my well-being, it would save time and trouble to skip the middleman and just read my diary. That would be a good way to keep tabs on me. When I found out that she was snooping, I wrote more and more hateful things. My mom suggested that I see her therapist because I was such a hateful little bitch. When I refused, that's when I started noticing pages missing from my journals. I guess she was taking them to show her shrink how fucked up her kid was (this was, of course, no fault of my parents). When I searched her room I found a folder hidden in the way back of her bedside table with the ripped out pages of my diaries and I would steal them back and she would again steal them from me. I would purposely write really evil things in hopes that she'd read them. Through all of this fucked up shit, she still never mentioned it to me. We had this war going on but still not one word, plenty of icy stares and comments under the breath, but not one confrontation.

I hoped to include some of these fucked up entries so I recently phoned mom and asked her to send all of the stuff of mine she still had, but the box arrived and no diaries. Surprise, surprise.

MSG Kills

Recolections of a Funny-Looking Yellow Girl 1977-1979

by Jemiah Jefferson

It's Chicken lickin' good
COLONEL CHICKEN'S RECIPE
Kentucky Fried Fingers
BETTER THAN BITING YOUR NAILS

If you don't remember the premiere of *Star Wars*, you just ain't shit. Sorry, *Close Encounters* or *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* won't cut it. I was shy of five years old and I remember. I remember the popcorn and sliding under the theatre seat to play with gum globs on the floor – ruining my ten-year-old brother's viewing experience.

There's a picture of me then that no longer exists: I had four ponytails of auburn, lint-textured hair, each one tipped with its individual yellow plastic barette. I was wearing a yellow romper. I was near the red JC Penny swingset in our summer-crisp backyard . I looked like I needed to pee.

When I'm stoned, things come back that've been gone for fifteen years. I move through this oratory memory palace. There was a red-leatherette bound copy of *Black Beauty*, a laquered, terrifying rocking horse with a stiff spring umbilicus, lots of awful crochet that my cousin Brenda knit in high school. Brenda got pregnant and ruined her life, but she had the best collection of bad carney stuffed animals I'd ever seen.

My mom and dad had parties all the time after they got divorced. My dad favored druggy jazz-funk be-ins with the Bar-Kays, early Herbie Hancock, and Maze, featuring Frankie Beverly, and those stretched-out Coke bottles and net hammocks. My dad dressed like Shaft. He had gold corduroy bell-bottoms. Mom's parties were held in the basement of our house and featured Chablis and Chex-mix. Her music of choice was the Commodores – "Brick House" again and again. Hoisting me up to the bar in my pink footie zip-up pajamas and handing me a shot glass of hot buttered rum, they'd tell me that I'd grow up to be just like that, a brick house, built like an Amazon. I was supposed to be five foot seven.

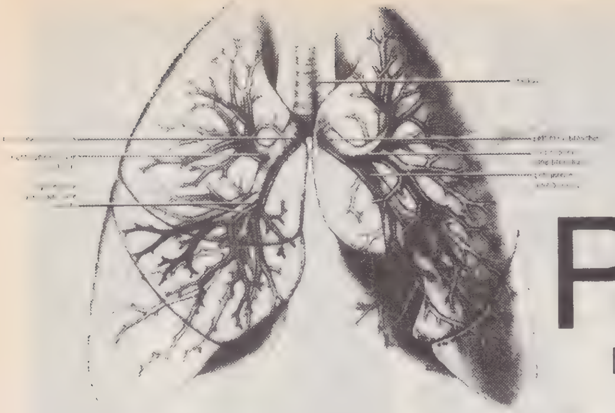
Church's Chicken runs with Aunt Connie and Cousin Dedrice: My aunt and grandmother'd smoke toothpick thin doobies, then we'd go to a Cheech and Chong film, or maybe *The Wiz*, or *Sparkle*. The Pinto Connie drove swiftly hot-boxed, dizzying the pajama-wearing girls in the back seat, me and Dedrice. I'd announce cotton-mouthed that I was really high. My grandmother – we had to call her by name, she never allowed us to call her "grandmother," – shushed me, warning that my grandfather might hear.

My aunt Connie was a constant source of inspiration. At her swiftly-changing cadre of apartments, I'd paint my nails frosted burgundy, eat Pringles and Sizzlelean and Fruity Pebbles, watch Richard Pryor films, and stay up real, real late. I saw my first Talking Heads video there. On special occasions, like birthdays, we'd all go to Red Lobster.

I had a purple satin cowboy shirt which I loved, unwilling to throw it away long after I'd outgrown it. I wore it to my first concert – the Isley Brothers. War opened for them. I was really impressed with War's harmonica player, who was continuously either sawing his hips backward and forward, or stomping his feet in time to the bass player. I fell asleep during the Isley Brothers, despite their amazing sequined outfits.

Of course there was TV. *The Electric Company, Dukes of Hazzard, Quincy, Fantasy Island, Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, Wonder Woman, Sonny and Cher*, and *What's Happening!* I feel that I cared a lot less about TV than most people my age, but I'm quite sure that's bullshit.

I denied this all for many years. With Reaganomics and puberty, my life changed so much for the worse that I couldn't remember having ever been flat-chested and precocious and happy, zipping around in the Pinto in the dead of night, unable to stop laughing because I'd just realized what "poontang" meant. My parents look at me funny when I tell them I listen to Issac Hayes and watch *Dolemite* now. They don't seem to grasp what Donna Summer and cheesy Egyptology have done to bring back that ballsy kid I still am.



Retro PAIN

by Krista Krol

YOUNG LOVE

The first person I remember loving was Kelly Newbolt. He was tall, blonde, blue-eyed and he had the coolest bike. We were five and devoted to one another. My family moved to London for a couple of years but I remained faithful. A local boy tried to win my love but I rejected him. I didn't care that he planned to grow up a cavalry officer and dual to the death for my hand. I was going to marry Kelly and nobody and nothing, not our age, not the ocean, not another suitor could detour me. Nothing that is but Dallas, Texas. His family moved there and never came back. So much for devotion.

RETRO PAIN

The cool thing about childhood is you can keep reliving it. I remember when I was 8 years old and we were living in Sand Springs, OK. I met an amourous 13 year old who said he loved me. Do you remember reading *To Kill a Mockingbird?* We read it in 9th grade. I vividly remember watching the rabid dog moving slowly, methodically towards me. He said I was beautiful. He wanted me to be his girlfriend. He wanted me to sit on his lap while I read his *Mad* magazines. He would tickle me down there and I would laugh. It was very funny. The only thing funnier was when he dragged me out to a dark and desolute part of the apartment complex to show me off to his friends. One of the little boys from the neighborhood got to try. Everybody laughed when he did it wrong. I waited for Atticus Finch to level his shot gun.

SHARK ATTACK

Throughout my life I've been afraid of sharks. Unreasonable predators unstoppable and remorseless.

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

I didn't *really* love again until I was 16. Steve Milstead, Camp Skipper. I was his first mate. He was my first alcoholic. He wrote me long intellectual letters and I loved him so much I wrote him back. I went to stay with him one weekend when there was a SAT prepatory lecture at OU. My dad was concerned I was planning to stay with an adult male friend. I reassured dad that Steve was not interested. He was engaged to be married, studying to become a minister, and besides, he thought of me as a little sister. When I got to Norman, where he lived, there was no food in the house – just a bowl of weed, limes and tequila. We had a long discussion about sexual intimacy and friendship. Early the next moring I discovered father knows best. Later that day, after I had gotten back from the lecture, he threw me out.

THE CLOSET

I dreamed of a closet where I could go and yell and scream at the top of my lungs and break things where no one could hear me, where no one could see me. There was no place, so I went into my bathroom, locked the doors, turned out the lights, laid on the floor with my teddybear and cried as quietly as I could into my pillow.

MY BEST FRIEND

If you asked him a question in the morning then clocked the time it took for a reply you'd be sitting in the dark. I was in the dark a lot. People were identified by preposition only. Once he took me out with another friend of his. When the police stopped him for alleged drinking and driving his female friend and I got our only chance to talk. We talked about his drinking. She talked about his gambling; the desparate junkie luck in his eye when he asked for more money. On the way home my mouth opened up and spoke of my concern for his drinking. "I love you," I said as he dropped me off. He moved to Reno without a goodbye.

RETRO PAIN II

I've been trying to contain my thoughts but they have drooled out all over me. FOREVER! DEAD! NO LONGER EXISTENT! Slimed by notions inconsistant with reality but reminisent of the past. The emptiness however is very real.

SPACE FOR RENT

Replacing body parts can get so tiring. This is the third time I've had to regrow a vital organ. It can severly slow you down waiting for "time" to fill in the vacancy. This round it's my lungs. They burst out of my chest cavity to start a new life with someone else. Needless to say I've had trouble breathing. I can feel the loose flesh cave in on the emptiness. I guess I should stop renting out my organs; the renters always take them when they leave.

The Way We Were

By Natalie Hays

Looking back on my wonder years, one thing that I can never forget about my induction into socialization is the special relationships I had with my girlfriends... Kathy would say, "Hey, let's get into a fight with Jenny today." "Okay," would be my reply. And so it was.

Fights. I'm not talking about physical fights (although it sometimes resorted to that. Pulling hair, etc.). I'm talking about the horrible mental anguish we blatantly caused each other. We were not the bullies of the school, per se, we just knew how to alienate someone (one of our best friends) in a snap.

What did we fight about? No idea. It was just something to do. It would encompass our every thought. Always planning, scheming a way to make the unfortunate soul miserable.

I remember the most humiliating was to be ganged up on in four square. (Remember the game with A, B, C, D and a big red rubber ball?) The whole playground had these big matches during the entire recess. If more than one of your enemies *du jour* occupied a square, you were dead. "Get Jenny out! She can't get to A!" However, if you had these people after you and you somehow managed to make it to A, you could make up crazy rules, not to mention spiking those bitches out on the serve. Suddenly, you became a sort of hero and soon after the fight would most likely end due to humiliation.

I guess the next horrible wrath was the Silent Treatment. It was more than that, though, since we were oh so creative. It was the "She's not there, she doesn't exist, push her over if you have to but DON'T look her in the eye and for god's sake, don't talk to her! We're mad at her, remember?" Somehow I don't feel like I was terribly affected by all of this. It built character. I think it didn't bother me to get the silent treatment because I was always entertained more by my own thoughts than those of others. It can also be that I don't remember it all so clearly. I do know that when I see kids doing this now, it infuriates me and I want to get involved. I can picture myself playing four-square with a bunch of fourth graders, spiking the mean ones out. That'll teach 'em.

How does this carry over nowadays? Hmm…well, I'm pretty good at mind games when I wanna be. (Some of the credit should go to my dad to be fair.) I'd never admit it when confronted, though. Never admit guilt. We learned that as kids, too. I remember once my fourth grade teacher called Jessy and I to her desk after a particularly evil mean streak aimed at Nancy. "What's going on, girls? Nancy's crying," she said in her troll-tone. Before I could get a word in, there was my best friend, my BLOOD-sister, with, "I don't know, Mrs. Kabinski, Natalie and Nancy are in a fight...I guess" (batting her traitor-eyes.) Fifteen years later, I still remember that one.

Thanks, Jess. See if I wear matching heart turtlenecks with you tomorrow!

My childhood was a period of waiting for the moment when I could send everyone and everything connected with it to hell. –Igor Stravinsky

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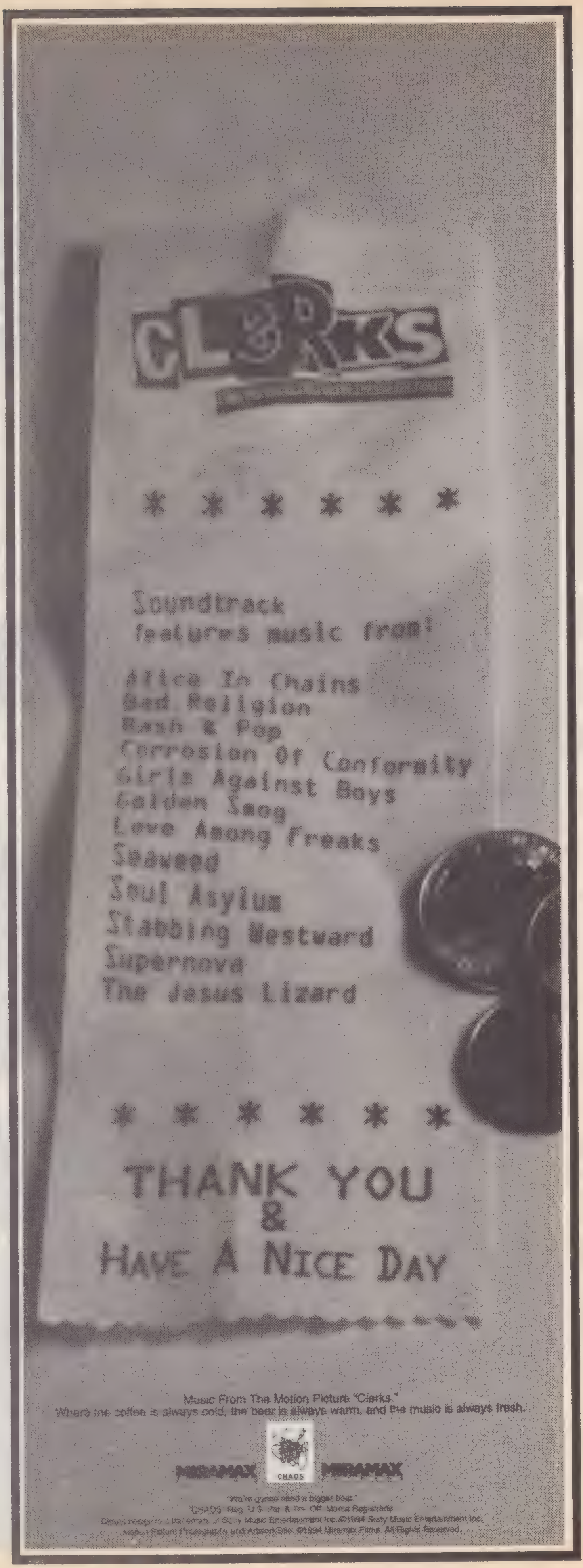

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Johnny Lydon

Stymie: Hello! It's really great to talk to you. I'm a huge fan.

Lydon: Huge? Does that mean you're big and fat?

Yes, it does. Okay, uh... let me see... Have you seen *Ben is Dead* before?

Who?

Have you seen *Ben is Dead* before?

No, I haven't.

It's a weird name, isn't it?

Not really.

Okay. (Laughs nervously) Okay, this is our retro issue, so it's really good timing for us that you're just now talking about...

(Horrified) Retro?

It's retro, yes.... So it's good timing for us that you're just now talking about your past for the first time in a long while. You're obviously not a sentimental person, but is there anything that you get nostalgic or sappy about?

Just people. Not objects, or false memories, just people. I've never been possessive about property or things, you know. I mean, I know a lot of people who fall in love with cars and things, but that's not for me.

Why do you think that people stay focused on the past so much?

Because they're scared of the future. They can hardly deal with the present. I think now more so than ever life is extremely difficult. Certainly much more complicated than it's ever been in the history of mankind. Quite frankly we're bombarding ourselves with unnecessary information.... Life was so simple when it was just the big cruel land owner and you suffering underneath. Now there's a million juxtapositions of that. It's a mine field out there.

Yeah. Do you think that your book [*Rotten: No Irish, No Blacks, No Dogs*] is going to be pretty much your last word on the subject of the Sex Pistols?

I wouldn't think so. I'm sure that there's a whole bunch of people now who've started to contradict me, or whatever, and have still got their own vested interest in it. I mean the people who I've listened to talk nonsense for the last 17 years are still out there doing it, only now they've got something rather than some vague idea in mind, they can actually focus on me. Which is fine. (Laughs.)

Yeah, um... I wanted to ask some questions about back in those days... part of the Sex Pistols myth is that you left the band because of the publicity that Sid Vicious was getting...

Now, I don't know where such a thing could've ever come from.

Really?

I don't care, let's put it that way. People that write things like that and want to believe things like that are really rather stupid. I mean, if I was jealous of that, I'm the only one who went on to do anything of any value, and I think that that must be noted.

Yeah, I was going to ask what you thought of the music that the other guys in the band have done since...

They haven't done anything.

Yeah, it sounds like you've sort've already answered my question.

I merely point out, Sid was the man I... I brought him in. He was my friend.

If he'd survived, what do you think he'd be doing these days?

Well, he had an awful ego problem to get over, and the fact that he didn't manage to overcome that I think stands for itself. What I find appalling, and a lot of people don't like to hear this, is how disgraceful it is that this whole drug culture seems to have been built around him. There are bands out there that look up to that and think that's great, fab, groovy, and that death is the only conclusion. There's nothing great about that. If people want real decadence, it's probably me. (Laughter) I intend to live for as long as is humanly possible. I want as much of this life as I can get. I want all of it, and I certainly don't intend to cut anything short. I'll prolong the agony.

(Laughs) Yeah, uh, in your book you talk about trying to murder, or at least greatly harm Nancy Spungen by...

I wasn't trying to murder her. (Laughs) I didn't realize the end results of picking your fingernails in someone's hypodermic... I mean, I could've given myself AIDS, you don't know. I just felt [heroin] was a filthy habit, and should be treated accordingly. To be dependent on someone else's supply of something you don't necessarily need is a rather stupid way of running your life.

There are some fans who feel that Sid didn't actually kill Nancy. Do you think there's any chance that's true?

(Voice building in intensity) Some fans don't know what they're talking about, and until all the evidence is in I really don't think it's worth commenting. I don't know. And he was my friend, and I don't know, and the rest is hearsay.

Yeah, well... Uh, you're obviously no fan of the movie *Sid and Nancy* or *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*, so I was wondering, if there ever is a definitive Sex Pistols movie, what you thought it should be.

It would probably be the documentary that we're putting together now.

Oh, I hadn't heard about that.

Well, you're hearing it now.

Who's doing that? Who's behind it?

Well, seeing as we won the court case [against Pistols manager Malcolm MacLaren] we opened up the vaults and found that there was something like 600 hours of footage, most of it unreleased. Practically everything we ever did... and a lot of personal interviews, a lot of stuff that never actually got on TV because of TV company prejudice. So, uh, I'm trying to knock that into one and a half hours, no more, because I don't want this to be like a Bruce Springsteen concert... you know, on and on, ad infinitum.

Interview by Stymie Baldwin

Just short, sharp and sweet. And I think that that will be the definitive Pistols film. No talking heads, it will just run chronologically.

You made a movie a couple of years ago with Harvey Keitel, but as far as I know you haven't made another one since then...

Well, I didn't like the process.

No? What do you think of how the actual movie came out?

Hilarious.

Oh, so you were pleased with the work you did?

I thought I was the most unconceited conceited person in the movie business. (Laughs) I really didn't give a damn about my best side or my profile, and that's the fun of roles like that. You can just be horrible. It was good fun, but I sup-

Don't get wise, bubble eyes, or I'll knock you down to peanut-size.

pose anyone can be that nasty. (Stagey voice) It was acting! I am an act-or!

You don't really say in the book if you think that the actor who played you in *Sid and Nancy* did a good job...

Well, I didn't think it was worth commenting, in my own book, about my life, on other people's pieces of work that are not really directly related to me, but I do see both those films as mere fantasy. I mean, they're like the Peter Pan version, really. But, uh, what did I think? I thought Gary Oldfield (sic) was stunning, with the little pieces of information that he was given. He was very accurate. And the girl who played Nancy was very real looking. I mean, they looked the part – they just didn't have enough to work with. And it's scandalous, really, that the people closest, or who knew those people the most, were never contacted.

Yeah, I just saw *Sid and Nancy* the other night and the thing that jumped out at me first was that the fellow who played you just really didn't sound like you.

No, or look like, or in any shape or form represent. And the thing with the *Sid and Nancy* characters was that I thought they just looked like postcards, you know, here's the clichéd image, and that's all you get. It's like trying to buy a house by just looking at a photo of the outside... you know, where's the content?

Your book doesn't really discuss your life since the Sex Pistols very much...

No, because that's another book. [The current] book was just part one for me. It'd be rather stupid to put in the PiL years, because quite frankly PiL is far from over, and most importantly, if you're putting a book out for the first time you don't want it to read like *War and Peace* and need a wheelbarrow to carry it home.

(Laughs) Yeah. You discuss in the book being nick-named Johnny Rotten because you had horrible unbrushed teeth, and I was wondering, how are your teeth are now? Do you brush?

They're the same.

(Laughs) The same? You still don't brush?

The only ones that are white are the ones that are plastic. They have to be screwed in... some bolted in. I've got a mouth full of metal, you know. There's not one real tooth in there, I'm all fillings.

Don't you ever worry about ending up just a toothless old Sex Pistol in your later life?

I'm not a Sex Pistol.

Well, a former Sex Pistol.

(Bitterly) And I don't give a fuck about teeth. It's all vanity. You Americans and your vanity.

We do love our teeth.

But you all look so weird! Square-jawed... silly!

(Nervously) Yeah, well... We may be fat and square-jawed, but we're proud of our teeth.

Well, whatever is left of my teeth the alcohol takes care of, so there's not much pain.

Yeah, uh, I was gonna ask... Your wife being considerably older than you are, what is the connection, the thing that really draws you two together?

Sex. Next.

Okay, uh, one more question about your wife... When she's 70, you're still going to be a fairly young man...

There's not that much of an age difference between us. What are you talking about?

I understand that there is about a 20 year difference.

Well, your understanding is quite wrong.

Oh. (Laughs) My reading comprehension must not be too great.

No, it's not your personal fault, it's media manipulation.

I see... Uh, you generally don't sound as pissed-off as you used to... I was wondering what...

Look, I'm not browbeating, but quite frankly I'm not going to waste *any* energy or skip a heartbeat over the bullshit that's gonna be written about me.

Sure.

It's just not worth it. It's so extreme and so excessive and so unreasonable, a lot of it, that it just doesn't matter very much.

Do you think all the years of dealing with that stuff have mellowed you out?

I just think people are unreasonable. (Laughter) And narrow-minded, and locked into things that just aren't true. America just seems to be stuck in this chat-show format, where you shouldn't marry older people, you shouldn't do this, you shouldn't do that, you should have kids by now... It's bollocks! You should mind your own business! That should be the only rule.

Yeah. Uh... Let me see. How do you feel about being immortalized in wax at Madame Toussaud's Wax Museum in London?

I'd love to be immortal.

Well, the wax is immortal, at least.

No, that can be disintegrated very easily.

So it's not a great honor?

No, I wouldn't think so. It's just a fucking big candle, isn't it? (Laughter) Where's the privilege in that? I'm sorry, but I have no time for award collections. Once you get into that, you get into competing, and you've lost the point and purpose of why you should really be doing all this. It's true you do it because you're undisciplined and you can't work nine to five, but also because you love what you're doing. And I do, and I don't need to follow anybody's rules, and I certainly don't need to compete, which is the worst rule of the lot.

In recent years you've worked with some odd combinations of musicians, including Edie Brickell, and I understand you toured with INXS. I was wondering if you liked their music at all...

No. It had nothing to do with that. People are people. You know, if you can get on alright with the people then that's fine, you don't have to like what they do for a job, it's not about that. You can't be fascistic about your attitudes towards music at all, because it's a personal thing... and without varying differences, and extreme differences in most cases, thank you, it would all be rather pointless. Because as much as something stands by itself, it's when it's compared to something else that it really takes on a value. That's the whole point of all of this.

But I was surprised to see the contributions in your book by Billy Idol, because if memory serves, I seem to recall your saying some very unflattering things about his music a few years ago...

Yeah, so? We're mates, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter nothing. I'm sorry, but, you know, the man is an adult. It doesn't matter nothing to him. And why should it? If I'm asked for an honest opinion on something I'll give it, and it's never a personal attack. I don't go in for that stuff. You never get me going on about people's big noses or their hunchbacks, or the gamy legs, or anything like that. It's not my style. It's just really, really unfortunate that a lot of people in this industry are rather childish and take it as such.

Yeah. Over the last few years, PiL has gotten a lot more radio-friendly. They started off very abrasive and kind of deliberately unmusical...

They? They?

Sorry, you and the boys.

Frankly I've gotten rather bored with the way PiL's been going the last couple of years, because I think it's not us that've changed, it's just alternative music [has] sort've caught up.

Really? Because if you listen to...

If I listen to practically anything on alternative radio I can hear a Public Image influence, spanning some ten albums, all incredibly different from each other. But quite frankly, for a year now, I'd rather make a solo record, and then go back to PiL, which is what we're all doing. Dusting out some cobwebs, as they say.

I was curious how much of PiL's actual music you write, because you don't really allot credit to who did what in your liner notes...

Does it really matter?

I suppose not. (Laughter.)

Because it doesn't matter to us. I'm not going to be running across stage waving flash guitars and flashing tambourines trying to prove what a muse-o I am. As I've always declared, Public

Up your nose with a rubber hose...

Image has never been about music… ever. We're noise structuralists, and the fact that you can remember how to bang a thing in a certain sequence makes it musical, but it does not make you a musician. Musicians are dreadful. They end up playing country and western. That's musicians, something that has no soul.

What are some things that you're into that you think would surprise people?

Uh... Ladies underwear.

(Laughs.) Are you a great reader?

I read. You have to. There's so much disinformation out there, you've got to try and work something out for yourself. Because, quite frankly, books are other people's ideas, and the more of other people's ideas you absorb the greater chance you have of working out your own.

I was surprised in the book when you said you were a Doors fan at one time. It just didn't fit with the kind of music that you do…

It doesn't matter. You don't have to imitate all your favorite records.

Who would you say is the worst band in the world right now?

Uhh... (Blows a contemplative raspberry) Spoilt for choice, really. I don't know. I don't care. It's probably one of those posturing grunge bands. It's probably U2, actually.

I've heard a lot of people compare their early records to PiL… I don't hear the resemblance, myself.

Yeah. It's mostly the guitar and the extended play… All of that, really, comes from PiL.

Some people have said that rap was the next wave after punk, and I was wondering what you thought of rap?

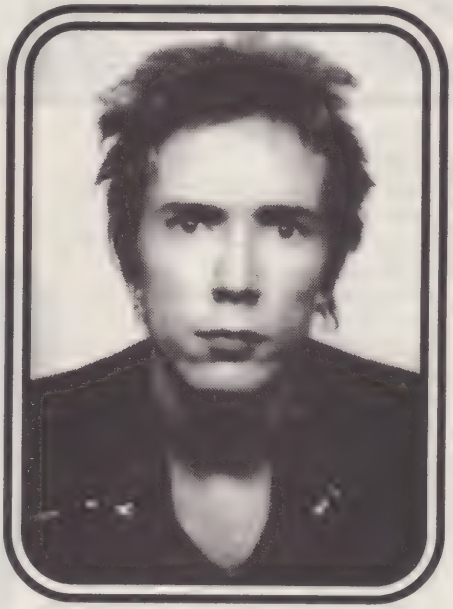
The next wave of what? (Thinks better of it) Oh, no, no, no… Not interested. I don't like fashion trends, and I particularly don't like it when people proclaim it as art or culture, because it isn't. Nothing in pop music is culture, because it separates us. How can it be culture, because culture is all about uniting people, and rap certainly doesn't… because I'm rather bored, seeing as how it originated and what it's become now, listening to black guys say white people shouldn't listen to or make rap music. I find that just disgusting. Who the fuck died and made them God? Apart from anything it's a rather ignorant, naive view of how rap began anyway. And I've no doubt that that will make me a thousand enemies, but I have many opinions that are truthful. Grunge! I mean, what is that, really? They claim it strums like the Sex Pistols and punk… Bollocks! If it's related to anything, it's to all those horrid hippie bands from England. It's more along the lines of Deep Purple and Black Sabbath… and because they're such wankers, there's too much of the fucking Eagles thrown in for good measure. There's no content, they're not singing about anything. It's pointless. And it's divisionalism, it's just all about separating people. You know, madly, happily, willingly accepting categories. It's insane. I mean, they are the problem. That's why there are wars, with attitudes like that. Because it goes all the way down the line… The Us vs. Them theory.

Yeah. Uh, In the last ten years or so a lot of Sex Pistols songs have been covered, and I was wondering if there are any that you feel stand out?

Nope.

Nope? Not a one, eh? (Awkward pause) Okay.

No, I mean as long as the check's in the post, I don't give a toss. There's nothing precious about it. Anyone's more than welcome to do a version, if they deem it necessary. But I must say that if we were viewed as a so-called amateur band way back then, I've not heard anyone do it better. And it was a complete miss and a lot of bullshit that we couldn't play, it was just something that we never bothered to dispute.



But you must understand at the time of the Sex Pistols that we were far younger than any band out there. It was much like putting the Bay City Rollers on the same stage as the Grateful Dead and expecting them to both play similarly. Or at least expecting both be as musically competent, if you view the Grateful Dead as competent in any shape or form. But you get my point. They were just jealous, because we had an attitude, and that really came from nothing that those people could connect to. They just couldn't understand it.

I've heard every now and then about the possibility of a Sex Pistols reunion. Do you think that could ever happen?

No. It will not happen. I have stated this, and that's all there is to it. It's not an issue for debate. And anyone who believes otherwise is fooling themselves. (Blows nose violently)

Oh, do you have a cold?

Yes I do. (Miserably) Otherwise it might be the air out here.

Oh. Sorry. Well, uh, I saw a beer ad you did a couple of years ago. Have you done other ads as well?

No.

No. Well, I was wondering how you feel about doing advertising.

I accept the money gleefully. I hardly think the world ran out and bought Shlitz. (Laughs) Nobody cares! It's just easy money. It's a tax loss for the company, I suppose, and it's easy money for me. I wouldn't mind Camel cigarettes supporting my tour, or Marlboro, or anybody else. I don't care if there's death in those packets, nobody's twisting your arm to smoke them. (Blows nose even more loudly)

Would you allow any Sex Pistols songs to be used in a commercial?

Uhhh… If it wasn't a joke. I'd allow that, but not as a from of abuse, you know, like a mockery. I really couldn't imagine Anarchy Jeans. It'll never happen.

Since the Sex Pistols broke up, and Malcolm MacLaren started doing his own music…

Has he?

(Laughs) I was wondering if he's done any songs that you've actually liked at all?

(Blows nose sharply. Long, dreadful pause) I've got nothing to talk about with him. Nothing.

Really? So you don't think…

Next.

Ah. I see, well, we heard that you have a private gym that you take on tour…

(Laughs delightedly) What, you mean Jim the guitar roadie? Where do you hear these things? I think you just make them up and hope that you hit gold.

Actually I heard it from my editor, but…

Well, tell her she's a liar. As I've been saying for years, muscles are things you hire. You never have them attached to your own body, because they tend to turn to fat... (Sneezes) when you're not looking.

We were wondering if you have any bald spots from all those years of dyeing your hair…

No.

No? Because I peroxided my hair just once, and it fell out in clumps the next day.

Well, you must've done it wrong.

Oh, I'm sure I did. But the reason I ask is that I heard a rumor that, uh, you occasional wear a toupee.

(Bursts into laughter) Ahh...Yipee!

So it's completely false?

Any toupee is completely false. That's frankly obvious.

Well, uh, that's pretty much the end of my questions….

Yeah, well, I can tell where your article's going...

And where might that be?

You know, smart-ass, derogatory.

Well, that is sort of the tone of the magazine, but I do have to say, I really am a fan, and if I came across as being rude, that really wasn't my intention…

No, no, no…. You haven't come across as rude yet, but I'm damn sure what you write will be.

Well, it'll probably just be a transcription of what you've said, so, I think you'll be pretty pleased with it.

I doubt that.

(Blithely) Okay. So; yeah thanks again, and thanks for a lot of great music.

There's more to come. Bye-bye, Ben.

TOM JONES

Interview by Darby & Jessy

Okay, so the Tom Jones flashback already occurred. But way back, to the beginning of last year when the idea of doing the "retro" issue was first upon us, Tom was on our minds. Before he even knew he'd be making his comeback, before he ever signed the contracts with Interscope, we wanted him. Lucky for us he did go with Interscope. And lucky for us the lovely girls who do publicity there like us, and through some twist of fate somehow (barely) hooked us up with the man himself while he was in LA, just before playing to the rich and ultra cutting-edge hip at the mega-slimy House of Blues. We were nervous – that goes without saying. I mean, say what you will but Tom Jones is Mr. Sexuality and we are only women. So on a lusciously sweltering mid-summer afternoon, we got our lounge gear on and waited patiently in the Interscope offices for the man to make his appearance.

(We brought some back issues of *Ben Is Dead* to give him and as he glanced over them he stopped on the "Sex" issue and said…)

Tom Jones: I like that.

Darby: Yeah. I thought you might. That's a very rare one. We have only a couple left so I hope you'll treasure it.

Yeah. I will. (Looking at the "Glamour" issue) Who's that?

D: That's Sean deLear, he's in a band called Glue – an L.A. band.

(Looking at "Sex" again) This is going to be my favorite one though.

D: It was a very popular issue. It *is* a very popular issue.

I bet.

Jessy: I want to ask you about the title of your new record, *The Lead And How To Swing It.* What does that mean?

Well, it was a thing my father used to say. He was a coal miner. And he used to say this: the lead and how to swing it. What it means really, is that this is it and this is how you do it. You know what I mean?

D: No.

Well the lead and how to swing it is… umm… it's hard to explain. It's like, this is what I do and this is how we get it across. It's like this is a heavy object and to move it from there to there, this is how you do it.

D: This is the shit.

Exactly. There's a lot of ways you can think of it which is a very interesting thing. Like my son said to me, because grandfather in Welsh is *grandsha* rather than grandpa, so my son says, "You know that thing that grandsha always used to say 'the lead and how to swing it?'" And I said, "Yeah, what about it?" And he said, "Well, what does that mean exactly?" 'Cause when my son was a little boy my father was still alive and my father had a lot of funny sayings. And it rubbed off on my son, you know, he remembered those things. So he said, "Why don't we call the album that because it's a very interesting thing." And I said, "Fine. Fine with me."

D: It's funny because it has a harsh quality to it, that phrase, and the music seems a little bit that way too.

Yeah. Lead or metal, it's a hard material…. If you get hit with a lead pipe, you know, you know it. Yeah. So it fit.

J: And also how do you pick your songs?

Well, it's either through the record company you know, or my son brings them to me.

D: How old is your son?

Thirty-seven.

J: So you trust him…

I'm only sixteen years older than him. My son was born in April of '57 and I was seventeen in June.

J: Wow. You were still a child.

I didn't feel like a child. I think I felt older then than I do now. It's funny really.

D: Why is that?

When I was a teenager, I wanted to be a man. Growing up in Wales, where I come from, it was a big family thing. We had a lot of cousins and uncles and aunties and everything and I used to look at my father and my uncles and I wanted to be part of it. And when my cousins got older, the ones that were older than me, they used to all go to the pubs and I'd be sitting there, you know with the younger cousins, and I wanted to be with the older guys. So when I was a teenager, I grew a mustache as soon as I could. I tried to grow sideburns as soon as I could. When I couldn't grow them, I used to bring my hair down, you know and stick it on the sides. I wanted to be older. I wanted to be a man. So doing that I was always acting all (growls) grrr, like that and I couldn't…

D: Is that how you were acting that night? [when you conceived his son]

Exactly. It was a girl I grew up with, a little Catholic girl. I was born a Protestant. And my wife is Catholic. Well she was until she married me because there was a problem you know if you marry outside yourreligion.

D: So you married her?

Yeah. She was a great looking girl…

D: She was your first one at sixteen?

Yeah.

D: And then you married her?

Yeah. I couldn't… I mean there was no other way. She was pregnant and I said, "Well, we're going to get married." Her mother was like freaking because she thought it was just a thing, you know. So she came to the house and said, "Oh, my daughter's pregnant, what are we going to do?" And my father said, "Is this right? Is this woman telling the truth?" And I said, "Yes, it's true." He said, "Are you sure it's you?" And I said, "I know it's me." You know we went through that whole thing. He said, "Well, what are we going to do about it?" And I said, "Well, we're going to get married. I want to marry the girl, what's wrong with that?"

J: Well, that was what was expected of you anyway, right?

Well, that was what her mother was hoping for. You know what I mean, right? On the boy's side it's always a bit, "Well I don't know about that." Well, you know, I couldn't see anything else. I was in love with this girl. Well, I still am – she's still my wife. And that was it. That was the way to go. In my mind there was no question about it.

D: Then you were the man that you always wanted to be.

This is it, you see. And when my son was born, in Cardiff, which was only twelve miles from the town I come from… Well, in the '50s, which I'm sure is even worse today, violence you know. In those days you didn't go into other towns by yourself, you know what I mean? Because of gangs. And Cardiff was a city and to go as a teenager by yourself, into another town, guys would always say, "Where you from? You're not from around here." So you'd have to go with a bunch of guys. We never had guns or anything but there was still that thing. But when my son was born, I didn't care. I went to Cardiff, you know, I got on a bus with a shopping bag which you… you don't carry. You know, with the fruit and everything in it. So I get off the bus and I'm walking and I see these guys and they recognize me because they go to dance hall, you know, and they don't forget the fights with fellas. So I see these guys, you know, and I just walk straight through them and I wasn't scared. I became a man. It was all a different thing now. It was a man thing. "I have a wife and I just got a son, I mean, how can you touch me?" But what I'm saying is, that I felt like that. But the older you get, you know, you don't look at it like that.

D: Did you have any mid-life crisis where you thought that you missed out on your youth?

No, I never did. I never thought that. I think it gave me more direction being married. Because if I hadn't, I might not have tried to become a singer so eagerly.

D: I think a lot of times that would be a deterrent. How did that help you?

J: You wanted to get out of the house?

Yeah. (Laughing) I still say that now. People say, "Why do you go on the road?" And I say, "Because I want to get out of the house!" You know, "Why do you keep singing so much? Why do you do so many shows?" "It gets me out of the house!" Yeah, but I think it gave me responsibility and I knew that I had to do it. That's the way I felt.

J: Did you know ever since you were a little kid that you wanted to be a performer?

Yeah, yeah. When I was a kid, having so many cousins, they were all sort of getting married, and we would all have parties, you know, everyone was invited, all the cousins, big family things. So we would sing. In Wales, you know, that's expected of you, to sing. When people ask them about me, my cousins always say, "We all sang when we were kids, but Tommy had to get *on* the table." Because most kids they go, "Okay, I'll sing if I have to," but with me it was another thing.

D: Did you do your dancing?

Yeah, oh yeah!

D: The same kind of dancing you're doing now?

Well…

D: I like it. It was fun in Las Vegas when you're like, "Okay, now we're going to dance!"

J: It was so hard having to just sit still.

You know, Vegas is Vegas.

D: They keep 'em a bit restrained.

Yeah, it's strange. You can do the same show, I mean I played the Limelight last year in New York, and I did basically the same show as what I did in Las Vegas, but the reaction was much different. With younger people that's the way.

D: Some of those old folks were lookin' like they were wanting to get up and dance. Old ladies up in the front that were like this [smiling, spacing out].

Oh, yeah. They go into a trance.

D: If you grabbed some of them and swung em around, I think they'd be into it!

Tom Jones in the early days, posing with his band The Squires in 1965.

Yeah.

J: There was an older man sitting next to me who was just grinning ear to ear. He was sitting with his wife, and you could tell he was a little uncomfortable with the sexuality.... Then he knocked his wine over on me when you kept bending over.

D: Are guys often attracted to you? Or is there some underlying thing going on with men who are really into you?

What do you mean? What kind of men are you talking about?

D: I mean do you find that there are a lot of men that are sexually drawn to you?

J: Like a gay following? Is that what you mean?

D: Well, yeah, but a lot of them were older in Las Vegas. I mean you can't really tell....

Yeah. I mean, I did an interview in London a couple of years ago, and one of the reporters was gay, and he said to me, "Do you know that you have a gay following?" And I said, "Not really, I haven't thought about it." You know, I don't think, "What is my audience?" People come to see me, that's it. And he said, "Well, what do you think about it?" And I said, "It's fine with me. It doesn't bother me. In fact I'm flattered by it."

D: Have you ever had any gay experiences? Is that too personal?

What do you mean a gay experience?

D: Have you ever...

Oh, yeah, when I was younger. Well, the first time that happened, I was fifteen, I was working in a glove factory. You know where I come from, I didn't know anything like that existed. I really didn't.

D: The time or the place?

Both. But, I found out pretty early, fifteen is pretty early. But to me I had lived a long time for fifteen. I left school at fifteen, I was working at a glove factory making gloves. I was an apprentice. A glove cutter.

D: Rubber gloves?

Leather gloves.

J: I thought it was going to be a really kinky story.

I've got this thing for leather. So when I went into the youth employment office, they said, you know, "What do you want to do? What kind of work would you like to do?"

D: I want to make rubber gloves!

I said, "I want to make gloves… I want to work in leather." I like leather. [Note: when Tom says 'leather' it's like, *leatha*, rolling off his tongue like creamy butter] There was a glove factory close to where I lived anyway. So, they said, "You can get a job there as an apprentice, glove cutting. Learn a trade." It's all hand done, you know. So I said, "Fine." So the guy, the foreman there, was gay. Well, he was bisexual because he was married, he had children. So one day he said to me, "Do you want to work Sunday?" This was Saturday morning. He said, "Cause we're a bit behind." I was working on the guillotine at the time…

D: A bit *behind*?

A bit behind, yeah. (laughing…) I was working on a guillotine, cutting fabric. So he said, "You know, we need more fabric." So I'm working on this guillotine and he comes in and says, "You want to come in tomorrow?" And I said, "Yeah. Fine." Double-time.

D: Double-time.

Yeah, definitely. So I walk into this factory and it's only him there. In a factory. Nobody. So I said, "Did I get it wrong? Didn't you say we were working today?" You know, I thought I might have made a mistake or something. And he said, "Yeah but it's just the fabric that we're behind." And I said, "Yeah, but it takes two boys to work this machine." You know there were two of us on it, one guy's got to pull the thing out to where you're going to cut it, shhooosh, then you cut it. And he said, "Yeah, but we can do it." And I thought, "*We* can do it?" He's the foreman. And he said, "Yeah, I'll help you with it." (Making confused faces) "Fine with me." You know, so he says, "No. I'll tell you what, you're not using this guillotine properly." I said, "I've been doing this about a month now." He says, "Let me show you something. Look…" So he comes around me and he's got his hands on the thing and he says, "You go like this!" And I said, "Hold on a minute. Do you want to do this?"

J: You didn't get it?

I said, "Do you want to do this? Do you want to cut it? Is that what you want?" And he said, "No. It's not really what I want." I didn't know what he was talking about.

Tom and his wife Melinda house-hunting in London in 1965.

So I looked at him and I said, "What's the matter with you? Are you feeling alright?" Because he was starting to sweat. So I thought he was having a heart attack, he was an older guy. I said, "Are you feeling okay? Should I go and get somebody or what?" He said, "No, you don't have to go and get anybody." And he starts like… and I said, "What the…?! What are you doing?!" I really didn't know what was going on. So he said, "I just want to…" And I said, "Hey! You know, I mean you're a man, I'm a boy. What's the matter with you?" He said, "What's wrong with that?" I said, "Hey, come on… Do me a favor, I gotta go." So I walked to go get my jacket in the cloakroom and he comes in the cloakroom from the other way and rushes towards me. So I smacked him straight.

D: Oh really?

Uh huh. And down he goes.

D: Do you think he was trying to…

Oh, he was trying to attack me. I mean sexually. So I hit him and down he went. And I said, "I'm going to report you in the morning, you bastard!" And he said, "Don't do that." Because he was like an undercover queer, you know what I mean? You know, he was a closet queen. So all of a sudden, money flashes in my mind. You know, Sunday, double-time. So I said, "Tell you what. You book me in till 6 o'clock tonight and I won't say anything." And this was like 9 o'clock in the morning. So he says, "Fine." So I got a day's pay out of it. I don't know why I told you that story. I've never said that to anybody before. But when you said homosexual…. Then I realized what the hell was going on – that guys like to be with guys and that women sometimes like to be with other women.

D: Did you have to work with him after that?

T Yeah, but I made his life hell.

D: You tortured him after that?

All the boys had to call him Mr. Howells but his name was David Howells. And the nickname for David in Whales is Di. So, I'd say, "Di! Come here for a minute, I need to talk to you!" Ooohh, he'd be fuming. Because all the other kids had to call him Mr. Howells. So he fired me, 'cause he couldn't take it.

D: He didn't think you would say something?

I made his life a misery so he had to do something. But I didn't care.

D: That was your first and last gay experience?

No, that was my first account. It happened a few times after that. Then when fellas would come on to me I knew what it was, so I knew how to avoid it. Then I recorded for a guy named Joe Meek. He was the first independent producer in England. That was in 1963. I made a demo and we sent it to different record companies and he heard it and liked it and wanted me to go to London. So I took my group, my rock group.

D: You had a rock group in 1963?

Yeah, it was 1963. I joined a rock group.

J: What was it called?

They were called The Senators. My name being Thomas Jones Woodward…

D: Your real last name is Woodward? Jessy's last name is Jones so we were wondering if you could be related…

Well, my mother's last name is Jones. That's where the Jones comes from. You keep your mother's maiden name. So we went there and we recorded for him and this guy was homosexual. And he came onto me. He said, "Tell the boys to pack the gear up. I want to talk to you for a minute." So I said, "Fine." I said, "Fellas, put the stuff up and I'll see you in minute." So he says to me, "Uhh, when you do an up tempo song do you move?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "Show me how you move." I said, "I was just… Why didn't you look when I was recording?" We had just done five songs with him. I said, "Well, I could have done a bit of that when I was singing, but it's difficult for me to just do it now." So he said, "What about a ballad? What do you do when you sing a ballad?" I said, "I stand pretty much still." He said, "Like what?" I said, "What's the matter with you? Are you alright?" He was standing there with his hands in his pockets…

D: Pocket pool.

Yeah, right. I said, "Hey, come on." And I had jeans on, you know. And he said, "It seems like you've got…" And I said, "Well, it serves it's purpose, you know." (Laughing) Like that, you know, so I fluffed him off, because I knew what was going on. But then he would come on stronger and stronger to me, so I chased him out of the office one day.

D: So you almost had to punch him out, too?

Yeah. Then I became paranoid. When I went for an audition for Decca, the record company I was with, this guy, Peter Sullivan, who later became my recording manager, said to me, "Okay, tell the boys to pack the stuff, I want to talk to you by yourself." It was almost the exact same situation… And I said, "You're not one of these queer fellows again?" And he said, "What are you talking about?" I said, "Look, I don't go that way" He said, "What are you talking about?" It was the same thing when I first met my manager, who is not homosexual, and Peter Sullivan isn't either….

D: You were just a little bit on edge with the whole thing.

I thought, is this what you've got to do to get into show business?

D: Right.

I thought, if that's the case, I'm going home. So when my manager was finished taking me around to the agents we went to this coffee bar and he says to me, "So, what do you think?" I said, "Yeah, you can be my manager, I can see that you know your way around." So we're sitting there and he said, "Any problems (places hand on Jessy's knee to demonstrate) that you may have…" And I said, "Just a minute. Don't do that." He said, "What's the matter with you?" And I said, "Just don't do that." So those were my homosexual encounters. Which I've never talked about before.

D: We got an exclusive.

See, there you go. No, but that's it, I mean if people want to, I mean gay people are gay people, that's all there is to it. But men have this infatuation with women you know. Two women.

D: Oh, yeah. Of course. There's two women on the cover of that "Sex" issue.

J: Yeah, we know. We were trying to get your attention at the Las Vegas show.

What?

J: We had our arms around each other… getting into it.

D: You wouldn't have recognized us, but we were up front.

J: We were in costume.

Tom with Priscilla and Elvis in Las Vegas in 1971.

Oohhh…

D: You know that girl who threw that towel on the stage, that younger girl?

Yeah, that little kid? She was there almost every night.

D: We were to the left and behind, but I had my platinum blonde wig on and some slinky…what is that material? I don't know what it is, but Jessy had it on too and she looked kinda like a chic '70s glamour Florence Henderson. We got all dressed up for you.

You did? I wish I'd known. So you two started doing the thing? Did you hear that about me? Did you know…

D: No, but we thought you liked it. We were going to try to hang out and talk to you because we were trying to interview you in Las Vegas but then you were too busy. You know, we thought maybe you could show us around...
Yeah, we could have done that had I known, but every night there was something going on.

D: Are you having an affair with one of the back-up singers? The singer on the right?
Am I having an affair with her?

D: Yeah, you are.
No.

D: You're not?

J: There's something going on there though.
Well, yeah. I like that though, I like to flirt. I get their attention 'cause I stare at them.

J: They were funny. I was noticing the first one is really stiff and serious...
Yeah, the tall one.

J: And the middle one's kind of in the middle. And the one on the end is crazy.
Yeah. Well, I think their color has a lot to do with it.

J: Really?
Yeah, the one on the left is light skinned, you know a mixture.... And the girl in the middle is a light skinned black girl and the one on the right is black.

J: So you think the blacker you are the more wild you are?
Movement wise, I think yeah. I think you're less inhibited. Black people move better than white people.

D: How long have you been together with them?
Well, the girl on the right's been with me for a long time. Quite awhile.

D: Then maybe that's the connection.
Yeah. They're good girls but... It's nice to flirt but you can't get involved. It's bad for business. You can't get involved with somebody like that.

D: Well, talking about sexuality stuff, Jessy heard of an interview with you on Howard Stern – and I guess you're doing those a lot now?
Yeah.

D: You're friends with Howard Stern? Why are you friends with Howard Stern? How did you meet him?
Well, I [first] went on the show when I did "Kiss." Five years ago now. And they said, "You know, Howard Stern is like an edgy show. If you went on there you could have some fun with it." And I said, "Fine. That's fine with me." I'm not scared of anybody, you know. I don't go and say, "You can't ask me that question, or you shouldn't do that." So, I went on there. And we hit it off, you know, and he had a go at me, you know like he does, but I realized he has respect for my talent. You know, he likes the way that I sing. So then it became a thing. Anytime I had to go to promote anything, I would go on there. It's always been fun.

D: Did you say that when you're on tour you're allowed to date other people? You said that on his show?
No. I said that my wife doesn't ask questions.

D: Oh, I see, so is that just in the way it's worded? I mean, does that mean that you date other people when you're on tour? And aren't you always on tour pretty much?
Yeah but...

D: And what are you doing on Friday night?
What are *you* doing on Friday night? No, I don't really discuss it. I don't because I love my wife, you know we've been together for a long time now. And that's it. As long as it's not in her face, she avoids reading magazines and newspapers if there might be something.

J : And you always go home to her?
Oh, yeah.

D: Does she come out here?
Oh yeah, we have a house here in L.A. and a house in Wales.

D: You're reaching younger people now. It's currently a very good time to do that because a lot of young people are appreciating older artists. But things have changed sexually. What do you think about the way your image is? I mean your sexuality and how you are on stage, and even what you do off stage? 'Cause people look up to you. I mean with things like AIDS do you consider your role...
Yeah. Well, it's always been a natural thing with me really. I mean, what I do on stage is what I am. I mean that's the way I feel. When I do songs, I feel that way about them, I don't do it for effect. I want it to look good, I want to try to be as professional as possible. I want it to be good, but it's still the way I feel. I don't use a choreographer, you know what I mean?

Tom lovin' up a storm with Darby and Jessy in 1994.

D: Do you use a condom?
Do I use a condom? If I have to.

D: That's more what I meant I guess.
I'm not, uh... Well, I've gotten older and wiser. And because of AIDS, I'm not as...

D: So it's changed.
It's changed me, yeah.

D: A lot?
Well, it's made me aware. I'm not as whatever you call it.

J: As far as the sexy reputation, if you're still performing when you're seventy or eighty, I wonder if you'll still be shaking your stuff like now?
Well, it will get slower. It's bound to. I won't be able to. But as long as I can sing. That's the thing. As long as my voice is working, then I'll deal with it. That's it. Because that's the main thing with me, my voice. It's the vocal ability. You know, the showmanship is just part of it. But without the voice, the rest is just nothing. So if I can sing in twenty years time, I will. But if I can't, if I can't cut it vocally, if I have to start changing keys on things, if I'm not getting there, you know what I mean. It's not worth it. If I'm not having fun with it, if the audience is not really digging it, then there's no point. I wouldn't want to go looking silly. Using those prompters like some old singers do. They have to read all the words because they can't remember them. I mean, I would hate to do that. So I hope to god that [when the time comes] I'll say enough is enough. I think I will though.

D: Do you keep yourself healthy?
Yeah. I work out. I have a gym here in the house in L.A., and I've got a gym in the house in Wales. And I watch what I eat, now especially, because I tend to put on weight easily.

D: Do you drink?
Yeah. I like to drink. With dinner especially.

D: Do you drink when you do a show?
Afterwards. Never before, though. When I'm on stage, I'm straight as an arrow.

D: Do you like to be dominant over women or do you like it equal...
Equal. I'm actually more of a voyeur than anything else.

D: Oh really. What do you like to watch?
Like the cover of your magazine. I think sex should be nice. You know what I mean? I think it should be warm, but that's how I feel. Now to other people, sex is different. There's masochism and whatever the other one is, one does to the other, one wants pain and one wants...

J: Sadism?
Yeah, I mean that's not me though. I like nice things.

D: Are you the same way mentally with a woman?
Yeah, yeah. I like to be nice. I don't want... Like rape is the last thing on my mind. How people can rape people, I have no idea. Because violence and sex do not go together for me. If I start to get pissed off at somebody, sex is completely out the window. Do you know what I mean? I don't get off on that at all. It's got to be lovely. Everything's got to be lovely for me. Or it doesn't work.

D: Okay, I have one more question. And maybe it's kind of a dumb question, but a friend of ours said her mom dated you at one point or saw you at one point and, basically, she said that you put maxi pads down your pants? (Laughing) See, these are the rumors and I want you to stop them! Have you ever stuffed yourself?
No. Never ever. All my life. The thing with me is, if I can be blunt...

J: Please do.
I have big balls.

D: Is that what that was? Because for half the show all of a sudden that was all we were watching – and we couldn't figure out what was going on.
It has a lot to do with the...uh, it's there and I've never ever done that. What you see is what is there.

D: Wow.
It's a combination, you know what I mean?

D: 'Cause it moves around a lot too.
There's three people involved there, you know what I'm saying? It's a billiard set... It's three... So that's it. And, no, I've never ever done that, no.

Just as it was getting good Tom's publicist came in, wondering what the hell we could be talking about, and soon after the whole Interscope staff rushed in to get their own personal pictures with him – but not before we snapped a few. Tom, of course, was very sad to see us go.

The Wonderful World of WALTZ MUSIC

A Treatise on its Popular Employment, 1890s–1990s

By

Doran Ragnrok

Expressing, as the writer does, a profound intolerance for "rock" and other like-minded contemporary so-called musics, the writer is often asked: What is the enigmatic young man-about-town to listen to? What is the (ahem) "alternative?"

The CD-machine-owning, Rit-died, veal-calf every-youth has heard tale of "alternative" popular music for many a trend season, but all these feeble flim-flammeries trace yet again back to the well-greased, negroidic loins of rock and rolls' 4/4 beat rhythm and blues mammy.

One admits there is the "choice" then of sheer formless noise, but as is obvious to all but the dimwit, this beast called noise is a flatulent one-trick-pony, long in need of a blow to the head and a one way ticket to the glue factory.

Is there no *actual* alternative, with passion *and* hummability? Your writer, at least, has found this needed Shangri-La, a European-derived jubilant pop music that has always been here with us, like some Jungian spy plane flying below the radar of the increasingly tiresome rock/blues dictatorship.

When the 19th century compositions of Waldteufel, Lehar, and Strauss are compared, the link between them can be found with little difficulty. But what is the linkage 'twixt disparate 20th century favorites like Friedman's 1910 hit "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" (eight million copies sheet music sold), Bacharach's Tom Jones hit "What's New Pussycat?," *and* Manson's "Never Say Never to Always?" Well my good sir or madam, all the above are *waltzes*!

The words "rock and roll" are, of course, street slang for sex. Do not think the waltz has any less viscera. The word itself comes from the German "walzen," which means "to revolve." The difference between rock and the waltz is that whereas the former is degenerate, the latter is decadent. Two very different kettles of fish. We tend to think of 19th century "classical" waltz music as wholly the realm of eunuched sobriety, yet truly it runs the gamut from genteel lilt to carnal swagger. Toward the end of the 1800s, the swift waltz dances, accompanying works such as those by the master Emil Waldteufel, were considered shocking, scandalous. Legendary devil's advocate and arch-curmudgeon Ambrose Bierce in 1877 wrote an entire tongue-in-cheek tome on the dangers of the waltz, "Dance of Death," written under the nom de plume William Herman. The present writer knows that all have probably heard of the Danube and how it is blue and beautiful, so we will not linger on these early days of the waltz. Onward to the last hundred years!

GAY 90S, TURN OF THE CENTURY

Aesthetically speaking, these truly were good old days. The Victorian spirit of ornament and embellishment was omnipresent. In architecture. In book design. In clothing it certainly is seen. Women in this era exhibited decorative plumage a plenty, but likewise the men would tolerate no slovenliness, with hats, spats and cravats in full strut.

These were golden days as well for the waltz. In the music hall, on the barrel organ, in any available arena, the waltz was just now emerging from its classical music chrysalis to become a popular force serenading all America. To name a few of the many: "Bicycle Built for Two," "And the Band Played On," "After the Ball," "In the Good Old Summertime," "Man on the Flying Trapeze," "When the Bell in the Lighthouse Rings (Ding Dong)," "I Wonder What's Become of Sally?" National treasures all.

TEENS, 20S, 30S

Starting in the early teens, Irving Berlin, the greatest songwriter of the 20th century bar none, deigned to supply the ears of we mere mortals with many a priceless waltz: "What Does it Matter," "The Song is Ended," "Remember," "All Alone," "Reaching for the Moon," "To be Forgotten." Berlin is today thought of as a "Mom and Apple Pie" type of songsmith due to numbers like "God Bless America" and "White Christmas." Less remembered are his ethnic parodies like "Hey Wop!" and his three pro-Satanism songs. Yes you heard correctly. "Get Thee Behind Me Satan," was sung by Harriet Hilliard (later of Ozzie and Harriet fame) in the 1936 film *Follow The Fleet*, "Pack Up Your Sins and Go to the Devil," which rhymes "ladies" and "Hades" and was sung in an elaborate she-devil production number by Ethel Merman in 1938s *Alexander Ragtime Band* and "Stay Down Here Where You Belong," was done dramatically on Tiny Tim's first album. Irving Berlin was a one man army of wonderful music.

Many Hollywood icons of this era gave waltzes a whirl. Pola Negri, the fabulous chunky 20s screen vamp, gave us her signature number, "Paradise," complete with warbled Mrs. Milleresque whistling solo. Those who know Elsa Lanchester only as the "Bride of Frankenstein" will be surprised by her delightful girlish voice on her albums of bawdy English music hall ballads and waltzes. Lanchester and her husband, Charles Laughton, are truly a duo worthy of hero worship, brilliant bon vivants both. Names such as Olivier and Brando are bandied about as supposed examples of achievement in Thespianism, but Laughton stands head and well-padded shoulders above the hack likes of them. (To say nothing of the fact that he directed *Night Of The Hunter*.)

The ravishing (if somewhat overly virginal) Jeanette "Now *that's* a Voice" MacDonald lent her peerless vibrato to the title waltz in Ernst Lubitsch's 1934 film *Merry Widow*. The '30s teen equivalent of Jeanette, Deanna Durbin, did "Waltzing in the Clouds" and a pop vocal version of "Blue Danube." Sarong enchantress Dorothy Lamour lullabied "The Moon of Manakoora" in 1935s *The Hurricane*, her soothing sultriness contrasting nicely with John Ford's still potent cataclysmic storm footage. Ziegfeld girl Ruth Etting belted out "Just a Year Ago To-Night." Other classic waltzes to grace the vaudeville stage and the wind-up Victrola: "Diane," "Loved One," "Pal O' My Cradle Days," and "So Blue."

40S, 50S

The Waltzes of this era range from the incredibly sublime (Edith Piaf's "Only a Waltz") to the incredibly silly (Tom Lehrer's "Poisoning Pidgeons" and Carson Robinson's "Hitlers Letter to Mussolini," continuing the Mirth-Waltz tradition earlier propounded by Groucho Marx with "Lydia the Tattooed Lady.") We find also much pop country á la "Tennessee Waltz." 1943s *Oklahoma!* produced "Oh What a Beautiful Morning." Alfred Hitchcock's 1956 *The Man Who Knew Too Much* yields Doris Day a hit with "Que Sera, Sera." *Any* version of the title waltz from 1945s *Carousel* is a treat. Look for Martin Denny's clunky animated toy rendition, and definitely find the rip-roaring version recorded on the theatre organ at Los Angeles magnificent United Artists Theatre (9th and Broadway.) In days past, the U.A. served as a trysting place for Mary Pickford, and currently is the church headquarters of "Colonel Sanders-meets-Jim Jones" Dr. Gene Scott. Dr. Scott is brilliant on many levels, more so for realizing that movie palaces are holy temples. By the bye, when speaking of theatre organ, Leon Berry, showcased on numerous records in this period, is the king when it comes to waltzes.

60S

Waltzes in the '60s?! Surely there weren't any. Waltzes? How utterly square, "establishment." Think again, ye of the tie-dye. Certainly *most* of the pop music of the times did have the addled Eric Crapton mind set: Tired white rock versions of tired black blues. But the waltz *was* there, boldly ascending again and again and again. Sonny and Cher's "I've Got You Babe" as an example. A song done in potent, almost martial, waltz tempo. Or Lesley Gores' high drama waltzes like "You Don't Own Me" and "Love Goes on Forever." In an era where no rock could be turned over without a Jagger/Richards white-man-pretending-to-be-black slithering out (a whole decade of black face minstrels) two black men got revenge by achieving great success with songs done in the Europe-borne waltz style: Screamin' Jay Hawkins with "I Put a Spell on You" and "There's Something Wrong With

You" and James Brown with "It's a Man's Man's Man's World," Julie Andrews (the *real* British Invasion) got us joyfully waltzing with "Chim-Chim-Cheree" from '64s *Mary Poppins* and "My Favorite Things" from '65s *Sound Of Music*. At the other end of the spectrum from Andrews' festive but admittedly saccharin melodies are deranged '60s waltzes like "War of Distortion" by the Leaves and "No Longer Umpire" by Alice Cooper. The derangement continued with the sixties mini-trend of writing songs that slip in and out of waltz tempo, like "Two Fingers Pointing On You" by the Seeds and "Some Velvet Morning" by Nancy and Lee. Lee Hazlewood also wrote the pleasing twang waltz "Lonely Boy, Lonely Guitar" with Duane Eddy. The man later known as David Bowie soon enough fell for the self-hatred of "whitey-plays-the-blues," but in the '60s, when still known as David Jones, played music with a peppy show-tune feel, a stand-out being his charming waltz composition "Little Bombadier." The Beatles offered "Norwegian Wood" and the White Album's haunting "Long, Long, Long." Showman Tom Jones brought his manly oomph to the three waltz hits: "Delilah," "What the World Needs Now," and "What's New Pussycat?" (Also worth a listen: his Satanic Witch tribute "Daughter of Darkness.") Shaman Charles Manson put his iron in the waltz fire with "Never Say Never to Always."

70s, 80s, 90s

If the writer were forced to listen to a "rock" group, the early '70s work by the undervalued Sparks would likely be chosen. Whilst still using the standard medium of drums-bass-fuzz guitar, the usual hackneyed Howlin-Muddy-Wolf-Waters influence was bypassed in favor of an enchanting mix of everything from Baroque to Foxtrot. Both before and after their time, this group of course had the good taste to include waltzes in their repertoire, like "Falling in Love with Myself Again." The early rock records by Bryan Eno are perhaps in the same family tree as Sparks. Eno had a similar non-blues "otherness," including use of waltz tempos on idiosyncratic masterpieces like "Back in Judy's Jungle" and "Put a Straw Under Baby." Waltzes with a country flavor find a home on '70s records by Neil Young and jocular bible-Barnum / Satanophobe Bob Larson, who croons "Men and Machines" and "Little Green Pills." Another song of this decade worth mentioning as proof of the waltzes persuasiveness is the painful, but undeniably successful, "You Light Up My Life."

The '80s found many "New Wave" rock and rollers drawn to the waltz, seeking and occasionally finding, a music more European than the previous generations asinine regurgitated Chuck Berry riffs. Though Britain's Cocteau Twins are annoyingly precious, it must be conceded that they took the waltz in new directions with songs like "Pearly Dewdrop Drops." Their compatriots O.M.D. constructed a lovely waltz, "Joan of Arc," with sonics akin to demon drums corps. in cahoots with angel choirs. The Stranglers invoked an odd "Fellini-with-a Casio" mood with "Waltz in Black." Huckster Malcolm McClaren brought us "Waltz Darling," his attempt at a youth market waltz revival. This disaster consisted mainly of attempts at grafting the music of Johann Strauss to a disco beat, about as useful as an attempt at turning a bird into a turnip.

As for the '90s, we may yet find waltz diamond needles in the 4/4 beat haystack, but at this time only the works of the mercurial Robert Heilbuth (and more recently, the "Beauty is War Waltz" by your writer) come to mind as noteworthy. Advise can be taken from Irving Berlin, in a song title from 1962s *Mr. President*: "Let's Bring Back the Waltz."

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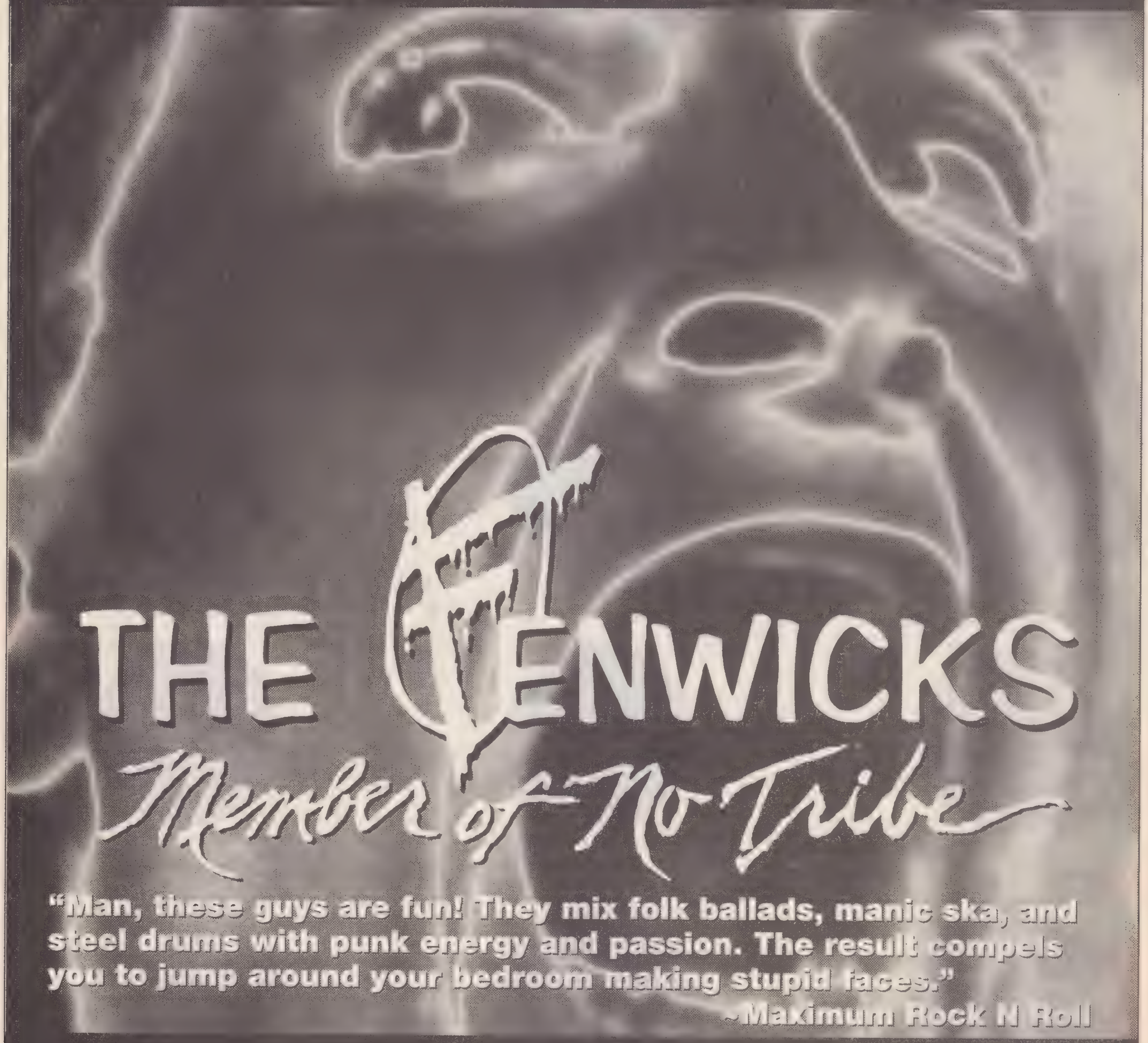

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EL PACHUCO HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE!

by Erich Orser

It was the early 1940's, and an Alfred E. Newmanesque America was still reeling from the shock of being violently dwarf-tossed into total mechanized conflict against the combined forces of the Axis Powers. Suddenly, strict rationing had become *de riguer*, and this included the shirt off the average citizen's back. The garment industry scaled-down the fashion excesses of the pre-war era while embracing a new, Spartan aesthetic. Hemlines rocketed heavenward, women gave up their silk stocking *en masse* to be recycled into parachutes, and mens' suits retreated back into a trimmer, more humbling silhouette like so many startled hermit crabs. The War Effort was not to be denied one single, vital *thread* out of the country's textile supply; after all, who was to say that it might not just be used sometime to strangle Hitler? Everybody pitched in for the Good Fight, and patriotically made do with less.

Royal Crown Review

But then, of course, there were also the *Pachucos*. Mostly young, working-class Latinos, many only first-generation American, they came out of East side Los Angeles and they wore the *Drape*, the fabled *Zoot Suit*. The Zoot was the proud symbol of Pachuco solidarity and a war-effort-be-damned indulgence of their hard-toiled-for financial independence.

The double-breasted, peaked-lapelled suits were an outrageous snub in the face of a white society that increasingly relied upon them for labor, but denied them any nod of even token respect. Here were trouser legs sometimes forty-inches around, pegged at the ankle like tight shirt cuffs, whose voluminous folds of fabric disappeared under a ribcage-high waistline in deep, canyon-like pleats. Worn with the redundancy of both shoulder braces *and* a whip-belt, with calve-length loops of a gleaming metal watch chain suspended from it. The suit coats were preferably on the long side, with broad, padded shoulders tapering down to a pinched waist and then flaring out like a frock coat below. All this was topped by a flat-crowned, broad-brimmed fedora, replete with a long cock or quail feather arching up from the decorative hatband. High-heeled, pointy-toed shoes were worn, often in two-tone, or with contrasting white kid spats. And also, depending upon what crowd a young Zooter might be running with on a given night, a good-sized switchblade was a wise final accessory. One shouldn't seek to attract potential animosity to oneself without a good insurance policy, after all. What really disgusted and outraged middle America the most about all this was the fact that looking sharp to a true Pachuco was a pricey business in more than just terms of personal safety. Even back in the belt-tightening early 1940s, these custom-tailored suits were in the average neighborhood of a then unheard of six hundred dollars or so... a piece. A gang of Zooters might all pitch-in for a single suit to be worn on an alternating nightly schedule. One particularly noteworthy Pachuco tailor was L.A. gangster-cum-lawyer Mickey Cohen, who operated a successful business catering to them from a shop Downtown on Spring Street.

That Mexican-Americans should have this kind of money at their disposal rubbed salt into the already sore race relations of the era. The growing place of Latinos in the work force leading up to the war was now cemented by the fact that they were getting the jobs left vacant by able-bodied whites gone off to battle Fascism abroad, and therefore protect it here at home. This was viewed as intolerable, as nobody expected the jobs to be given back at war's end.

Already despised as an economic threat, the Mexicans were only going to be tolerated under the conditions that they stick to their back-breaking labor without complaint, buy War Bonds like all red-blooded Americans should, and not show any excess pride in their heritage, lest the friendly local constabulary should have to go to the trouble of smashing their dental fillings into the gutter with their batons. When this sort of business *did* occur, the white opinion was hardly sympathetic; if anything, it was viewed as keeping the promise to immigrants of streets paved with gold. *Literally.*

Like the popular *gangsta* and hardcore hip-hop fashions that terrify sundry PTAs and church groups today, Zoot-style might not have come to the attention of the rest of bland, bourgeoisie America had not the media of the time decided to give *their* naturally unbiased take on the fashion and its practitioners, first raising the shackles of the wholesome masses with nightmare visions of Latinos as mocking, kill-crazy mobs infected with an inherited, uncontrollable Aztec bloodlust. Later, as war paranoia clutched at the nation's scrotum, the print media painted the Zooters as the vanguard of a fifth-columnist conspiracy, aided by sinister Nazi commanded Spanish-language radio stations and ultimately directed straight from Uncle Adolf in Berlin.

As the very same yellow press had just spent the last ten years portraying African-Americans as razor-slashing, viciously animalistic, dope-fiending thugs dedicated solely to the business of despoiling innocent white girls with the twin evils of reefer and jazz, there must obviously have been *some* mutual recognition between the two hated minorities. However it happened, the Zoot suit spread beyond the Pachucos, and with some stylistic interpretation dating from the Cab Calloway look that included pork-pie hats and straight-legged trousers, the Drape suits were soon being popularized by black jazz and swing bands. Young African-American males took their own brand of Zoot to the streets, theatres, and night clubs, and soon after began turning-up in musical one-reeler films that ran alongside mainstream Hollywood features all over the nation. The Zoot became a constant running joke in cartoons, as well, with Walt Disney propaganda vehicles portraying the Drape as the disguise behind which Nazi spies encouraged citizens to forget their wartime responsibilities and pursue a life of easy virtue.

Now quite popularized by the very sources that sought to discourage them, the offending suits were turning up on white kids, as well. Some urban Jewish and Italian youths had adopted the look rather early on, but now, suddenly, it was also the jitterbugging sons of dull, middle class families, too. Along the line, some WASP kid must have gotten his hands on one and ruined the wrong family function, because in 1943 a certain invisible line was crossed, and the shit hit the fan for the Pachucos who had started it all. WASP children were simply *not* going to be at risk to the hazards of Latin loco-weed.

Erich (r) sharp with RCR singer

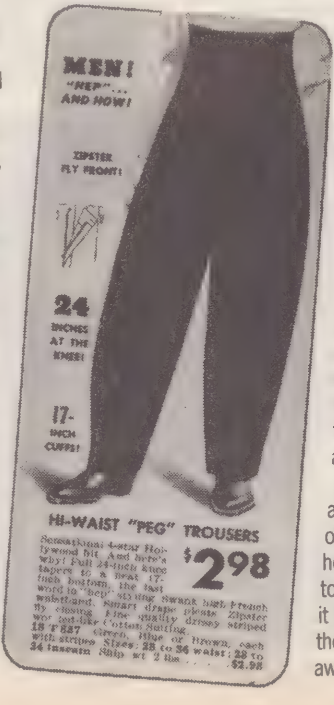
The press were also starting to get sick of their misbegotten hype-monster, seeing how their pet Zoot suit crime wave wasn't leaving enough room on the front page for war stories or Really Big News like the Errol Flynn rape trial, and so when various L.A. civic powers met to plan their final solution to the Zooter Question, the print media were primed and ready to deliver a red, white, and blue tinted college cheer from the sidelines. The Los Angeles City Council effectively banned the Zoot Suit on June 8th, 1943, and as silly, pure coincidence would have it, that *very same day*, a massed force of fighting men from the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps all got to enjoy a little stateside R & R, leaving from the same ports-of-call and just *randomly* all heading by the truckload straight to areas popular with Mexican-Americans. And as luck would have it, since the Zoot had just been banned citywide, anybody wearing the suit was technically a criminal wrongdoer anyway. What else could America's morally-upstanding young men be expected to do in the face of such insolence; there *was* a war going on. Zooters were beaten, maimed, stripped of their suits, which were then torn to ribbons, and if they weren't lucky enough to had lost consciousness by that point, were then forced to watch in helpless outrage as their women were brutally gang raped, just for good measure. Guess who got blamed for *this* one!

photos: Steve Payne

Ironically enough, my first positive exposure to the Zoot Suit was seeing a war-era *Tom & Jerry* cartoon while still a snot-nosed kid. The cartoon in question was supposed to make fun of the stupendous excesses of Pachuco fashion, but if I recall, the ridiculously stylized excess *was* exactly what I found to dig about it. Tom seems to want to wake all the neighbors with this fetching female kitty, while Jerry heckles his progress maliciously. Tom is discouraged until he hears a radio announcement advertising Zoot Suits and is infected with the Pachuco aesthetic, constructing his own Zoot using a lampshade for his hat brim, a curtain rod to support his Atlas-width shoulders, then belts makeshift trousers all the way up to his furry grey armpits. Sure, Jerry comes along and deliberately ruins everything, but before that – for one meteoric instant – Tom just looked fuckin' *baaddass*. This lesson was not lost on a young, pre-Church of Satan Anton LaVey, who donned Zoot-style clothes and delighted in the fearful hissing from the God-fearing white majority.

Well, fifty odd years later, and white people aren't much of a majority anymore. The people who opposed the style are all forgotten, but their flashy antagonists have reached near mythic status. The Zoot Suit ban long since lifted, the lives of the men who wore them has been explored on stage in Luis Valdes' play *Zoot Suit*, which was later filmed, and in Edward James Olmos' motion picture *American Me*, which opened with the 1943 riots. For a more relegated-to-the-background glimpse of Pachuco cool, Steven Spielberg's megabomb *1941* is worth mentioning, for the wardrobe and production design if nothing else.

I've been donning the loud pinstripes and swaying watch-chains for a few years now, although my suits are all of the more conservative Harlem-cut. Most of the retro-Zooters I know obtain their drapes simply by finding suits of the right period cut that were originally made for the tall and fat, then having them tailored extensively. A few find the repro-Drapes created for Lowrider shows, although I've been warned that the quality of the workmanship is near the costume shop level and they disintegrate easily.


MEN!
"HEP"... AND HOW!
ZIPSTER FLY FRONT!
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Every Wednesday night, the swing band Royal Crown Review plays to a packed house at The Derby over on Hillhurst just below Los Feliz, replete with custom made Drapes and a beyond perfect sound to accompany the spectacle they create on the dance floor. Because the real story of the Zooters and the civil-rights disaster that ultimately befell them isn't anywhere *near* so familiar to the public as the style they propagated, the band performs their song *"Hey Pachuco!"* – which subsequently found its way into a featured role in this past summer's Jim Carey comedy *The Mask*. Royal Crown Review was inspired to pen this song in salute to the proud Latino iconoclasts who asserted their identity even in the face of a nation's xenophobic hatred, and in remembrance of how the United States of America chose to fuck them for it. Incidentally, Mando (tenor sax in RCR) is the only guy I've met who actually possesses a surviving, original Pachuco-style Drape, which gets trotted-out for *very* special occasions.

In the 1990s the cultural bulimia of our country seems to be yacking back-up every single important and/or hideous fashion concept of the past century for public viewing, almost as if closing out the millennia with a last fond curtain call before progressing unto the new fashion frontier. Or perhaps we've all just run out of ideas.

No verdict here, but so long as we're revisiting just about every other mode, I'm personally taking heart that the Zoot Suit has begun to slither back into the open where it belongs. Such audacity deserves the spotlight, and is fated to steal it away regardless. *Zoot can't help it.*

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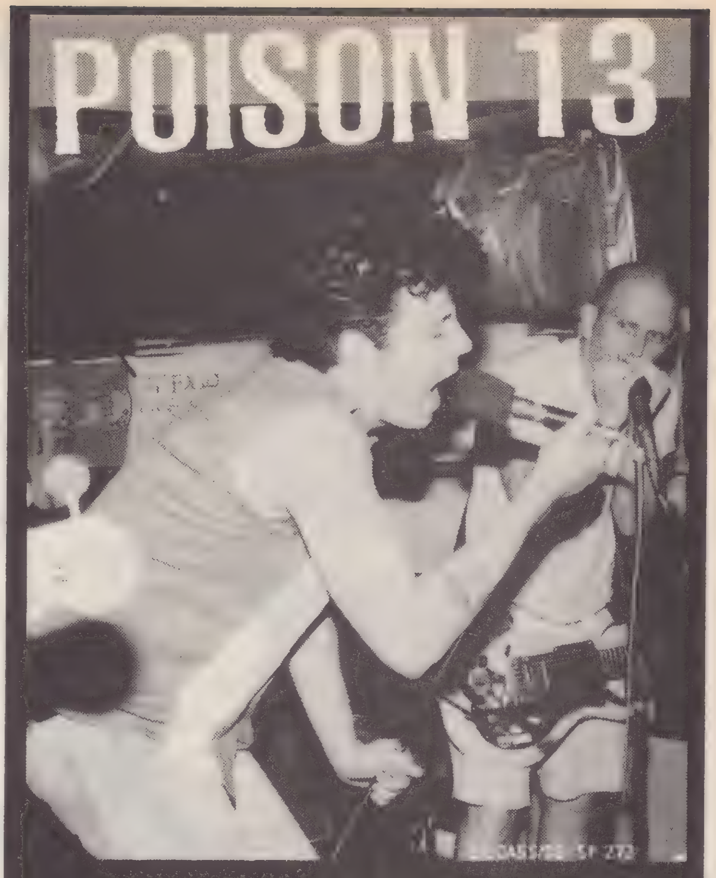

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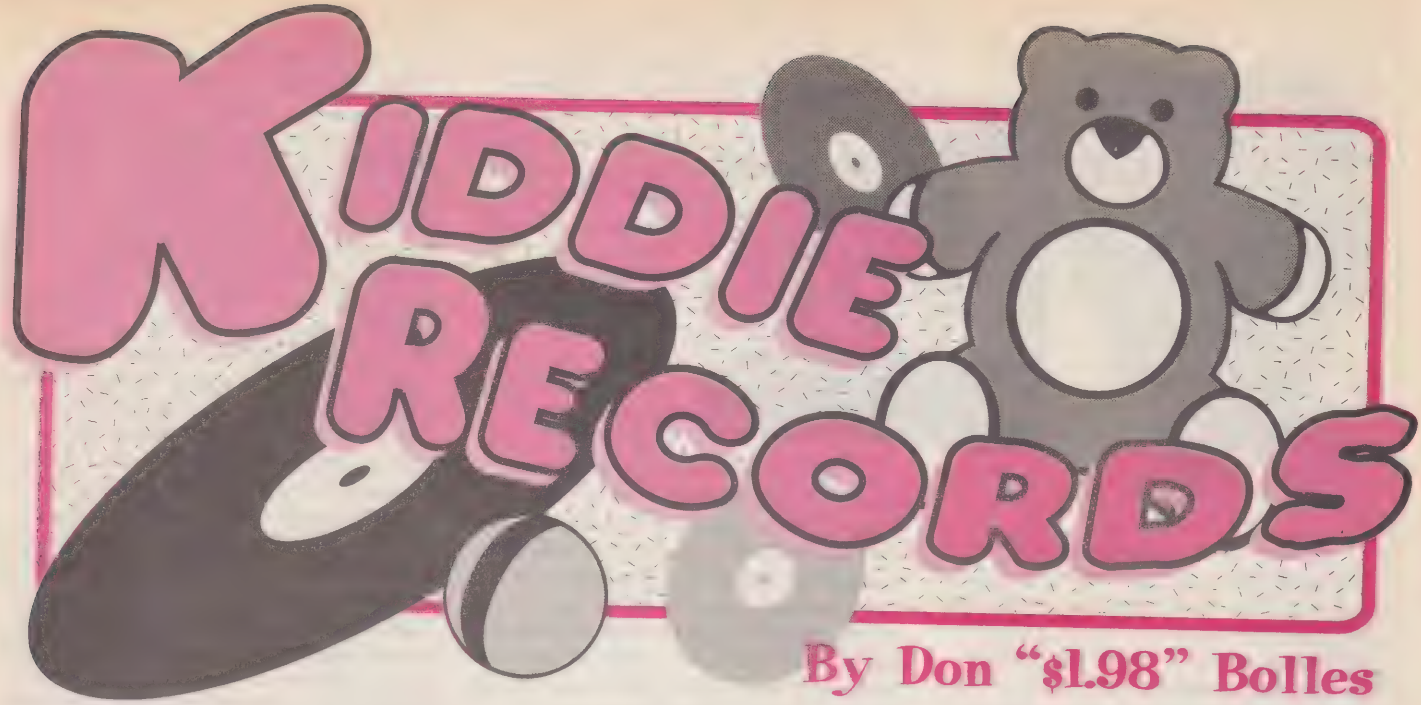


KIDDIE RECORDS

By Don "$1.98" Bolles

Sigh… memories… Sure, we've all got 'em, but what are they? Where the heck did they come from? And what are they doing in my brain? Well, don't look at me, I sure as heck don't know! If that whole "Satanic Child Abuse" witchhunt fiasco of the '80s taught us anything, though, it's that memories, (especially "recovered memories") cannot be trusted. This was something I learned the hard way, when I figured out one day that these kids I thought were my friends and these toys that I thought I owned and played with were only a photograph on the cover of an otherwise benign children's record called "Fun for Everyday with Little Johnny Everything and his Sister Judy." For *over 20 years* I had stored as a part of my childhood these "memories" that never actually existed It makes one wonder about the rest of their "memories."

Maybe this is how Phillip K. Dick got started… Pretty frightening, eh? Well, that's what happened from just looking at the cover! We'll leave it to your imagination what actually *listening* to these things can do to you….

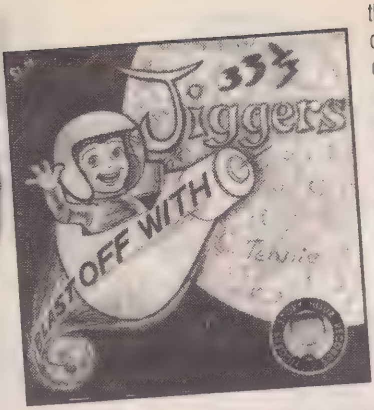
Hi kids!
COLOR ME A STORY

Did you ever have any "Children's Records?" I had a few. Then, I grew into a mature, well adjusted adult; now I have a few hundred. Think that's funny? I'll have you know that I'm not the only mature, well-adjusted adult to collect these things – I've been told that Kurt Cobain had quite a yen for kiddie vinyl, as do teen-idols Beck and Boyd Rice. Other aficionados include Stephen Holman of the groups Torture Chorus and Poo Poo Bomb, and the whole gang at Hollywood's Mondo Video, along with lots of other folks too numerous (and not famous enough) to mention.

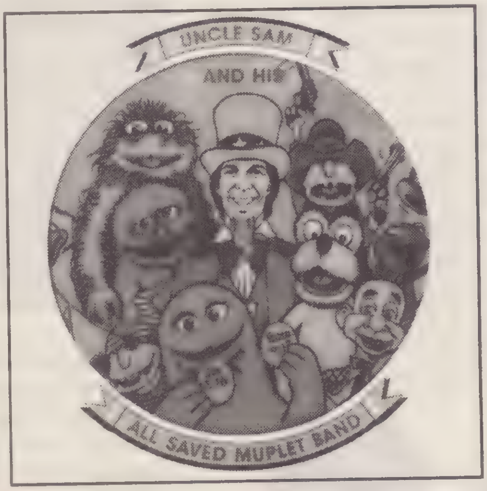
LITTLE JOHNNY EVERYTHING
SISTER JUDY

Children's records are often way more bizarre than any Avant Garde noise fest or underground surrealist opus. Quirky and strange as those oh-so-hip Residents or Nurse With Wound albums are, the fact remains that they were made for adults, by adults. Children's records, on the other hand, are made by adults for alien beings that they do not in any way understand – children.

Thrift stores and yard sales are still the best places to shop for this stuff, unless you're into coughing up hundreds of dollars at a collector's swap meet for records you should never pay more than 99 cents for. If you don't have a turntable, go get one or don't even bother; pretty much any kiddie fare worth owning is strictly vinyl-only! Most of these things will never, ever emerge from their cocoons of obscurity as shiny new Compact Discs. There's just no way. More, perhaps, in this genre than any other, the whacky deviations of the past have given way to the boring homogenization of the present, and it's highly unlikely that this aesthetic entropy will ever reverse itself.



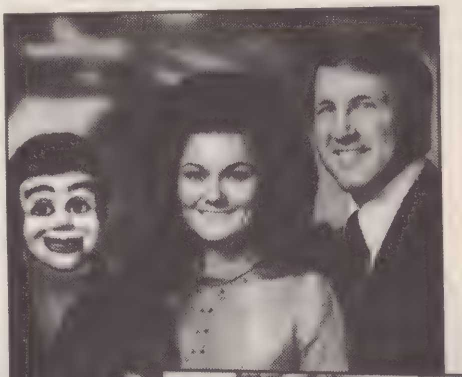
So, now that we've (hopefully) established that there's actually some sort of reason that makes it "O.K." to collect these things, the next logical step is to either invite you all over to my house for show and tell, or take a few pages to share some of the more interesting specimens that I've managed to unearth from the bowels of the Kiddie Kultur dung pile. Since my place is kind of a mess right now, I suppose we'll have to settle for the latter, so do try to enjoy the pretty pictures and informative text, but be warned: this stuff is definitely not for the squeamish, and I take no responsibility for any psychic damage caused by exposure to these malignant little nuggets!



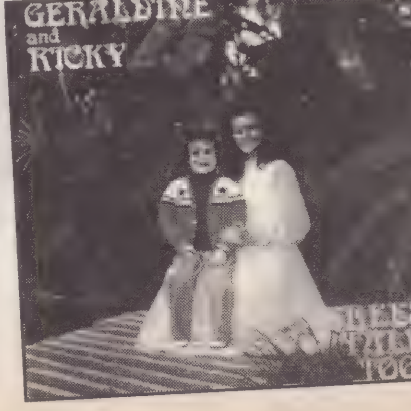
As good a place as any to begin is with one of my favorite Children's Record sub-species: the stuff you're supposed to play for your child while it's asleep, to turn him or her into a productive automaton – oops, I mean "good citizen" – like early '60s hypnotism label Sub-Audio's "Children's Series." I was lucky enough to locate the one entitled "Dreams" which, like all of the albums in this series, contains a repeated subliminal message, read by a woman with a tone so soothing it sounds positively sinister. "As you lie there and listen to my voice, you know that I am your friend" it begins, and goes on to inform one that "Dreams are real good… Dreams are like stars… stars sparkle and are pretty… your dreams can be pretty, too…." After hearing this record and one called "Cleanliness and Order" (which Boyd Rice used to amazing effect in a song with that same title) I shudder to even think what the other installments are like – "Honesty," "Good Manners," "Obedience," "Eating Habits," and of course "Bedwetting!" There are also a lot of records designed specifically to make your little brat shut up and pass out, like "Lullaby and Good Night: Songs to put Baby Fast Asleep," but these seem pretty low on the Big Brother scale compared to the "clean your room and your family will love you again" Sub Audio material.

The true leaders in the field of Kiddie Mind Kontrol are the insidious Christian children's records, especially the ones that use cartoon type characters or puppets to convey their message to impressionable young minds. There is nothing less funny than a Christian comedian, unless it's a Christian ventriloquist trying to make biblical brainwashing seem humorous to the retards they must envision as their target demographic. There was a particularly hideous puppet from Anaheim known as "Jiggers," who, along with his "pals," put out two LPs and a couple of 7" EPs in the '60s on the now legendary "Jiggers Story Hour" record label. These featured so many ventriloquist tricks that were obviously exclusively visual that Bob Bradford (the ventriloquist human) must have known how ridiculous it was and just didn't care. He would do really long, exaggerated sound effects with his voice, do volume dynamic tricks, change characters mid-phrase, even throw his voice, as if this is something really difficult to do when nobody can see you and you're in a recording studio with engineers and, presumably, multi-track capabilities and effects. Bob even trots out the budding young ventriloquist of the family, little Debbie Bradford, whose embarrassingly bad "Donnie Donkey" skit can actuate waves of revulsion and pity powerful enough to cause laboratory hamsters to gnaw their own heads off.

As God-awful as Jiggers and his Pals are, they're nothin' compared to the homophobic Satan-baitin' of Uncle Sam and his "All-Saved Muplet Band." His characters are a true exercise in depth; depth, as in bottom of the puppet rip-off cesspool. Pictured on the A side of this lovely picture-disc are Uncle Sam himself, a scrawny hick with a glazed look of malicious idiocy on his airbrushed mug, dressed in a low-budget Uncle Sam get-up so tacky no self-respecting moth larvae would be caught dead eating there, surrounded by nightmare creatures that bear the merest resemblance to the real Muppets. There's "Scripture Monster," an orange-haired cross between Cookie Monster and that thing in the Bugs Bunny cartoon where Bugs says "an in-teresting monster needs an in-teresting hair-do," but instead of cookies, he's holding up these wafers with "John 3:16" written on them. There's a dead-ringer for Kermit the frog pictured, but it doesn't appear on the record in audio form; ditto for the Grover and Oscar the Grouch clones. Rounding off the stinky puppet-crew is a doofy bald Mortimer Snerd dummy named J.R. Believer (!?). Uncle Sam also has a female accomplice, Mrs. America, who sounds like she's going to rip the puppet right off of his hand and beat the shit out of him with it after one particularly abysmal joke attempt; maybe you can't see Uncle Sam's lips move, but there's at least nine places on this foul piece of wax where I swear you can hear the distinctive sound of an exasperated Mrs. America's eyeballs rolling back in her head out of sheer embarrassment to be heard with this obnoxious imbecile. The material is so badly written, badly presented, and so… well, just *not funny*, that even the dimmest of inbred Appalachian rugrat scum would feel personally insulted by shit like "Sherlock Bomes from Scotland Lard" (ouch!), "Scripture Monster Goes to Sunday School," or "Special Delivery Package for Uncle Sam," which contains the message "So if some one comes to your door asking you to sign up for Satan, don't do it!" If that's not scary enough, there's "If The Flag Could Talk," as passively jingoistic a thing as you're ever likely to be politically oppressed by. In Uncle Sam's slightly-to-the-right-of-Mussolini fundamentalist rants, every thing on earth is some kind of vile sin – Astrology (even horoscopes for pets!), Soap Operas, Rock and Roll, Adultery, Homosexuality, Curse Words,



Special moments w/ Little Ricky

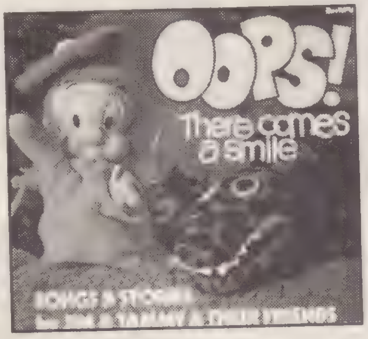


Why did the chicken cross the playground?

Marcy SINGS TO
$1.98
Children

The hardest working woman in Christian ventriloquism (with Little Marcy, before and after)

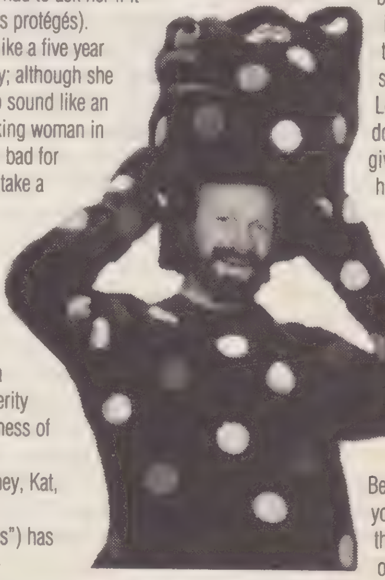
Booze, Disobedience to Parents, Divorce, the Occult, Depression, Bad Attitudes – Gee, Unkie, what about *Copyright Infringement*? I'm sure Jim Henson would've pointed out that one, had he been aware of this twirp's existence.



On a recent trip to Shreveport LA, a stop at the local Salvation Army turned up a fine LP called "Trees Talk, Too" by Geraldine and Ricky. This one's really sick, not just because Ricky is hands down the ugliest dummy of them all, but because the damned thing is depicted with Geraldine and her husband Dave as the child they never could have. There's a family portrait, and, even worse, a shot of "dad" teaching little Ricky Evilpuppet how to play golf. Geraldine looks a little like Lorretta Lynn, and the voice she uses for Ricky is like sub-Hee-Haw hick comedian Jerry Clowers but about three octaves up and a lot more shrill and demented. Ricky tells the touching story of three trees, and how one lucky tree (after 11 interminable minutes) gets to be – oh, you've heard this record too? Well, how did you ever guess it became *the very cross that our precious savior was crucified on*? Wow, I'll never underestimate the intelligence of our readers again. Oh, I almost forgot the ominous quote from the husband guy on the back of the record – "Words could never express the love that Geraldine radiates with little Ricky…." True, Dave; words can't express it – perhaps special feelings such as this are best expressed by a wet cat turd smacking you in the face at about fifty MPH. Things this noisome can only emanate from the state that brought us the *Weekly World News*, freeway shootings, cocaine, Anita Bryant and Miami Vice – *Florida!*

Among the practitioners of Christian ventriloquism, the only one with any sort of talent or integrity in the lot is Marcy Tigner, better known by her puppet's name, Little Marcy. Little Marcy put out over thirty albums in the '60s and '70s, including "Marcy Sings To $1.98 Children" which not only sports one of the best record covers in all of creation but contains the infamous cult "hit," "When Mr. Satan Knocks On My Heart's Door." Marcy was also one half of the duet of the century, on the "Little Marcy Visits Smokey Bear" LP. When Marcy sings "He will give his life for you," just when you think she's going to say "Jesus," or "our saviour," or something, this deep, gruff voice bellows, "That's right, it's me, Smokey Bear!"

In between all that recording, Marcy still managed to do a daily television show on KEZI in Eugene Oregon, and a radio show as well as the occasional live performance. She's rightfully proud of the impressive musicianship and innovative recording techniques on her albums, and the gimmicks she employed actually were well executed and novel, not tacky and obligatory like most of her later imitators. There were sped up over-dubbed guitar tracks, quirky arrangements, and a guitar player that sounded so much like Les Paul, I had to ask her if it was (it wasn't – but it was one of his protégés). Marcy's voice actually does sound like a five year old girl, so it isn't just a cheesy ploy; although she must be over 60, she has to work to sound like an adult. In fact, she's the hardest working woman in Christian ventriloquism, and it's too bad for the genre that she's finally going to take a much deserved break.



Would you bear dance to the "inner kingdom" with this man?

Blatant Marcy rip-offs, like Tammy Faye Bakker's vile "Susie Moppet" character (a puppet she made by burning the ears off of a rubber Porky Pig toy and gluing a blonde wig to it's head), can't hold a candle to Marcy, talent wise or sincerity wise, although the sheer obnoxiousness of Tammy's shrill puppet voice is still unequaled, (yeah, that's right Courtney, Kat, Yoko and Diamanda!)

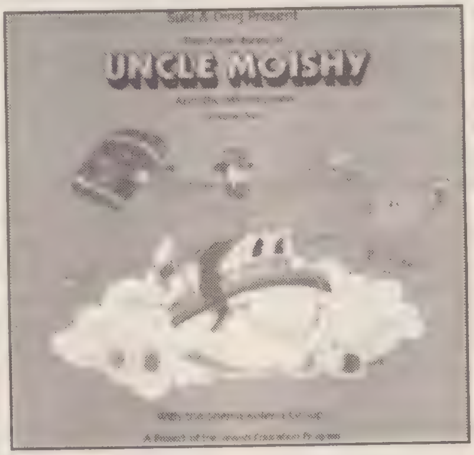
Jimmy Swaggart (with "friends") has a record called "Color Me a Story – For Kids Only." You know there's a treat in store when there's a little gold medallion right on the front that proclaims "Introducing a special friend… DUDLEY MUGWUMP." This creature is kind of an enigma… the only picture of it is a drawing on the cover of the enclosed coloring book. It has the body of a distended lima bean, the feet of a duck, the head of a cartoon walrus, and a pink Greek fisherman's hat, (isn't that how John describes the Beast 666 in the Book of Revelations?) and is carrying a wooden sign that says "Let's be friends" in pseudo-1st grader lower case printing. No one knows if it's a puppet in reality, or what, although it does perform with "Uncle Jimmy" throughout the album, in corporeal form or not, live and in front of a bunch of children. There's not much really amusing about any of this, except the bits where Jimmy Swaggart is interacting, very badly and uncomfortably, with this thing that sounds like Donald Duck with all the personality sucked out of him, and run through a cheap flanger – "Oh yesh," it somberly quacks; "I reawy do love Jeshush, Uncle Jimmy…." A much more blatant Donald Duck rip-off, "Sir Frances Duck," appears only in audio form on an album by two cutesy little preschool girls named Kimi and Dana. Only the girls are pictured on the cover, but, happily, Sir Frances Duck is generously featured throughout the record, singing and belching out between-song patter in an incredibly bad exaggerated Donald Duck type voice, which really lends some authority to lines like "the Lord *ish* counting on you; and if we do our besht for Jeshuth, he will give ush peash and zhoy in our heartsh… Let'sh praish Him right now!" and "Jeshush knowsh all about ush; he knowsh besht how to make ush happy in evewy way…."

One of the most fucked up things I own is an album called "The Story of Creation with Barry McGuire as the Polka Dot Bear." Barry McGuire was the angry young man who really "socked it to the establishment" with the mother of all protest songs "Eve of Destruction" in the early '60s. Somewhere along the line, like so many of that decade's hedonistic drug-damaged rock singers, Barry decided that it would be a good idea to become a born again Christian. He seemed to drop out of sight, eventually resurfacing as a Contemporary Christian artist, with a burning need to put on a hideous bear suit in order to help fundamentalist parents to teach their scientifically incorrect youngsters about creation. Sure, the tone of his recordings changed somewhat between the "Eve of Destruction" and "The Story of Creation," but it's not necessarily a change for the worse. Instead of paranoid rants about the futility of war, the ominous threat of nuclear apocalypse, and man's inhumanity to man, this album finds Barry (as the big ol' friendly Polka Dot Bear) exchanging meaningful dialogue with a bad Porky Pig imitation named "Pokey Porcupine," punctuated with big hearty bear-laughs and some completely insane prattle about "bear-dancing" with him to "the Inner Kingdom, where all the animals talk and sing, *and everyone tells the truth*." Besides the changes in his musical style, philosophy, and mental health status, Barry's look underwent a slight change as well. Apparently, when he made the decision to accept Jesus Christ as his personal saviour, he also accepted Grizzly Adams as his personal fashion advisor. The picture of a smiling, bearded, survivalist-looking Mr. McGuire taking off the head of his "Polka Dot Bear" costume on the back of this LP gave me nightmares for weeks, and definitely put the "fear of god" into everyone I've shown it to.

LET'S BE TOGETHER TODAY

Let's not forget about our fine Christian neighbors to the north! Canada gives us "Black Buffalo's Pow Wow," a Christian kiddie show with an extremely tasteless Indian theme. Black Buffalo was some guy dressed up like an Indian chief, and all the kids in the peanut gallery wore stupid little feathers on their heads, and probably sported fake moccasins, too. An album titled "Black Buffalo Meets The Great White Spirit" was put together from badly edited bits of the actual TV shows, and features Black Buffalo and his cronies singing songs like "Jesus In My Wigwam," and telling stories about Indians and Jesus, and how the white people aren't actually white, but "pink," and have "cute little pink cheeks, especially the little girls, yeah, heh heh!" The whole premise seems a bit specious, and more than just a bit cruel, considering all the worlds of good that Christianity did for any indigenous peoples unlucky enough to meet up with it's nice pink emissaries from across the big water who brought it to them, along with smallpox, firewater, and Manifest Destiny.

The Christians aren't the only ones indoctrinating their young with records. For the malleable Jewish children, who need to be kept away from non-kosher fairy tales, there's Gladys Gerwitz and Eve Lippman's "Mother Goose Songs for Jewish Children and Holiday Play Songs." All your favorite Mother Goose stories are here, with a slight Yiddisha flavor. Who can forget the bewitching tale of "The Happy Mishpacha," or "Mother Goose in Israel?" The B side is chock-full of songs for each of the High Holy Days, with all the hits, including "Nizkeh L'rot Banim," "Pharoah's Mighty Hand," and, of course, "Round the Synagogue." There's further instructions awaiting any Jewish girl or boy who survives that, in such Talmudic tackiness as "Yanky and Zeyde at the Pesach Seder," which actually portrays Jewish people in a much worse light than the old Nazi propaganda films like *Jud Sus* (the film that Goebbels scrapped because he thought it made the Jews look so bad that even the other Nazis wouldn't believe it.). The voice of Yanky is one of the most obnoxious things you'll ever hear and "Zeyde" isn't too far behind. My personal favorite among the many other fine examples of Jewish children's fare is the "Uncle Moishy and his Mitzvah Men" series, especially Volume 2. This is made for hard-core Hassidic orthodox pre-teens, but, as long as you don't play the thing on Shabbos or Yom Tov it's also highly recommended for any one that likes good audio dada. It's got some great stuff on it, like "Bigger Gedalliah Goomber," and "The Brocho song," which tells you what Brochos, or prayers, one should say before consuming various types of foods. My favorite, though, is the opening skit, "Hey Dum," where Uncle Moishy and his Mitzvah Men are preparing to board an Israel-bound airplane – "Say, aren't you the famous Uncle Moishy that teaches Jewish children about Torah and Mitzvahs?" "Yep, that's me." "Well hey dum diddle dee dum, that's great! Are you flying…alone?" "No, I'm flying with all of my Mitzvah Men! Say hi, everybody!" A gaggle of New York Jewish accents answer en masse: "Hiya, Hello, Shalom, Howahya?" "And anyone else that wants to come along, come on and hop aboard!" I've had it on my answering machine for about a year, but what's really funny is that a lot of people that call and hear it think it's some kind of anti-Jew thing.



The secular world's Strawberry Shortcake proves that it's not just religious fervor that makes for an unforgivably annoying listening experience. I've seen the Strawberry Shortcake "Touch Your Nose, Touch Your Toes" LP cause grizzled punk-rock Merzbow fans to run screaming to the turntable to take it off. A woman with a booming, yet nasally tainted voice, trying desperately to sound like a little girl, shrieks vile blasphemies like "They hopped and they hopped and they hippety hopped" in an over-amped and too-loud version of that hideous squeal that old ladies use when attempting to communicate with small furry animals or infants. One kind of interesting thing about Strawberry Shortcake, and also the Care Bears albums, is that a good portion of them are written and performed by Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, better known as Flo (the Phlorescent Leech) and Eddie, former lead vocal duo of the Turtles and the Mothers of Invention. (Check out the Mothers' "Live at the Fillmore East 1971" to see what the voices of the Care Bears and Ms. Shortcake had to say about "B'wana Dick" and various uses for groupies and mudsharks….) One of the Care Bears LPs from the early '80s actually has Flo and Eddie accompanied by one Christina Applegate, playing a role she could never get away with on TV – a little *boy*! (You can hear a small "sample" of this phenomenon on Beck's "Beercan" single.)

An album I only wish I had when I was a young 'un is the "Way-Out Record For Children," that came out in the mid '60s. The parties responsible, Miss Nelson and a mysterious fellow known only as "Bruce," used Musique Concrete* techniques and some electronic gizmos, which, while at that time already pretty common in the avant-garde classical world, made for a most uncommon kiddie listening experience. With tape loops, cheesy rock music, and oscillators a-blazin' (sort of like Pierre Henry's '60s avant-noise/trash-rock experiments), Miss Nelson and Bruce, who must have been total freaks, encourage the wee littles to expand their horizons and use their imaginations, with such lysergic suggestions as "Now you be a Ketchup bottle! Touch the floor three times, then jump up in the air like this…." Another Musique Concrete inspired record for the under twelve set is the soundtrack to "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory," which my friend Mike Fey (not the one who got caned in Singapore) describes as, "Pierre Henry with talking over it." Too bad the L.A. techno-rave scene ruined that album, or at least the cutesy "Oompa-Loompa" part, so it's really difficult for me to listen to anymore. That's the worst; when an otherwise groovy LP is rendered unlistenable by a couple of buffoons with a sampler and too much free time on their hands. Actually, that's exactly how one mid-'80s sort-of experimental record that's very entertaining in it's own sick way, was made. Titled "The Magic Singing Animal Farm," it sports a sticker proclaiming "Real Animals Sing Kids Favorites!"

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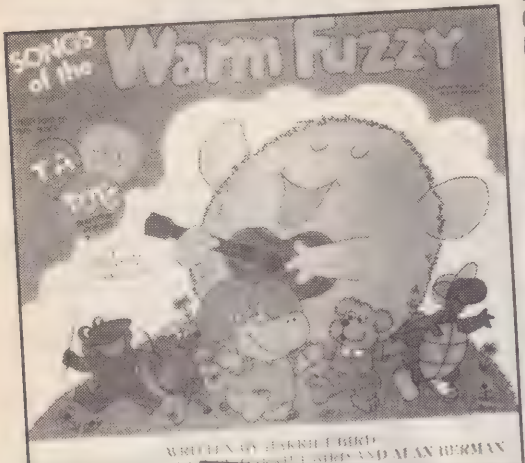
*For a brief description of Musique Concrete, see the review of the 3" Metamkine CDs in our next issue.

There are millions of Americans who are clever and fearless, but the trouble is that they're four years old. –Anon.



ART LINKLETTER
narrates the story of
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM

And, through the "magic" of primitive computer sampling technology, they do just that. Dead Eye Dog, Flakey Frog, Charlie Chicken, Shirley Sheep, Harry Horse, and various other barnyard critters are represented by actual sampled animal sounds, which are then played on a midi keyboard quacking, mooing, and croaking out such timeless melodies as "Frere Jacques," "Home on the Range," "Baa Baa Black Sheep," and, well, you get the idea.

One man whose contribution to kiddie culture is so extreme as to be nearly immeasurable is Fred "Misterogers" Rogers, and no collection of children's albums would be complete without a few of his. A lot of people like to think that Mister Rogers is some sort of pedophiliac weirdo, like the popular Saturday Night Live caricature portrays him ("Can you say NAMBLA?"), but in reality Fred Rogers is a pretty normal, if slightly over-achieving guy who really does care about kids and does his darnedest to entertain and educate them at the same time, without talking down to them or relying on a bunch of technical tomfoolery to bedazzle 'em. His show, *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*, is still shown every day on PBS and features some great puppet surrealism in the "Neighborhood of Make Believe" segments. He does all the voices for his pantheon of puppets, including King Friday the Thirteenth, Daniel Tiger, Lady Elaine Fairchild, Ex the Owl, and my personal totem, familiar and role model, Henrietta Kitty. Besides being the hardest working puppetmeister in the secular world (now that Uncle Sam doesn't have Jim Henson to kick around anymore) Mister Rogers' is really into music, and it shows. An accomplished jazz musician in his own right, he scores all the music on the show and his LPs, and a lot of this stuff is actually pretty listenable. The man is an awesome lyricist, to boot. Check out "I'm a Man Who Manufactures," a dancefloor hit at L.A.'s Fuzzyland, with a swinging Mambo feel, and the lyrics "I'm a man who manufactures, who manufactures chairs, I'm a man who manufactures chairs and every wares, I'm a man who manufactures," or this line from "Parents Were Little Once Too": "My Mother's not so big as Dad, but bigger than my sister, I wonder if she ever had a little fever blister?" "Everyone Wishes Scary Mad Things," a song that never made it to LP at all, is also a work of pure genius, but my favorite Mister Rogers hit appears on an album from the late '50s that's technically not even a Mister Rogers album – "Around the Children's Corner" by Josie Carrey, featuring Fred Rogers and all of his now familiar puppet personae (a pre-"Mister" artifact from when he was helping Josie Carrey out with her show *The Children's Corner*). This song of songs is called "Meow Meow Meow Meow Beautiful," which, predictably enough, is sung by Henrietta Kitty, and has some of the best lyrics that have ever been spewed (or is that "mewed"?) by man or puppet; "Meow meow meow meow, beautiful; Meow meow, telephone; Meow meow meow meow beautiful, oh Mister Rogers meow." Meow, it's enough to make one weep, meow.

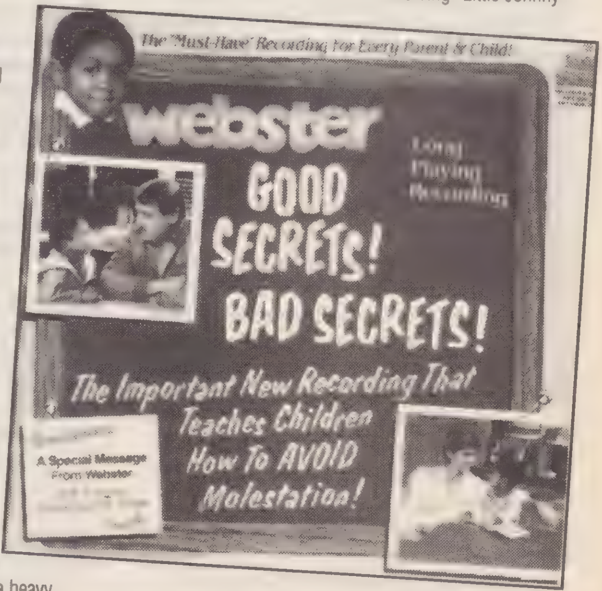
Most children's records are actually made for Mom and Dad, like the plethora of albums made to teach youngsters about the "Birds and Bees," so that lazy hung up parents won't have to. I don't think there's a kid in existence that could sit through "Art Linkletter narrates the story of Where Did You Come From?" in its entirety. This dismal LP makes sex seem like such a yawn it's no wonder that Art's daughter opted for lots of LSD and the Peter Pan "I can fly" window exit instead of life as a good Christian breeding unit. Perhaps if pop-psychology album "Songs of the Warm Fuzzy" had existed during Dianne's formative years, she might still be with us today. Designed to introduce youngsters to the "I'm OK – You're OK" world of Transactional Analysis, and inspired by the book *T.A. For Tots*, this record includes such helpful tunes as "Hitting Is Harmful" (Duh…isn't that the idea?), "Warm Fuzzy Song," "Cold Prickly Blues," "OK Polka," and the questionable "Stroking Song."

"Just Say No! A Never Talk to Strangers Record," is definitely made more to play to parental paranoia than to help out kids. It's so laughable that it's tough to imagine anyone ever taking it at all seriously; "There are lots of people who touch us, but nobody has the right to touch your 'private parts' – 'private parts' is the area covered by your bathing suit." Oh, there's more… the "strangers" portrayed on the LP are *so* realistic… [SFX- Screech of tires] "Hey kid, I just saw your mother – she looked kinda sad; you better hop in!" and, "Say, fella… Need some help carrying those boxes? You must have some big muscles. That looks like a heavy package you've got there… Whattaya say?" It seems one volume wasn't enough, and volume two may be even more ridiculous than the first one. So you'll know when the touching being spoken of on the record is "good" touching, there's a cornball pirate movie parrot voice that screeches "Awk! That's a good touch" whenever they're talking about Grandma giving you a hug, or Dad patting you on the back. Still, the most "special" soundbite on the album is, "Say, Susie; since you're my 'special' friend, come closer for a 'special' treat! I'm going to let you touch me in a 'special' place!" "Mr. Green! You *know* that's not nice, tee hee…."

Instead of volume three, there's Webster's "Good Secrets! Bad Secrets! The Important New Recording That Teaches Children How to Avoid Molestation!" an LP Webster (Emmanuel Lewis) recorded in 1986, when he was spending an awful lot of quality time with superstar Michael Jackson. "Good secrets" are evidently quite rare; the only one they could think of was "a surprise birthday party." "Bad secrets," however, are pretty much anything else, from a little innocent sodomy with your science teacher to various "tickling games." The story on this record pits Webster against his friend's evil babysitter Mrs. Green, who insists on "tickling" his friend's "private parts" thereby rendering him "uncomfortable." Webster has the sitter arrested, and everyone lives happily ever after, except the perverted old hag who presumably didn't have a few million dollars of hush money, and so deserved whatever she got. In real life, a recent *People Magazine* interview quotes Lewis regarding his association with Jackson, as saying that Michael is "gentle, not rough like the other guys." When asked about future plans with Mr. Jackson, Lewis cryptically replied, "Of course we're still friends," but to say anything beyond that "would be name-dropping. Anyway, that's private stuff." Hmmm… I don't know – sounds to me like a *bad* secret, Webster!

Well, I guess we're going to have to continue this little tiny-toon atrocity exhibition next issue, when we can delve into more of the dark corners of the dreaded Kiddie Vinyl realm. Believe it or not, there's still about a gajillion things left to explore, like children's outer space records, exercise records for infants, and why some people will pay upwards of $200 for Hanna Barbera albums.

More importantly, if this piece can help anyone to rid themselves of any "false memories," like the ones I had involving "Little Johnny Everything" – if only one person who "remembers" bear-dancing to the Inner Kingdom with The Polka Dot Bear can be freed from these nightmarish delusions – then I'll consider this article a success. If you're one of the lucky ones who didn't fancy that "Jiggers" was their little brother's weird friend, or that "Little Marcy" would often drop in for tea, don't be too quick to scoff – you may be *very* surprised at what part two could reveal about *your* childhood!


The "Must-Have" Recording For Every Parent & Child!
webster
Long Playing Recording
GOOD SECRETS!
BAD SECRETS!
The Important New Recording That Teaches Children How To AVOID Molestation!
A Special Message From Webster

Kerin and Darby Get Down With The Devil

day two with Anton Szandor LaVey

By Darby

The morning after we first met with Anton LaVey and his companion Blanche Barton, Kerin had a dream about him. She wouldn't tell it to me though – she said it was too sexual. I guess in the *The Satanic Witch* there's references to the ability to invade a person's dreams, perhaps even have sex with them in their dreams, and you hit them at certain hours. Kerin couldn't figure out if she had this dream because she was interviewing Anton and she was just projecting this, or if it was because he actually did what he said he could do.

DAY TWO

We weren't going to stay in San Francisco a second night. We needed to rush back – Kerin had to work Monday morning. But when I realized all the things we didn't get a chance to ask, and when Anton and Blanche said that they had set aside the whole weekend for us, I convinced Kerin that I would get her to work on time Monday morning and we arranged a second meeting.

Tony (their driver/assistant) opened the door right as we buzzed, let us in and told us, as he did the night before, that someone would be out to see us shortly. Then Blanche made her entrance. I think she had on the same outfit as the night before. I had just gotten my period and asked if I could get a pad from her and she gave me the kind with "wings." When she went to get it she left us alone in the room with Xerxes. We waited a minute and then crawled over to him and checked his head to see if there were any six's on it. We couldn't find any but he did have *his fathers eyes*.... Again Anton made his entrance just a few minutes behind her, and we proposed to him the idea of typing the interview directly on our Powerbook (worried that for some Satanic reason it may not fit into his plans, as the tape recorder didn't the previous evening) but he obliged us and Kerin set up and started clacking away. Just as we got started though we all realized we were starved and left for food.

We took their van this time. There were no seats in the back, just some futons covering the bottom. Tony crawled in first and went straight to the rear, lying down and facing the outside. Then Kerin and I and Anton followed; Blanche drove and the baby was in the front seat. Kerin noticed how Anton waited outside the van until we crawled in, insisting that he'd done this on purpose, "I know he was looking, because there's no way I could crawl into that van and keep my butt covered."

It was quite a scenario, bouncing around in the back of that van through the San Francisco streets. We talked about old Coney Island. About how "big" it was, about the weird attractions like the incubator exhibit. Anton went on in detail about the Dr. Dafoe and the Dionne quintuplets; these five girls raised in a glass dome – and the terrible fates they met. He said that building a master race with multiple births would work if the environment the multiples are raised in would be the same as the environment in which one kid would be raised. I disagreed, and suggested that kids are often weaker when there's a number of them born at the same time. We debated over the use of modern techniques for fertilization which cause the large number of multiple-births we see today.

We'd driven for about 15 minutes and I wondered why we went so far just to go to a standard family diner. (The night before they had suggested Denny's as a possibility, which would have been even more surreal than the Olive Garden the night before.) When we walked inside it was immediately apparent that all the employees at this restaurant knew them too.

Duran Duran's "Ordinary World" was playing on the restaurant's stereo. We were seated directly across from three gussied-up nosy old women – totally David Lynch. They seemed quite captivated by our scene and couldn't keep themselves from staring. I thought it entertaining – if they'd only imagined what horrors lurked right in front of their very faces. Kerin suggested I take a picture of them, so I took out my camera, told them I was an amateur photographer and loved their "look." Before they knew it they'd agreed and I was snapping their photos. It worked, and they kept to themselves for the rest of their meal. Anton claimed to be impressed with our technique.

Considering Anton wakes up in the evening and that first meal is really his "breakfast," he eats a *very* rich breakfast – which on both days included white Zinfandel wine. In one magazine piece he said something to the effect that if he could indulge more he would. We talked to him about this and various other topics....

INDULGENCES

I was fascinated with Anton's "indulgences." When we referred back to his comments on herd mentality and mind-control and things that please or keep the people happy, and questioned his "indulging" in these very things he responded, "What gives me pleasure, I indulge in, no matter how popular it may be. I will know when 'contamination' begins." He seemed to have created great excuses for some of these indulgences. I mean, for one who's addicted to sugar it's quite reassuring to believe that "white sugar will be discovered to be the key to preventing cancer." I mean, if it wasn't so obvious how sugar made me feel, I'd sign up for that one.

SATANISM: THE ANTI-EVERYTHING

Satanism encourages guilt-free indulgences in everything. The perfect anti-religion really. It was created as a sort of opposition to everything Christianity was. "I took up Satanism," he said, "out of logic rather than desperation. I wasn't trying to break free or rebel, the way things were just offended my natural intelligence or logic, or powers of reasoning. So I decided that I was going to live by an alternative route – and that's why I did it. Then, when I wrote *The Satanic Bible*, I found out there were other people in the world that felt the way I did. " Anton likes to go against the tide. Sometimes that seems to be the most important thing to him. "It's a magical principle," he explained, "that when everybody is tapping into something at the same time it dilutes the magical power it might have. It decreases its value. It's like, if everybody looks the same, how do you know when someone is beautiful?...I guess a lot of it has to do with the fact that I'm an outcast." But what if Satanism became the norm? "If Satanism became accepted, then I would move Satanism on to something else." Despite these kinds of comments he also said things like, "I want to develop a basic Satanic witch look," and that "Satanism is what once was pop-culture that stopped being popular. But I'm happy to say that's now changing back again – with the new breed of Satanism."

REFLECTIONS

He referred to the past, *his* past a lot. I asked him why, in everything I've read about him, he still talked about his relationships with Marylin Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, and the old Hollywood movie crowd. He responded by noting that, "Once people become stock commodities, stock questions keep coming up." It's the interviewers that continuously ask him questions of that ilk. "People are naturally interested in celebrities' lives." And people often have a presupposition or agenda that they're dealing with. They maintained that the reason Blanche wrote Anton's biography is so they wouldn't have to deal with other people always incorrectly recreating his past. Get all the facts out, straight, once and for all.

WHAT IS AN ENEMY?

People who have decided they wanted to recreate Anton's past sometimes fall into this category. "An enemy is one who goes out of his way to personally annoy or harm me," he said. Must all your enemies suffer? "All of my enemies suffer, or they wouldn't be my enemies. I make them

If you don't have an enemy just go to the supermarket...

suffer without even trying, but by simply existing in their space." Why don't you just kill them all? "They're more useful alive, and they suffer worse having to live." How are enemies good or useful? "Their resentment of me activates whatever energy output their puny minds and impoverished egos are capable of. I tap into that and add it to my own. There are other reasons I won't divulge.... I have Boy Scout tricks. I have stumbled across my own ways and means to deal with people when the time is right. (He made some obscure reference to a little black box.) Timing is everything. Sometimes a person's enemies are far more beneficial than what you originally thought them to be. Then, when you're done with them, you get rid of them. Revenge is sweetest when it's cold."

We asked him if this "enemy" could do anything to amend the situation. Anton made a thumbs down gesture. "Once in a great while I would get letters from malefactors who had done something as a youthful error, who thought they had felt repercussions of a dire sort, who would write and beg forgiveness.... But that takes guts and courage, I should say pride, real pride, in order to do things like that. I've always been able to say I'm sorry, and sometimes it helps, but sometimes a person can say I'm sorry but it's like, what are you going *to do* to make it right?"

Anton went on to say, "A person's power to destroy or influence in a positive or negative way is in direct proportion to their ability to evaluate the situation. If you're a potent enough person and can evaluate a situation, and know when someone has done you wrong, you're more intelligent than the average Joe, who might think that the waitress who didn't bring you pie has to be killed."

When I asked him if a person had to agree with him in order to associate with him he actually answered, "Yes."

I was curious. "So isn't there anything that the two of you disagree on?"

"Onions," he said. "She likes raw onions; I don't. And mustard."

So, he's actually more flexible than he gives himself credit.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

"Are you married," I asked, "...in any sense of the word?" "It's just a sort of unwritten agreement," Anton said, "we're so satisfied with being together. I'm big on codependency. Together we've produced something that is time and emotion consuming, so there has to be compatibility."

"Love is born from lust...." Blanche threw in.

"If either of us wanted to have encounters, we certainly could. When I sent the word out...when I set out to get someone or summon someone who would be able to fulfill certain needs, one important thing was that I'd be able to look at them. It couldn't just be that this woman is a brilliant woman, or that she's so sweet. I have to look at somebody so many hours a day, I'd rather have somebody who would be conducive to what I was doing."

"I wanted to fill whatever space in the Doctor's life that I could," Blanche told us.

"Blanche made herself indispensable, was prepared to do anything in order to integrate herself into my life. Plus, physically, she fit the bill, so it wasn't a major overhaul. I just took the raw material and fine-tuned it...she was capable of modification."

"It's better to be used than be useless," Blanche said, and then added, "If you're not dependent on someone you love or respect and admire, you'll be dependent on the state, which will just fuck you over. When two people live together you only need one TV, one car, one house...." She actually said something which bordered on new age about them being like one cell.

THE SATANIC WITCH

Blanche admitted that she looked like a typical long-haired college girl when she first came to work for Anton. "I did wear high heels and make-up."

"I refined her look," he said, "made it more blatant, more sleazy."

Blanche told us that for three to four years after they met she was a stripper. "I thought it would be good experience for her," Anton added, "because she was already a good dancer, so she would learn excruciating moves that normally wouldn't be seen today, specialty movements that were popular many, many years ago."

"It's a wonderful way to learn about people," Blanche said.

"...An interesting, unfunded research project," Anton commented.

"Really raunchy role-playing," she said. "It was a turn-on for me, too. Imagine when you suggest that you're [stripping] solely as a profession. I think you're betraying some of your own fetishes, so to speak. To say that is just... hypocritical. It's easier for somebody who is already intellectually superior to sink to low levels and enjoy it than for someone who's one step up from the gutter."

We talked about the uses of role playing... and of disguises. "I'm very aware of what a second skin can do." Anton said. "The law of invisibility.... Blanche used to wear disguises – like a church lady, with a little gold cross. That's why Halloween has become a wonderful holiday for people – more so than Christmas. Everyday is Halloween for people like us. We don't need Halloween. We can do it in the middle of August."

A CLASSIC VOYEURISTIC SADIST

"Whether women want to admit it or not, many women's fantasy is to meet a man who can change their lives. It was a time for me to really explore parts of me that needed exploring, so I did. I used to encourage Blanche to get drunk and fall all over herself. I'm a real sadist," he said. "A classic voyeuristic sadist."

"Like the *Story Of O* or something," she said.

They talked about him being like a mad doctor, and of his experiences in youth with peep holes. "So, uh, do you have any of those in the house?" I asked, hoping to alleviate our fears of the previous evening. But all Anton said was, "Smile, you're on *Candid Camera*!"

On that note we returned back to the house – stopping along the way to pick up some cookies. Kerin and Anton talked about Crowley for a long time, which led into the topic of drugs.

DRUGS

I just assumed Anton must have tried every type of drug, yet when I questioned him about it he professed to have never even taken LSD – that he's only experimented with it (on other people that is). Actually, he didn't seem too keen on drugs at all – at least as far as his consumption of them. "I would call [drug addicts] war casualties," he said, "because, not to sound egotistical, but if ten years down the road it was okay to say 'I'm a Satanist,' [this kind of drug use] wouldn't be happening. Drugs are an easier way to do battle with yourself if you're intoxicated or inoculated with these ideals, dogmas, echoes of Christianity. If it was an extinguished mire, that Christian concept, then there would be more emphasis on Satanism and less of an emphasis on drugs. That's why I say they are war casualties, because they're caught in the beginning of the war. But I don't wish to apologize for them. I think that in any time, there are people who will have to rely on drugs and various crutches to make their lives stimulating. It's all reducible to stimulation and identity. Drugs provide stimulation, so that the drug taker feels something, even if he's dying – that's very important now, when there's an attempt to equalize everything and everybody. It's very important that people don't lose their feelings and stay responsive. And drugs give you a jolt, give you a vision, give you a fantasy. Even if it's destructive, it's still stimulation. And secondly, drugs provide an identity and in a time like this, identities are at a premium more than they ever were before."

...the supply exceeds the demand. –John Ferro (former Satanic priest)

FAME

What about Fame as a stimulant? "Fame enriches or depletes, depending on the present position of the famous. If one is 'beloved by millions,' fame can be a curse because there is always a need to stay on top or else be forgotten. It's easier to be a villain. The public needs villains. That's why they elect their leaders accordingly. A villain needn't do much, just discover what's unpopular, and do it." Is fame important to you? "Fame isn't important to me, because I have it. It's only important to those who don't have it. It's the only thing for which the rule, 'You can't miss what you never had' does *not* apply. *Recognition* for what I can or have done is more important to me than fame."

DEPRESSION, FEARS

Do you get depressed? "Stupidity depresses me. I want to believe that people can learn." What are your fears? "That my underarm odor might offend and that I might break wind when someone is around to hear. If you can admit to and confront your fears, you're stronger for it. But to divulge fears makes you vulnerable."

FAVORITE ICE CREAM

"My favorite type of ice cream is chocolate with caramel or butterscotch topping. No nuts or whipped cream. Extra cherries (with long stems.)"

COLORS

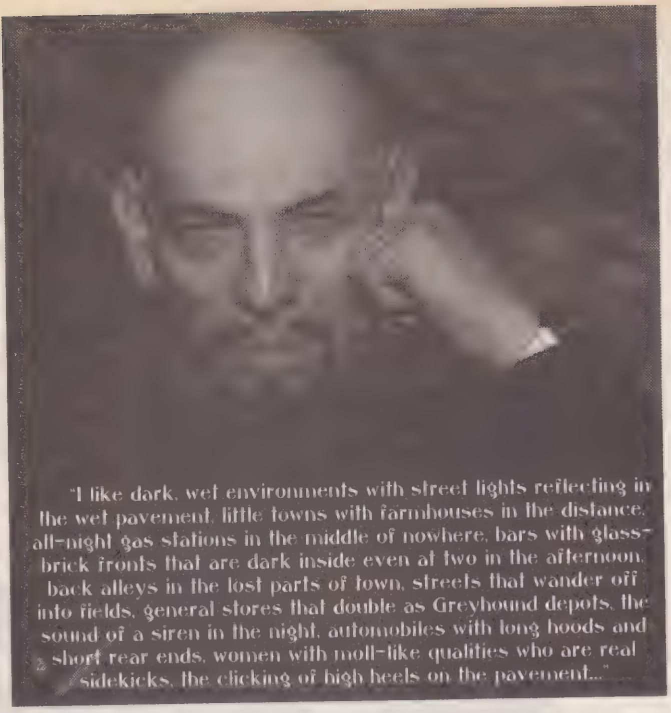
"I like purple, electric blue, black and red. The combination I really hate, to the point that I find it sort of entertaining, is that rust sort of redwood color and pale green that they use so often in motels, bowling alleys, and restaurants. It's a fact that a rust colored car is the one that will stay in the lot the longest. Brown is positively my least favorite color. I don't think I own anything that's brown or tan. I think that the only way that I would wear that combination is if I was in disguise."

FASHION!

Anton had a few things to say about clothing and "fashion" – which explained something about Blanche's outfit. "I'm all for people wearing the same outfit every day of the year, if it makes them feel and look their most effective and fits their ideal image. If you have a favorite outfit, stick with it. The only reason why so many people wear jeans and sweatshirts isn't because it looks good, but because it's comfortable and *acceptable*. If a girl wore the same skirt or dress every day, she'd be ridiculed, even though she looked a lot better. Before there were pants for women, it was different. The fashion industry has made women feel like shit, unless they have a different outfit for every day. Guess who gains on that score?

"A person's clothing is a big part of their identity. Importance should be placed on *what* they wear, rather than how often they change it. Of course, if they wear the same outfit every day, they might stink. I think that's great. As it is, they stink anyway. Let's just say that they would have more *individual* stinks. I'm all for typing people, and that way there'd be fewer surprises. We're already unconsciously influenced by how someone else smells. All animals are, but humans mask their odors. Anybody I don't like, *smells* wrong to me at the outset. No amount of masking will change things. Basically, I like women to smell like women. If they're my type of woman, they can't *smell too strong* to suit me.

"The reason somatotyping (see "The LaVey Synthesis Clock" below) is held in disfavor is why women's clothing gets baggier all the time. Some wise guy figured that if you can't *see* someone's figure, you can't type them. It makes them all the same – just like with smells. If you can't smell out the wrong people, they can do any kind of number on you, and it's usually number two."



"I like dark, wet environments with street lights reflecting in the wet pavement, little towns with farmhouses in the distance, all-night gas stations in the middle of nowhere, bars with glass-brick fronts that are dark inside even at two in the afternoon, back alleys in the lost parts of town, streets that wander off into fields, general stores that double as Greyhound depots, the sound of a siren in the night, automobiles with long hoods and short rear ends, women with moll-like qualities who are real sidekicks, the clicking of high heels on the pavement..."

photo: Cathy Fitzhugh

THE LAVEY SYNTHESIS CLOCK

Basically this is a system of personality analysis based on physical archetypes along the lines of Sheldon and Kretchmer. The top of the clock (12:00) being masculine and the bottom (6:00) being feminine – with the thinner intellects at the right (3:00) and the rounder, more gregarious social types at the left (9:00).

"Top of the clock women have a tough time of it," Anton said. "Man still gravitates toward the bottom of clock women. I'm more attracted to a six...more long in the legs, short in the torso, narrow in the shoulders, and wider in the hips." Blanche told us she's about a 6:30-7:00. We asked him where we placed on his clock. "Kerin is an 8:00, and Darby's a 4:00." I wondered if my number would have differed had I worn a more sexy outfit...or Kerin's had she worn a dress revealing a few inches less cleavage.

MUSIC

"There is lots of great music that should be heard, neglected because it violates the Law of Established Profit. As long as mainstreamers like *Rolling Stone* have their vested interests, those accredited Boomer burnouts will keep the lid on *real* alternative music. Things are changing though. The young old farts, the refugees from Woodstock, are like the last Christians. We will bury them."

SATANIC BANDS

Do you feel today's music can be Satanic without sounding like a crappy death metal band? "There are more effective Satanic bands emerging every month. Some are more serious than they're credited for being. Many are the future. Give them a chance. Marilyn Manson, Morbid Angel, The Electric Hellfire Club, Type O Negative, The Dickies, Nine Inch Nails are among a long list of current Satanic bands. And then there are always the pioneers: King Crimson, Leonard Cohen, The Eagles, Mercyful Fate, Acheron...

NEW AGERS

"All of them I've met are professional 'seekers.' They are people who are seeking wisdom. What is seeking wisdom? Come on. Go into the Green Apple and get a used copy of an encyclopedia. They can buy any number of fine books and if they take it into the toilet and read it, they can find a lot of wisdom. They can learn about old railroads, cars, photography... if they're seekers after wisdom, pin 'em against the wall, and ask them 'what exactly do you mean?' Most of them can only reply, 'I want to know who I am.' I'm sorry if I sound so bitter, but they're people who couldn't sit through an old funny movie and appreciate the laughs."

SAN FRANCISCO

I was surprised upon first learning that Anton and the Church of Satan were based in San Francisco – it seemed too hippy for a group of that nature. But Anton explained that it's less dangerous in San Francisco, that there are less security risks. "With all the special interests, minorities, lobbies, coalitions, you can get away with more here."

"In L.A. you can do it," Kerin said.

"It's too violent," he said.

"And religion oriented," Blanche added.

"L.A. has too much pent up rage. It's just too volatile. People in LA live in bunkers, in tightly secured buildings. Coop (the artist) – he and Ruth live in a fortress.... I don't like violence, but I'm very fierce and truculent when it comes to my possessions, my home, my child. I have no tolerance. I'm not paranoid but I'm not a trusting soul."

GUNS

"The Doctor knows what shits people really are," Blanche said.

"I always protect myself. I sleep with guns all around me. I have a 45...." On cue, Anton whipped a big one out from beneath his jacket and raised it in the air. "Treacherous sons o' bitches they are," he announced, "I don't want to take shit from anyone."

I wondered why, if he had such powers, he would need a gun to protect himself. "My weapons include firearms, knives, and big sticks. They are very *magical* to me. A Glock with an extended magazine and a laser sight is a fine talisman, my personal 'powers' not withstanding." He made it clear, "I live by my words. I believe in civility. I'm polite and decorous."

"But when he's crossed," Blanche threw in, "he's mean as hell."

"I want to make it clear," Anton said, "that underneath this hard exterior beats a heart of stone. I'm a nice guy when people are nice to me... a nice snake."

DEATH

Finally we spoke to him about our subject at hand (at the time), "Death." When we told him we were working on the "Black" issue dealing with, "you know, morbid, depressing, death-type issues," he responded, "I don't believe black is the color of death. How can it be, it includes *all* colors of the spectrum. White is more representative of death."

"White is the absence of all color," Blanche proclaimed.

Include me out. – Sam Goldwyn

"White is not purity." Anton continued, "White is the absence of all emotion, of all lust, the absence of all feelings. The more glare, the more death provoking it is. If the world ever ends it will not end in darkness, it will end in glare.... In masses, there are very few coincidences – like the white candles being the ones for curses. My 1937 Cord is really a car of death – it's spectral white and very much a symbol."

LIVING ON

"Death is not the end if you've gotten a gold star for living, if you've learned your lesson well this time around. If you were like a leaf that just turns brown and falls off the tree, then you're not a very special person. And if you're not, then you won't turn brown. And that's pretty much my idea of death and death being the great equalizer. If there's any prospect of immortality, it will be based on that – doing something that people will remember you for.... I want to live on in any way, shape or form – and if you live in the memories of others you can live forever. That's why when somebody comes along and tries to steal your past, that's all horse shit. It's better to put it all down, document it right now, and have it speak for itself three centuries later. That's what I'm doing now. I also believe that we inherit the brain cells of our ancestors. Xerxes will inherit a certain amount of memory as I know it, which can be incorrectly interpreted as reincarnation memories.... I don't believe in the spirituality of things being ephemeral – I think things are on a real level. It's absurd to think that an individual can inherit the shape of a chin, a shape of a nose, but that the brain tissue is not subject to inherited or recessive traits or forms. The brain is a computer, and if you have enough data in the computer, it's going to be transferred, because we're colloidal creatures and we do have this malleable faculty about us so that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. I coined the term 'Inherited Cellular Memories' to describe very strong predispositions. They come across as talents, as fears, and if we didn't [have them], we wouldn't have a natural repulsion to certain things, even if we were animals and not humans."

It was already four in the morning, we were completely exhausted, and I still had to drive us back to LA and get Kerin to work by 9:00. We walked through their library, the room where the baby was sleeping, to leave. They were playing something for him to sleep to that sounded like static. We assumed it was Boyd Rice. Kerin said it freaked her liver.

Before we left I admitted to them a dream I'd had when we were first trying to arrange our meeting. In this dream I had gotten someone else to do the interview. I gave this person Anton's address and told him when to arrive. But when the time came I had a gut feeling that something had gone wrong. I went over to Anton's house to make sure everything was okay. When I got there I stopped on the front lawn and waited for the interviewer. Immediately a couple walked up and said they were told by this guy that they could do the interview too. "What?!" I yelled. "No, you're going to have to leave." I convinced them to go but soon more and more people were walking up to the house – it looked like a high school party. Anton and Blanche came outside and I told them that they should get back in the house. It wasn't just fans arriving, some of these people wanted to kill Anton. I ran back into the house. They were already passed out on the bed. The house was open and I moved quickly through it, locking all the doors and windows. Trying to hide Anton from view of the murderers outside. I had no idea how many enemies he had. They shot at the house and tried to break in but I made sure Anton and Blanche were safe....

When I finished telling them the story they both thanked me – as if I'd actually protected them somehow from someone. "You're welcome, it was the least I could do."

Anton granted our request to take a few photos. Blanche got out her camera, we got out ours. I took one shot of them together and they split apart before I could snap another. I couldn't remember if I'd seen them kiss during the whole time we'd spent with them – Kerin didn't recall them kissing either.

They told us they were going to make sure Kerin got to work okay. We said our farewells and they said they hoped to see us again – we both hoped so too. Anton kissed us both good-bye. Kerin's heart skipped a beats and she couldn't stop talking about it until she finally passed out as I drove us back home.

Postscript: A few months later Kerin did make a trip back up to visit with Anton and Blanche and has received her Church of Satan membership card.

For more information about the Church of Satan write to: Post Office Box 210666, San Francisco, CA 94121.

Recently Amarillo Records re-released The Satanic Mass, *the first authentic recording in history of a Satanic ceremony – conducted by Mr. LaVey – which originally came out in 1968, preceding even* The Satanic Bible *(and, as the liner notes claim, "before heavy metal, before death metal, before black, Satanic or Gothic metal music....") Anton also has a new CD coming out soon entitled "Satan Takes a Holiday" with 70 minutes of music. Write to Amarillo, P.O. Box 24433, SF, CA 94124 to find out more.*

That I must die, carry me out, on the Ebon river, into the night. –Rob E Howard

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I Was a Teenage JOAN FIEND

by Sarah Zimmerman

I need to make a confession: I wasn't always faithful to Joan Jett. Some may call it sacrilege that I'm writing a piece on my love for Joan, when I wasn't always true. Before I realized the power of her words, her guitar, and simply, HER; I was a Duran Duranie. My response is that it was a natural progression. Duran Duran filled my heart when I was idealistic, naive and romantic about love and boys. I was devastated when I discovered that boys didn't think like my dear Nick, Simon, John, Andy and Roger. In fact, "Save A Prayer," "Lonely In Your Nightmares," and all those other tear-jerkers were translated by the seventh grade boys I knew into "Fuck Me While I'm Horny."

As I approached eighth grade, I realized I had been lied to: boys sucked. They were dogs trapped into acne-ridden, underdeveloped bodies. They weren't sweet, they didn't send flowers, they wouldn't even acknowledge you in front of "the guys." I learned to hate them. Enter Joan Jett and the Blackhearts.

Joan changed my life! I went from a mournful, Goth-ish, angst-ridden nightmare to a bad attitude, foul mouthed, self-determined bitch! I always had a secret spot in my heart for "I Love Rock & Roll," but one day I heard it in an entirely different way: here was a woman who saw a young hot "thang," and wanted to take him home... so she did!!! No more waiting for Mr. Right; it was all about grabbing what's right in front of you. Ah, sexual liberation had finally dawned on me. (Duh!)

I began to look for Joan's previous vinyl and was blown away by the strength of her material. I had found my role model. "Bad Reputation" was such a fucking classic, I couldn't believe I hadn't heard it on the radio. "You Don't Own Me" became my mantra, and I worshipped her for maintaining the words "she" in "Crimson and Clover." My rabid phase didn't kick in until I heard "Do You Wanna Touch Me (Oh Yeah)." Even though I was still a virgin, I admired her upfrontness, and I knew it was something I wanted to eventually emulate. "The French Song" was about the hottest thing my young ears had ever heard. After a few heartaches, I found "I Hate Myself For Lovin' You" and took solace in the fact that even she could be hurt.

Then she disappeared. No more hits on the radio or videos on MTV. To be quite honest, I didn't really notice. Punk rock had gotten into my bloodstream by that point, and I wasn't interested in anything else. I felt like she had taught me all she could to prepare me for the world and now it was up to me to discover it myself. She had given me the tools to handle the craziness that accompanied a punk lifestyle in Delaware. Even though I was a 14 year-old girl, I felt intellectually strong, with a very thick skin. In fact, I was downright indestructible. Live fast, die young.

I began to get my inspiration from other sources. They all shaped me, and provided me with a different perspective, mostly about political awareness and responsibility. But none had that sisterly voice which guided me through personal crisis. No one handed me that plate of cold hard reality like she did.

Years went by and my old Joan Jett and the Blackhearts records got dusty. Then I got word that Joan had a new album out and every music critic in the country was hyping it. Could this be true? Oh, God I *needed* her!!! I was near hysterics over my crumbling relationship and I desperately needed her growling voice and pissed off guitar to slap me into shape.

As soon as I heard it was out, I rushed out and bought my first Joan Jett CD. I wanted to hear every second of it in the best of all quali-

Photos by Jake. Wardrobe by Ayn, Heidi, & Buffalo Exchange

ties. When I put it on I held my breath and prayed, "God, let this be great!!" From the start I felt high; she came back to me in full glory! In fact, she was more pissed off than she had been before. I practically peed myself.

A few days later, I was talking to a friend, practically drooling over how good the new record was when she said, "Oh, she's coming to San Francisco." The words echoed in my head like a blessing from above.

The fateful night arrived and I was going to lay eyes upon HER. I made sure I had an optimal view even though the place was already cozy and intimate. Then, the lights dimmed and a voice announced her. That's when I lost all mental capacity. I was screaming like a maniac, crying like a baby, and jumping around like a speed freak. I sang every goddamn syllable to every song they did. Then IT happened: SHE LOOKED ME IN THE EYES!!! Not once, not twice, but five times. I had made contact. It seemed as if time had stopped.

Obviously, the show ended too soon for me. The line to visit her backstage was longer than any I had ever seen. I put a special voodoo hex on each and every soul that would have a chance to stand next to her – except the two friends going in who promised to send my love with them.

After I got done spitting my curses at the line of ass-suckers, I went to see how much merchandise my measly $20 would buy. And let me tell ya, I wanted it all!! My best friend Branwyn got the last dog tag (very punk chic), but I jumped at the video. Imagine, I could watch her any time I so desired.

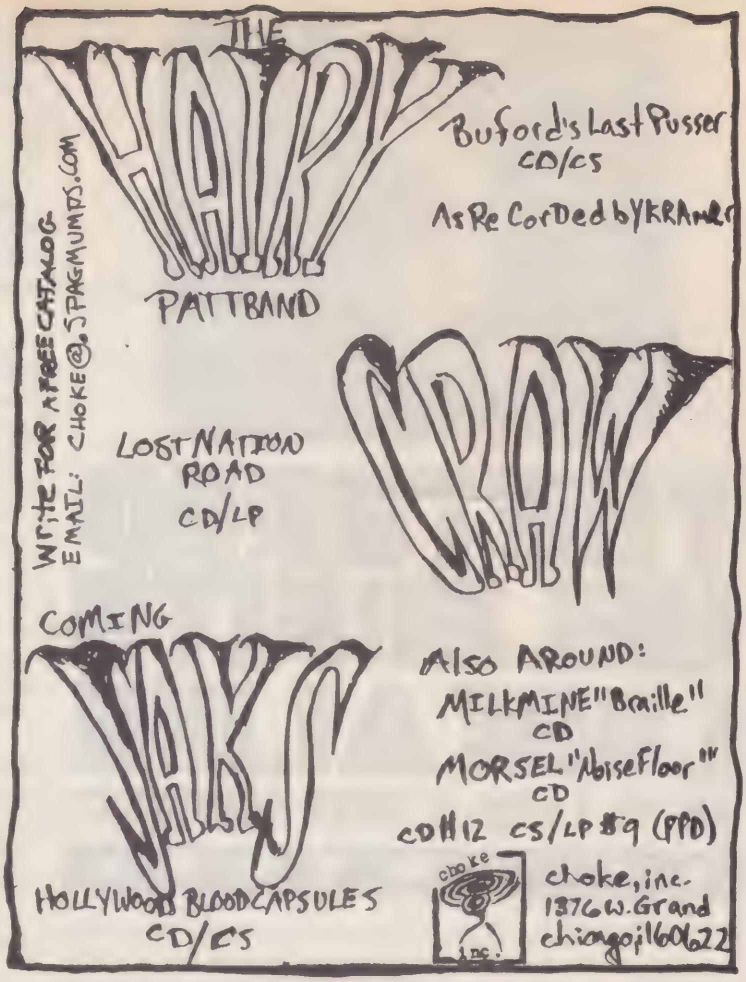
They finally kicked our asses out of there, and we walked to the bus, singing Joan Jett songs the whole way. Branwyn left having the same feeling of overwhelming strength and love that I felt. It was a true bonding experience. She came back to my house and we were so wound up we decided to watch the videos and relive what was only 2 hours old.

It was during one of the interview segments that Joan admitted that she looks through the crowd to make eye contact with as many people as possible so they can feel special. B-b-but, no... it was different with me!! She wanted to look at *me*. She could tell that I was one of the true few devotees in the audience. I mean, she did look directly at me *five* times.

A couple of days later, after the second show (in Santa Cruz), I finally calmed down. Joan was gone and I was forced to return to my normal routine. It was hard.

I have found some of her more obscure stuff at Recycled Records. I also have a friend who works there named Mark who is just as much of a Joan fiend as I am. So he puts aside all the real hardcore, rare stuff for me. And I found a copy of *Light of Day*, the movie she made with Michael J. Fox. (She stole the show right from under him, by the way.)

So where does that leave me? Frankly, high and dry. Now that I've seen her spit, play guitar, chew bubble gum, snarl and sing up close and personal, I'm fucking hooked. When she comes back, I'm probably going to have to rent a car, steal my girlfriends and be a Jetthead. Until then, I must be satisfied with merely listening to her religiously. I'm collecting every magazine with her in it. That tides me over, but in the meantime, I just wait for the chance to share a room with her again and hear her sing the songs that made me the strong person I am today. I am forever indebted, Joan. See you in San Francisco.



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TORTURED CELEBRITY LOOKALIKE

OR "A LOSER & TRUE SCHMUCK"

BY GWYNNE

A fellow Todd Rundgren aficionado was recently telling me what became of Todd's first daughter Liv, who is a teenager now. I was, of course, wondering if any of Daddy's talent genes had been passed along, and if we could be looking forward to a better Wilson Phillips-type project soon. "She's not actually Todd's* daughter," my friend said. "Steven Tyler is her real father. But he was all strung out when she was born, and Todd stayed with [common-law wife] Bebe Buell through the pregnancy and acted as Liv's father until Tyler cleaned up in rehab years later." I always knew my hero was a nice guy! "But she's gorgeous, as you can imagine, with both [former Playmate] Bebe for a mother *and* Steven Tyler for a father!" Well, no, actually, I always thought Tyler was sort of a mutant, but I'll take your word for it. "She's a model now. I saw a picture of her in *People* magazine."

Well, it turns out there's no shortage of Rundgren heirs. Howard Stern informs us that Todd lives on a specially-designed complex of adjoining houses with his wife and their kids *and* his girlfriend and *their* kids. Contrary to what is likely Stern's fantasy of uninhibited, wild semi-Sapphic harmony, I have a hard time believing the first wife isn't a tad bitter about the whole thing and sticks around only so the kids can have Daddy nearby. Those damned '70s hippies never did quite learn how to reconcile their free-love ideals with the cold hard reality of the human ego. But I guess some of them never stop trying.

At any rate, these facts lend a curious credibility to a story I was told many years ago, a story I'd written off at the time as the biggest pile of bullshit I'd ever heard, no doubt the rantings of a spittle-spewing, Napoleon-hatted bona fide madman.

The madman's name was Stuart. I was fourteen, and I was hardly ever allowed to go anywhere, so I spent most of my time on the phone. And since I didn't have any opportunities to meet *real* rockstars – my parents weren't fixing me up on dates with Michael Jackson, like today's lucky pubescents – I had to settle for Rainbow parking lot losers. These shag-haired, white Capezio, Pep Boys t-shirted, Top Raman-eating, cokehead-wannabe, failure cocks were so desperate they'd actually waste their time talking on the phone to giddy fourteen-year-old virgin girls. I wasn't that "foxy," by their tall-skinny-blonde standards, and I certainly wasn't the scintillating, masterful conversationalist I am today. Maybe that's why I was given Stuart's number – because it only took about two words to send this guy on a half-hour rant 'n' rave. He was so easily incensed he made Howard Stern look like Marcel Marceaux! At twenty-six, he was the most bitter, angriest-old-dog-in-the-world I'd ever encountered. I'm thirty now and I'm still not *that* bitter.

A lot of his bitterness revolved around the sorry curve Fate had thrown him: he looked exactly like Todd Rundgren. Well, not exactly to me, because I knew Todd had blue eyes and Stuart's were brown. But to anyone who spent less time than I staring at Todd's picture (which, let's face it, was most of the rest of the world), the poor sucker was a dead ringer. To add insult to injury, Stuart was a musician, too – an unsuccessful one. One of his well-oiled rants was about how he was supposed to play drums in Todd's band, but he got "fucked over, man!" Even at fourteen, I had trouble believing that a professional like Todd would elect to hire someone with the temperament of a high-strung yap dog, musicianship notwithstanding. In fact, I imagined Stuart's drumming to be as erratic and histrionic as his behavior. (I never found out, because I never got to see him play, but I did run into him a lot in Beverly Hills, where he worked driving the local florist's delivery truck.)

So, imagine if you will: this guy lived alone, in a tiny cockroach-infested one-room apartment in East Hollywood, a relatively worse neighborhood then than now, since the gays hadn't yet begun to gentrify the area. He couldn't keep a gig because he was totally 4-F bonkers gonzo, even though he'd been playing drums since time immemorial. And he'd constantly have to disappoint autograph-hounds because he was not the progressive-bubblegum *wunderkind* he so resembled.

But, y'know, I couldn't help but think: if he hates being mistaken for Todd Rundgren so much, why does he continue to dress exactly like him? Stuart had this beautiful turquoise antique kimono that he never seemed to take off. He wore scarves and camel toe-inducing white jeans and of course the requisite white Capezios. He could have at least gotten a different haircut or something. But I guess it provided two things of which there were apparently never enough in Stuart's life: something to bitch about, and a little glamour.

Stuart once told me everything I ever wanted to know and more about Bebe Buell. He told me she was a deranged slut from hell who screwed anything in tight satin pants whenever poor Todd's back was turned. Every song on *Hermit of Mink Hollow*, Todd's most recent album at the time, was about how she'd broken his heart. "Too Far Gone" was about the actual dumping of Todd for Steven Tyler. And then, the real kicker: she'd DONE Stuart!! Yes, when Todd was out of town, Stuart said, she'd taken him up to her Hollywood Hills lair and seduced him! But it didn't end there. She was "one sick fuckin' bitch, man!" She'd opened up Todd's closet and made Stuart model Todd's clothes for her, giggling all the while "Ooh, you're so cute, you look just like Todd!" Naturally, she'd then turned around and told Todd all about it, which if memory serves me correctly had something to do with why Stuart was not ever Todd's drummer nor his friend.

So, you be the judge. We've all seen *Annie Hall* and all those Robert Altman and John Cassavetes-type movies about the let's-get-naked-and-smoke '70s. Were Todd and Bebe just another one of those wild, wife-swappin', kinky, swingin' couples of that bygone era? Or was this just the fantasy of a guy too whacked out to know the difference? Well, I certainly didn't care either way at the time. At fourteen, I was easily amused.

---

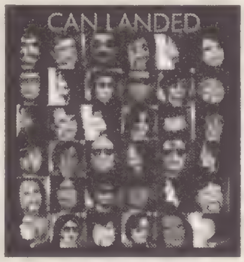
* Todd Rundgren fans speak of him on a first-name basis, as in "Todd is God".

DON'T PROG ME OUT

naked sun
(max on right)

Discussing and Defending Old School Progressive Rock
Bob Mack talks with Max Vanderwolf of Naked Sun

Sometime in the mid to late '80s, when music sucked more than it does now, I read a strange and wonderful article in The Village Voice by a guy named Bob Mack. The article attacked the very foundations of rock criticism, as commonly spewed in the Voice, and went on to praise such critically maligned prog bands as Jethro Tull and Rush. There was even a picture of Ian Anderson playing the flute standing on one leg next to a picture of Rollins lunging wildly, with the caption: "Ian Anderson Is Smeared While Henry Rollins Runs Amok." I suddenly realized I was not alone in my thinking and wrote Bob to say thanks and tell him about my band, Naked Sun. Since then, we've hung out a bunch of times. And although we seem to stand on the same sinking retro-hell island, we often don't see eye to eye (especially now that he's sold out to the Beastie Boys and moved back to L.A.). Bob finds what he thinks are progressive elements in every music he possibly can and in some that he can't possibly but does anyway. **–Max**



Max is being too nice about my crazy screed, written in 1985, when still a senior at NYU. My attacks were inspired by The Fountainhead and technically lifted from Tom Wolfe's history of art, The Painted Word, and his companion take on architecture, From Bauhaus To Our House. All three emphasize the power of critics to not only form public opinion but also bully impressionable artists into adopting intellectually fashionable but impractical and ultimately mediocre styles. And back then music was worse than it is now because both bands and fans were afraid of the critics. Critics said no guitar solos, no '70s type stuff, etc., and everyone followed suit. Of course, all those musicians and listeners had grown up in the '70s and could never keep their memories in the closet (hence the current overcompensation of nostalgia.) But enough of my theories, Max's original letter was certainly a shock. I never thought a Prog band could exist in NYC, but Naked Sun were tough. Max had this great big sun mask that he'd put on for his grand finale sax solo, the rest of the band chopping out the jazziest yet still metallic signatures they could muster. I saw Naked Sun several times but never wrote about them, which I feel guilty about because, as he mentions above, I've endorsed lots of less progressive groups and tried to justify it by playing up their alleged Prog leanings. There's lots of reasons for that, but basically I'd rather read into new groups than fall back on old (or old fashioned) ones. Learning from the past is a lot different than living in it, and Max knows this. Naked Sun is no throwback act; their latest album, Wonderdrug (Omni, 1994), was inspired by Jane's Addiction as much as Van der Graaf Generator, but that's just gonna start an argument before we get to the interview. **–Bob**

BOB: WHY WERE YOU AT PROG FEST '94?

MAX: Well, as you know, prog rock has been an enormous influence on Naked Sun. I know that a lot of people who are into progressive rock have also gotten into our stuff and contacted us. Since it's an unusual influence to have these days, going to Prog Fest was an attempt to meet folks, sell our new record and find recruits to our cause.

SO HOW WAS IT?

An international geek-a-thon. There were probably only 10 girls there. What's wrong with this music that only guys get obsessed with it? Usually fans are pudgy, cultist misfits who care less about what's cool than cool people care about Progressive rock. I did meet some very nice people, but you get the feeling you're at a *Star Trek* convention. It can be nauseating, but then I remind myself that these people are more passionate about this music than any other music audience I've ever seen. It really is the music that time forgot. I mean, here we are in the middle of our umpteenth Punk Rock Revival, we've done the '70s disco funk era again, '60s psychedelia came back, country's big, even cocktail music, but Prog Rock remains the most underground music there is. No one'll touch it but the freaks. These guys are talking about King Crimson and Gentle Giant like they saw them yesterday. Groups like Yes and Tull are lightweights to these guys – they're talking in depth about Ill Balleto Di Bronzo and PFM from Italy, Hatfield and the North, Heldon, Greenslade, Gong in all its incarnations, Magma, Caravan and bands from countries you never knew existed. It's sick.

WHAT BANDS PLAYED AT THIS THING?

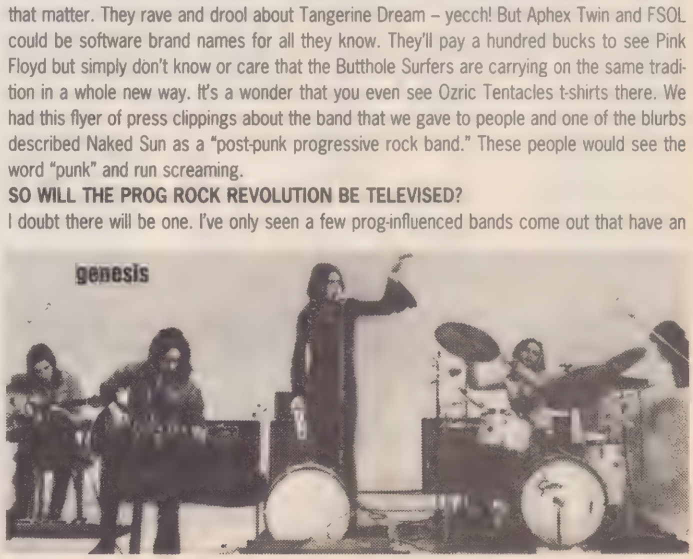
There were two days of music and the third day was a record swap meet. There were eight bands from all over. Two from France, two from Sweden. A Swedish band called Anekdoten were the most powerful but very derivative of '73-'74 Crimson. They could be great. Kalaban from Salt Lake City were the only band that sacrificed tightness for the sake of total balls-out energy, so that was commendable. I mean, if you can play Prog with anything resembling raw energy, you're doing us all a favor. Echolynn played, they're from Pennsylvania and just put out a record on Epic. They showed a lot of promise. Great arrangements, great vocals and a cool frontman – which is rare. But then I went home and listened to the two song sampler they gave out and it sounded like a big cheesy ball of clichés. The lyrics blew. They still deserve a lot of attention just for having the testicular fortitude for doing what they want, but I doubt anyone in this country will care. I heard Minimum Vital from France did a very cool set but I missed them.

ANYONE ELSE?

Yeah, but I spent most of the time just watching the audience shoot their wad at the sound of a mellotron played over an odd meter. That's all most of them need to get off. Most prog-geeks don't know dick about attitude and don't want to! It's suspect to them. As suspect as technical prowess and heavy drama are to the alterna-noise crowd. And let's face it, attitude is 80% pose anyway. Unfortunately, I just sensed a lack of imagination and open-mindedness. These people will go nuts over the heavy drama of a Peter Hamill/Van der Graf Generator album, but they'll never allow themselves to discover the same in Nick Cave. They're aching for King Crimson to reform for the fifth time, but they would never get into Fugazi or Primus, who I think have very similar elements as later Crimson [Primus have played an instrumental version of Crimson's "Thela Hun Ginjeet" in concert – ed.] They go nuts over concept albums but never check out the Residents or Dead Can Dance or even the fucking Beastie Boys for that matter. They rave and drool about Tangerine Dream – yecch! But Aphex Twin and FSOL could be software brand names for all they know. They'll pay a hundred bucks to see Pink Floyd but simply don't know or care that the Butthole Surfers are carrying on the same tradition in a whole new way. It's a wonder that you even see Ozric Tentacles t-shirts there. We had this flyer of press clippings about the band that we gave to people and one of the blurbs described Naked Sun as a "post-punk progressive rock band." These people would see the word "punk" and run screaming.

SO WILL THE PROG ROCK REVOLUTION BE TELEVISED?

I doubt there will be one. I've only seen a few prog-influenced bands come out that have an



Classic Prog 4 Beginners: King Crimson "In the Court of King Crimson," Soft Machine Volume 1 & 2, Van Der Graaf Generator "Pawn Hearts," Genesis "The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway," Gong "Angel's Egg," Emerson Lake & Palmer (same), Yes "Close to the Edge," Pink Floyd "Ummagumma," Gentle Giant "Playing the Fool," Jethro Tull "Passion Play."**Classic Prog 4 Advanced:** Henry Cow "Legend or Unrest," Magma "Udu Wudu," Caravan "In the Land of Grey and Pink," Hatfield & the North (same), PFM "Chocolate Kings," (continued)

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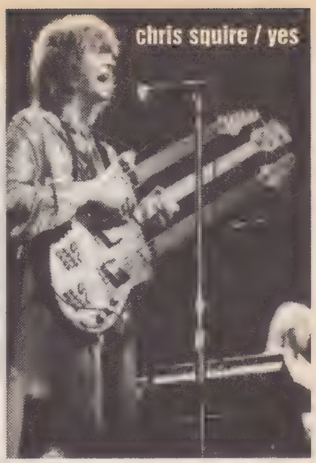

edge or seem valid. I'd like to think Naked Sun are one of those, but we're not exactly taking the world by storm. Not to sound like Oliver Stone or anything, but there is something of a conspiracy against Progressive Rock. The history of rock music was written in such a way as to twist around the meaning of the Velvet Underground – a great prog band by many definitions but celebrated for their detached hipster element rather than their classical, self-conscious bourgeois aspects. Then the Stooges and all the punk rock that followed somehow made it impossible for any music to consciously mutate the raw power of rock into something more formulist or mannerist without seeming "pretentious." And this aversion to pretentiousness forced us into a corner where all we could do for the last 15 years is re-invent punk or Velvet-influenced, indie-slacker-mumble rock. The minute we step out of that corner, we're labeled "pretentious," i.e. uncool. So drama is suspect, technical bravado is suspect, ideology is suspect, and all around old school artiness is suspect. But it's ironic how pretentious a lot of un-pretentious bands are. I mean, Sonic Youth are the ELP of our generation and The Clash were the Moody Blues of punk. Certainly more pretentious than say, Ian Anderson ever was. But this myth of pretentiousness will be perpetuated by loser-critics who never like bands that might be smarter than they are. And it's perpetuated by crappy little labels run by greedy little men who record and release awful little punk-noise records for 50 cents. Consequently, the beautiful, funny, strange music of the hallucinogenic narrative that got me through my years of suburban desperation has become suppressed. It's occasional inclusion in classic rock play-lists only furthers the causes of the suppressors. And now we're all stuck with Matador records. Thanks, but I'd rather go to Prog Fest. And you know, the dirty little secret is that a lot of musicians are closet Prog Rockers. I heard Jesus Lizard were into Gentle Giant, I know the Meat Puppets are. Jim Thirlwell's into some Prog. Obviously The Orb are into it – they've gone so far as to recruit Steve Hillage. And that oh-so-very cutting edge band, Pavement, has made it safe to like Can. Rollins' guitarist is very open about being a complete Crimson nut. Then there's all the Rush fans, from Vernon Reid to Les of Primus to the drummer for Helmet. Supposedly The Ramones once buttonholed Ian Anderson after one of his soundchecks and asked him to autograph their Tull albums. The Minutemen were known to play the entirety of Tales From Topographic Oceans.

PLENTY OF GROUPS USE ELEMENTS OF PROG, THOUGH FEW ARE "PROGRESSIVE." IS THAT A FAILURE OF THE PRESS, THE PEOPLE, OR PROG? MOST PROG EXCEPT CAN WASN'T GROOVY AND EVEN FEWER GROUPS WROTE POP HOOKS.

Yeah, Can were probably as groovy as Prog gets, but there were some intensely rhythmic drummers in the genre. Christian Vander, founder of Magma, laid down some tribal thunder that would awe most Bonham fans. The "You"-period Gong was entrancing and laid the blueprint for Ozric Tentacles and The Orb. Hawkwind were stoned groove masters. Of course Crimson was deeply grooved at times, too, especially on "Easy Money." Tull could groove and write pop hooks when they wanted to: see "Cross-Eyed Mary," "Hymn 43" or "Bungle in the Jungle." But the truth is Prog Rock was never interested in populist concepts like groove or hooks. It was thought to be facile. And it is. Progressive Rock is an elitist movement in that Prog bands don't need to have every frat boy and their forcibly sodomized girlfriend dancing to their music, like at a Beastie Boys show. It's more like: fuck you, I don't care if you don't understand this music, but if you're patient and take the time to hear what's going on, you'll be rewarded with an original emotional experience. It was intended to weed out losers, much like Miles Davis or Dada attempted. It was a reaction against tired rhythm 'n' blues and corny pop hooks, and it promised to create a new sound which often required dense harmonies, unusual instrumentation or those zany odd-meter rhythms. In the end, the most memorable Prog was produced by bands that had a strong sense of melody, but any time it tried to mingle with the pop hook aesthetic, it was a disaster and an embarrassment to Prog heads. See Kansas, Styx, Starcastle, Journey or Marillion. Naked Sun risked such mingling on the new album and hopefully eschewed the many pratfalls, but maybe we got caught up in a few, too.

POP AND PROG DON'T HAVE TO BE A DISASTER. ARTISTS LIKE BECK AND THAT DOG TRY TO PROVE THAT. SOME RAP HAS DRAMA, AMBITIOUS PRODUCTION, ETC. THE PHARCYDE DEBUT WAS ONE OF MOST PROGRESSIVE LPS I'VE EVER HEARD...

Bob, you could find Prog Rock elements in Leadbelly's songs! That's a beautiful thing. But I don't even consider myself a purist – my music is so cogently confused, how could I? And it'll be a long time before any of the bands you've mentioned can carry me to the emotional level of the best Progressive Pock.

BUT BECK HAS A RUSH STICKER ON HIS GUITAR!

Bob, I think I hear my mother calling me! Take care, and keep the faith.

Anyone interested in receiving info about Prog Fest '95 should write to David Overstreet, P.O. Box 473, Gardena CA 90248. To obtain Naked Sun's Wonderdrug LP, call 1 800 GET-OMNI.

(cont.) Todd Rundgren's Utopia "Utopia Live." Hawkwind "Hall of the Mountain Grill," Nektar "Recycled," Can "Tago Mago" or "Landed," Slapp Happy & Henry Cow "Desperate Straights," Pulsar "Pollen," Richard Pinhas & Heldon "Heldon," Steve Hackett "Voyage of the Acolytes," John Zorn "The Big Gundown," "Djam Karet "Reflections from the Firepool," Faust "So Far," Sun Ra Arkestra "Interstellar Lo-ways," Frank Zappa "Uncle Meat," King Crimson (all), Rush "Hemispheres"

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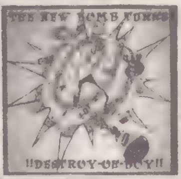
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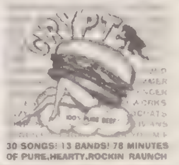
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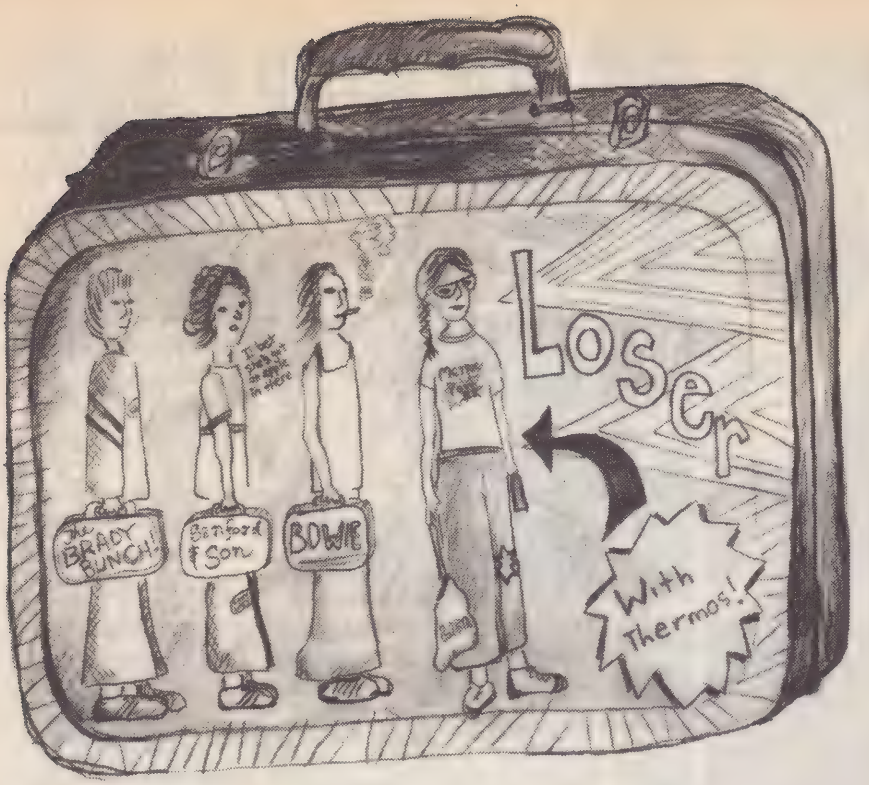


by Lisa Anne Auerbach

This is the sad truth about nostalgia: If you missed the boat then, you'll miss the boat now, and you'll be missing the same damn boat for the rest of your whole life. If you didn't watch Saturday morning cartoons because they were too violent, or because you wanted to stay in bed, you must accept that it's now 1995, and you can forget about ever knowing all the words to Schoolhouse Rock songs; *it's too late*. Your peers, who sang the catchy lyrics in the playground, are still singing them, and you, who chose to remain slumbering, will be forever mute. You will probably lose job opportunities, friends, and potential lovers because they will know, inevitably, that you can only sing the most rudimentary of catch phrases. You will never get beyond "conjunction junction" and everyone knows you learned *that* from *Reality Bites*, anyway. It's obvious that you were culturally deprived. They made fun of you for it then, and they still hate you for it now. Get used to it. You'll never catch up.

Now, you're all grown up and ready to start remembering. Ease the current generation sweetly into their waxing for the years they were too young to remember. Shove your childhood down their beckoning throats. It's just like your mom did for you when you were '50s obsessed and going to the fourth grade faux hop in her add-a-pearls and poodle skirt. It's your turn now. You're supposed to be the expert, but, it's really difficult to satisfy those nubile cool kids with your lame '70s non-memories.

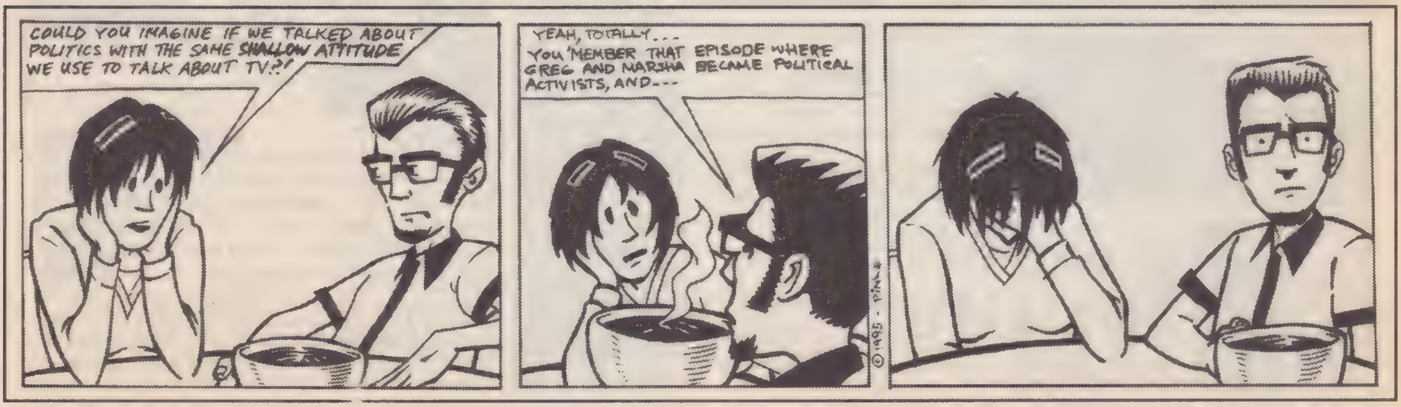
The truth is, you never knew what was going on then. You remember that all the library carrels in high school had "Do Bongs" carved into them, but you had no idea what the phrase meant until you saw *Dazed and Confused*. You tried desperately to be hip, but your sources were all wrong.

Your first and most heinous mistake was watching PBS in the evenings while the other kids came home from school and welcomed the Bradys directly into their living room. You can't remember what you could possibly have been doing all those hours that you weren't watching television, but whatever they were, they didn't give you much to talk about during recess.

Conversations in grade school always revolved around the flimsy plots and lackluster characters featured in the situation comedies popular at the time. Even now, with prodding, you can barely recall even the title of any one of these seemingly interchangeable episodics. Still, you play along, just like you did in the '70s when your mother made you sit down through prime time and take notes (so you could have something to talk about with your friends.)

This is your chance to be in the nostalgia limelight, but your memories are oblique and barely fit into the collective flashback. You are pathetic, a depressing relic with no past and barely any future to speak of. Or, on the up side, your lack of a definitive '70s upbringing can make you feel young again. You're learning, along with the kids, about the things you're supposed to be preaching. You're listening to Zeppelin for the first time only because you heard it first, in individual licks, on *Licensed to Ill*. You're old enough to appreciate the subtleties now. You're enthusiastic that everything is so fresh and new.

Don't try to make up for lost time, and don't try to fake it. When your friends lament that they just saw their fourth grade lunchbox on the auction block at Sotheby's, you can remember that geeky quilted sandwich sack that mom made with your name appliquéed right on it, and take comfort that your childhood will never be worth anything to anyone but you.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Show Reviews

CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE

NORMANDIE CASINO

For Jessy –
Ben Isn't
Is he?

All those days I spent as a kid in the basement with my record player memorizing the words to each and every Captain and Tennille song, staring at the cheesy picture on the back of their record where they are posing with their bulldogs was mere training for *this* glorious day. I gave up wanting to see them perform, I even pretty much laid the memory to rest, but fortune crossed my path almost fifteen years later as I was invited to see them perform at the Normandie Casino in Gardena, CA. The concert sold out before I had a chance to buy tickets and the promoter wouldn't give us any so my friend Liza (thank you and I'll worship you and be indebted to you till the day I die) called and invited me to the show the night before because her stupid and ungrateful date fell through. We arrived early so we'd get good seats as it was a first-come first-serve deal. The line had already formed so we stood behind a country western couple with the beehive hairdo and big sideburn action. We talked to the maitre d' and he said he'd put us in a good seat and holy bejesus if he didn't give us the best seat in the house, front and center right next to the stage. A stale comedian opened the show, but no matter, since that gave me time to get tanked up for the real stuff.

Captain and Tennille came on stage and tore shit up. Daryl Dragon blazed the stage with a gorgeous oversized purple suit and he was of course sporting the sailor's hat he is famous for. And Toni, though she definitely put on some years, looked great for fifty. No kidding, kids, this was the best show I've *ever* seen. They sang all the songs we *had* to hear like "Muskrat Love," "Love Will Keep Us Together," "Shop Around," "Do That To Me One More Time," and "The Way That I Want To Touch You." Then, in the middle of the set, the Captain stopped everything and began a question/answer session where he took questions from the audience. So I, with three drinks in me, very brave and curious asked two very important questions: 1) What happened to your dogs? and 2) Nice suit, C&R? (He said the dogs died years ago and didn't tell me where he got the suit.)

God's light was shining on my renewed adolescent soul again, and the maitre d' took us backstage afterwards to meet them. I waited patiently for a man to get their autographs on a treasured unopened Cap't. & Tennille doll set, then I introduced myself. The Captain said he's been reading *Ben Is Dead* forever and that he used to have a zine also. He also said that he'd love to do an interview for this issue, but they flaked out on me. It doesn't matter because I've seen heaven, and I know no hell. I bought into the past, I sold my soul to the retro gods and I can't seem to escape their grip even months later. (Jessy)

THE CAR SHOW

Thee car show. The South Central LA Coliseum gangsta hell scary motha fucka car show. We will now leave this universe and venture forth to another, much more frightening one with lottsa tities and chrome, and obsessive freaks who live for both. Why? Why go to the car show? It's some persistent beast within that makes me want to experience it all – once – for the record. And, of course, we were on the list. Well, we were sorta on the list. This mega-event with probably a good 100,000 people in attendance was so well organized that they actually ran out of press and VIP/guest tickets, and they couldn't get anyone to come restock the will-call booth. So we waited around for almost an hour with much more important magazine reporters and even some friends of Mr. Cube – until we followed an impatient writer from *Buzz Magazine* and hopped over a fence and walked right in.

Everyone looked the same. Boys in their baggies and tats, and girls in their little crop tops or bras and short shorts up the ass and too tight to breathe. In a sense it's nice to see the chicks unfazed by their weight – strutin' around with or without pot bellies, each thinking of themselves as the hottest thing on earth. My friend Oliver called them *tramplas* or something like that but being that he's 150% hispanic I suppose it's okay for him to say. Besides the "slut" contests (for both sexes) there was an unspoken but understood contest for "girl with the most hickies on her chest." And I was there without even *one*! Being the oblivious type I didn't notice that we were among the very few whities. Of course my x-white sista couldn't help but…as they tagged her Madonna-wanna, and shouted "look at that weirdo."

We didn't last long in this place. Just long enough to catch a little of Ice Cube. By the time he went on it was so crowded we had to lie to the security that we had to get up close cause our friends were up there and we were scared we'd lose them ("you can come if you don't believe us.") I tried to enjoy the sickness of it all but it was beyond that. Putting ya hands in the air, the peace signs in tha air. Each different guest playin the same old audience rap games. A hundred thousand people responding simultaneously to the "Simon says" commands. TV screens with bouncing boobs and butt cracks. Ugly fat ugly sweaty men drooling and howling – young boys following suit. Cars thumpin off to the sides. Only thing missing was a bomb. (There would have been one in the movie version – maybe John Singleton could do something with it.) (darby)

STEELY DAN

GLEN HELEN BLOCKBUSTER PAVILION

Anything owned by Blockbuster is immediately suspect, since, as we know, the Blockbuster people are fanatical right-winger born-again anti-choice lunatics. But what the hell, it was free, so it wasn't like I was actually giving them money. Suspect, too, was the fact that not only had I never heard of Glen Helen, I'd never even heard of Devore, its neighboring "city" – and I have traveled the Southland extensively (back in the days when thrift shops were thrifty). But what the hell, it was free, so the drive to the part of the Earth where you might actually fall off – thirty miles SSW of Victorville – didn't seem all that burdensome. Particularly suspect was the Pavilion's claim to be "the largest outdoor amphitheater in Southern California!" Why is this supposed to be a good thing? Because it increases your chances of sitting even farther away from the stage and seeing even less than at a smaller venue? Because the great unwashed masses will be even greater? Yes, I've been spoiled by a lifetime of clubbing, and I've never understood the appeal of gi-normous concerts. But it was free. And besides, it was STEELY DAN! Steely Dan, whose rhythmic but rockin' songs are ideal walkman work-out fodder for disco haters such as I. Steely Dan, the only music unobtrusive enough to soothe me when I'm hungover or ill, without boring me to death. Steely Dan, who marbled the unyielding, rancid beef of my childhood memories with the sweet, tender cholesterol of Walter Becker and Donald Fagen's sophisticated but catchy songs. Steely Dan, who captured the ears and hearts of the squarest Dubonnet-swilling, laid-back, leisure-suited, middle-aged Malibu baby-boomers while singing pretty little ditties about suicide, cocaine dealers, terrorists, and child molesters (from the child molester's point of view). Reunited at last!!

Off the freeway, down six miles of unlit dirt road to an unpaved parking lot… what was this, the *Flipside* Desert Scene? The "will call" people sent Darby and me on a wild goose chase that led to another unlit dirt road, and a chain-link fence guarded by a lone John Wayne Bobbitt lookalike.

"Your golf cart will be here in a minute," Security Dude informed us. "It's a long walk to the other box office."

"Will you look the other way if I pee behind this tumbleweed?" asked Darby. (It had been a very long drive).

"Better not. They'll arrest you. They have a jail under the amphitheater." (!)

It was at this point that we decided we had somehow slipped through a wrinkle in time to an alternate universe. The last ten years had clearly not happened in this dimension. Young girls still wore skin-tight stone-wash jeans with ankle zippers and Dunlap's disease. Mark Spitz moustaches were in great abundance (on the men and a few of the older women); somehow I just knew it was not in an effort to be fashionably retro. And among roughly 20,000 people, there was not one facial piercing. (Hmmm, maybe this wasn't such a bad place after all!) But Rod Serling was not behind the wheel of the golf cart, so we finally concluded that anything beyond a fifty mile radius of downtown L.A. is a province of Texas, and the cartologists are just a little out-of-touch.

The red tape to get our tickets made us a little late, and the band was just finishing up their second number, "Reeling in the Years" when we took "our" seats (actually, one of the unoccupied reserved season "boxes" in the front of our section – hey, we're press, man! Garçon! Where's our five-martini dinner?!) and mellowed out to the well-selected mix of hits and lesser-known album cuts: "Peg," "Black Friday," "Sign in Stranger," "Josie," "Green Earrings," "Hey 19," "My Old School," "Deacon Blues," etc. A few extended jams here and there, an instrumental medley of "The Royal Scam" and "The Fez" kicking off the post-intermission half of the set. No "Do it Again" or "Rikki Don't Lose That Number," oddly enough, but they encored with a killer "Kid Charlemagne." Oh, and of course we had to suffer through a few turkeys from Becker's upcoming solo album, but we took comfort in the fact that, through Darby's binoculars, the whole band looked like they thought the songs sucked, too: "Oh, god, we have to play Walter's shitty new songs now… well, it's in the contract…." Donald even played them with his back to the audience the whole time!

Walter looked bored and didn't play much lead guitar, leaving that task to a young, Euro-imported hired hand. Donald's presence was merely perfunctory but his voice was transcendent. Besides that, the show was pretty much what you'd expect: no-frills image, the backdrop/lightshow innocuous bordering on cheesy, and a couple of really excellent musicians, including a vibes-playing wildman who looked like a cross between Fabio and Mandingo, the usual ethnically-mixed trio of "chick" backup singers, and noted (ex-Doobie Brothers, man!) saxophonist Cornelius Bumpus, whose moniker would make an awesome post-punk band name. They didn't do the child-molester song ("Everyone's Gone To the Movies"), but what the hell… it was free. (Gwynne)

Weirdo whitey and car girl fighting over the cover shot for a low rider magazine.

BOOGIE KNIGHTS

F.M. STATION

STORM WATCH '95!!! It's pouring outside, but my friends want to go out, they want to dance to disco. "This really good band is playing Lisa!" Excuse me, but did you hear the name? "The Boogie Knights," inferring that these five young men are the KNIGHTS of the Boogie. You don't have to be a brain surgeon to figure out what this band is going to sound like. Oh, why not go anyway? After all, there is some good in every experience, I always say.

Let's get to the point, shall we? Oh, what fun! Five guys with huge afro wigs, platform shoes, skin tight polyester pants, shirts with butterfly collars open past the rib cage stuck to the skin with *real* chest hair, gold medallions, and no doubt an overdose of bad cologne, which unfortunately I did not get up close and personal enough to catch a whiff of. As if the outfits weren't enough, these guys seemed to take themselves seriously… at least take the joke seriously. This became apparent when one of the members of the band spoke to the crowd: (Imagine a country-fried-white-trash-jive accent) "Ye-yah, awll you ba-yad muthaFUCKasss awt they-auhh, GIY-IT AWUF!!!" Then, without pause, they broke into a rockin' version of one of many '70s cover tunes such as "I Will Survive," "Brickhouse," and "That's The Way."

Oh boy, the crowd freaked. They were singing along and dancing. They knew all the words. Let me just please tell you about this crowd, OK? Long-haired rockers, tight-ankle stretch jeans (the *guys!*), tons-o-leather, and many lovely rocker-groupies who looked like they worshipped Dokken. My friend Michelle put it best when she said, "Lisa, these people are all guests of the Jerry Springer show."

One of my personal favorites was the she-devil dressed in black cotton stretch-pants, with accompanying camel-toe, thick black elastic belt (circa '86), teensy tank top, and

This is my Happening and it's freaking me out! –*Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* black mesh baseball cap turned backwards, with heavy-metal bangs poking out the front, á la Wayne and Garth. Dancing on a podium next to the stage, as if *she* were the main attraction, hogging the spotlight and preparing to fight for it if anyone got in her way. I knew this because as soon as I stepped in front of her podium, she began a more aggressive dance, trying to use gyration and that camel-toe to intimidate me. When this didn't work, she bent down and flung her sweat on me, then commanded me to move, because she was afraid she was going to "fall on me." When I asked her if she was getting paid to dance there, she barked, "No, but *the band* asked me to dance here!" Yeah, and my fucking name is Obie-Wan-Kanobe. This continued through the rest of the evening, and the more sweat I got flung on me the more I couldn't wait to see her shamed. Well, she finally got what she deserved.

After all the hard work and effort she and the other dancing groupies put out to get noticed they were upstaged during one of the last songs by the lead singer's chosen fan. He grabbed her hand, led her to center stage and announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, here she is, Rockin' Grannie!" (Not to be confused with the pink-haired Rockin' Grannie, singer of the White Trash Debutantes.) I swear, no lie. She had been dancing on the stage along with the other rocker-babes, happy as a clam, big glasses, early '60s, and she even had sheer black hose on! The crowd cheered, and Grannie danced, center stage, stealing the psycho's spotlight. It was a wonderful moment.

Anyway, it's hard to find much to say about a cover band. Either they do their job well, or they don't. The Boogie Knights did the job. My friend Michelle, two days later said to me, "I love that band SO much! I'm going to go every Wednesday from now on!" As far as I'm concerned, I also always say that some experiences you only need to have once. (Lisa)

photo: Voit Check

The Cacophony Society's New Year's was something like this. Howard of Don Knotts Overdrive announces Dick Tit.

HOT TUNA

HOUSE OF BLUES

Who? Possibly the least well-known twenty-five year old band on the planet. And no wonder! It is assumed that something so old has to be retro. The L.A. music rag *BAM* said so. It went something like: "Seeing Hot Tuna, now that blues-violinist Papa John Creach is dead, would be nothing short of a pity-fuck."

Problem is, Papa John was gone from Hot Tuna's ranks in 1974, and they never became the junky-assed band ghouls critics like – making their pile of kiss-ass bucks on the retro scene. Never mind that they do play the occasional hoity-toity, hand-you-the-toilet-paper kind of place, like L.A.'s new Hearse of Blues. That's *almost* an accident.

From the start of leadman Jorma Kaukonen's long career he has consistently written and performed some of the greatest and strangest songs in modern history. These include early songs like "Star Track" and "Trial By Fire" and melodic songs like "Embryonic Journey" and "Third Week in the Chelsea" – the instrumentally-fine work for which he is generally known. When he and Jack Cassidy split off from Jefferson Airplane to form Hot Tuna, Jorma debuted other intensely melodious tunes, like "Water Song and Seaweed Strut." And that – if his career was just those tunes and the traditional blues numbers he plays – would be enough to establish his name (and blow the doors off the likes of "Lay Down Sally.")

And that is indeed where the critical history ends. Look in the Rock 'n' Roll encyclopedias, and there is no mention of Jorma's last twenty years. What he was doing left his critics behind. "Something else" went on that flew right over a lot of heads (and is still flying).

During Hot Tuna's stand-up electric heyday in the mid to late '70s, Jorma was a powerful, chemically-altered behemoth, cranking out unique tunes: "Serpent of Dreams," "Sunrise Dance with the Devil," "To Hate is to Stay Young," "Killing Time in Crystal City," the ever-popular "Junkie on Angel Dust," and others. Over time, he's racked up nearly fifteen great – albeit obscure – albums, like *Double Dose*, *Barbeque King*, *Pair of Dice Found*, and *Yellow Fever*, and toured tirelessly. Few even come close to that accomplishment.

These shows were more of Hot Tuna's usual epochal events. After all these years, Jorma is still an outright sight to behold, and a wealth of expert sound to wash up in. They've always played your money's worth – delicious hours from their huge repertoire – some Robert Johnson blues, a couple of screaming bayou blues tunes on the double-necked slide, and a wail of wild electric numbers on the "flat" guitar, with strange lyrics and stranger looks in the eyes of the band. Along for these 25th Anniversary sets were rhythm guitarist Michael Falzarano, doing those strange, shimmering rhythm things that you can't quite hear being critical to the feel of the music, the wildly-agile fingers and astounding rubbery face of Jack Cassidy on electric bass, and Pete Sears, on keyboards and accordion.

But what a weird place to see them! "The House" is a Disney Special – slutted up with medallions of The Great Religions. The backdrop on stage is a giant gushing Heart, complete with Thorns – I kid you not. There's even a huge full-length guru hovering over the upstairs bar like a bouncer: Snobs Only. The $25 tickets are Standing Room Only, No Refunds. The fucks make you feel real welcome.

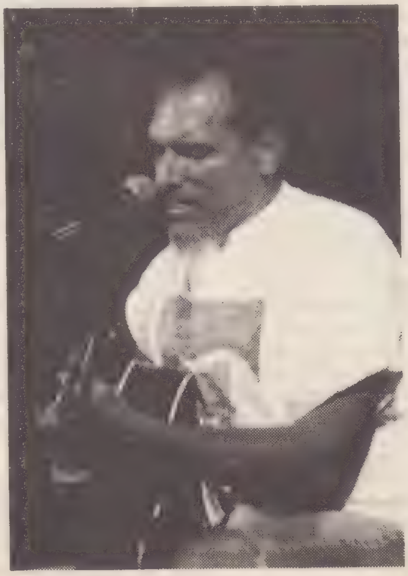
It's an improvement, I guess, over some of the places Jorma plays – like the night in Arizona when he found fresh dog turds under his chair – but it's Sunset attitude and New Age platitude – Fonzie's Place – and fucking Happy Days are here again, if you've got the bucks.

Never mind. Jorma and company cranked out plenty of their loud, sophisticated songs, raunchy and etheric, as usual, in strangely equal parts, making the best of another weird night. With (more or less) new tunes like "Broken Highway," "Ice Age," and "Ken Takes a Lude," and a lifeline as long as your arm – Hot Tuna's Jorma Kaukonen shows no signs of breaking up any time soon. He's already out-lived his critics, and his fans have long known why. (Paul I)

MOTHER TONGUE, THE FLAMING LIPS

ROXY

I wish someone would explain to promoters that Rock-N-Roll is a late night ritual. These shows that start at 6:30 in the evening are driving me nuts. This was the case with this show and unfortunately I missed L.A.'s own Mother Tongue who have been touring to support a new album on Epic. I did manage to catch the mighty Lips however. The Flaming Lips may be one of the greatest live bands around today. They opened with the sonic fury of "Mountain Side." Their trademark fog machines and lazers were noticeably absent from this show but the music has always carried its own weight as it did with "Shine on Sweet Jesus." The mostly KNAC crowd did actually respond to "She Don't Use Jelly." Perhaps the most exciting piece of the night was their rendition of the Bowie/Queen classic "Under Pressure," proving that Wayne Aucoin is approaching pop genius status. Soon after the acid washed jeans and the smell of AquaNet from the Candle Box fans began to nauseate me and I made a hasty exit from the building. (Cliff)


Hot Tuna's Jorma

DE LA SOUL

VENTURA THEATER

Well, it's Saturday night and De La Soul is playing over an hour away. Is it worth the drive? Of course it is! De La Soul have always come through live. There is nothing worse than having to watch one of your favorite groups perform when they aren't enjoying themselves and don't want to be there. As for De La, every time I have seen them do a show they have given it their all no matter what. This is a good thing because I really don't think that they expected the kind of crowd that showed up.

At first, everything seemed normal. De La Soul came on and opened up with "Buddy," happy as ever. However, a few songs into the show, one couldn't help but notice the audience.... It was strange. They were practically silent. It was really eerie, kinda like a funeral. I couldn't help but wonder, "Did someone die!?" What was the problem?

De La kept on with energy and pizzazz, unfazed by the scenario. Until the fun part of the show, the part where the group splits the room into two sides in order to find out where the better party is. You know the 'ole "Party over here!? Party over there?" (Remember summer camp? Which side yells louder? Same thing, grown adults.) The twist was, each side had to sing along with various cuts of old hip-hop songs. (Eg: "Remember THIS?") At most hip-hop shows, tributes to hip-hop past and present is common, but I guess this crowd was strictly MTV. I mean any kind of resemblance to any "party over here" would have been a Bar-Mitzvah. The group at one point even had to laugh and say "Nah-uhh. You're kidding," under their breath. These people barely uttered a sound. Silence.

And how about the freestyling? Well, the two guys were good, but the female they asked to come up was straight off the Power 106 Baka Boyz Roll Call. If you haven't had the pleasure of hearing this, it's usually something like, "My name is Maria and I'm coming from the Westside, yes I can flow and I do have green eyes." UUCCHHHHH.

Whatever. It was entertaining, and De La Soul once again proved to be real, down to earth and loving what they do, no matter what the situation. Just the way I like it. (Lisa Roth)

THE JAZZ PASSENGERS WITH DEBBIE HARRY

COACH HOUSE

The word was out. Debbie Harry was going to be performing with a jazz band. What the fuck? Blondie meets Miles Davis? It sounded weird and scary and I couldn't wait to see what the collision of punk rock songstress with horns and pianos would generate. My friend Sue who went with me used to work at KLON (big jazz radio station) and she also saw Blondie in 1978 at the Florentine Gardens with Devo and the Wierdos, so she had enough knowledge to help me through the night. The set started out with a Groucho Marx look-alike saxophone player telling a long and boring joke that ended in an explosion of noise. Cranky drum beats and wild off-key horn cries. It came together so sweetly. The theatrics consisted of the Marx saxophonist, a Cliff Huxtable trombone player, a Terrence Trent D'arby xylophone player, a little girl on cello, a stand up bassist, and a choice drummer. Then Ms. Harry entered and stole the show. The crowd (which was mostly made up of people my parents' age) howled out for her like a bunch of frat boys for a keg. Then again, it *was* Orange County. Debbie came on stage visibly nervous (I heard she hadn't had much time to prepare for this tour) and sang the lyrics from a songsheet. It was the first time she performed live with the band. But as the crowd's admiration for her became apparent, she readily loosened up. The band was incredible. I guess you'd call it modern jazz, and it was very "accessible" to me, someone with no experience with this type of music. Debbie's charm filled the room with her sweet and playful lyrics that were romantic, ironic and silly. But she hasn't forgotten her roots. She was wearing tight shiny grey black and white leggings with band's logos like G.B.H., L7, Adolescents, and Devo to name a few. She's forty-nine years old and can still really put it all on the line. I think I'd actually even check out this band again without her. (Jessy)

(We went to too many shows so here's the almost condensed version:) When I went to see **ALLEN GINSBERG** at McCabes I thought he was going to be like most of those goofy '60s guys, and he was. Singing the kinds of songs you

They were playing – not rock n roll – but *actual African music.*

make up in the shower or in moments of delirium. Making goofy faces to go along with them. After I got over it I did enjoy the show. He's got a box set out on Rhino with one million or so songs on it. I'm putting mine right between my new Steely Dan and Weird Al box sets. • Speaking of which, we saw **WEIRD AL** at the House of Blues. Wonder what kind of crowd would go to a Weird Al show? Well, I can't really explain except to say that they all knew the words and sang along with him. It was a long (never dull) show with a hundred or so costume changes. My personal favorite was Al's rendition of the U2's song "Numb," which he did just like the video, getting tied up in rope and everything, only he was reading the lyrics from a Dr. Seuss book. Look for our interview with him in Retro Hell part two where we took Mr. Al to a Karaoke Bar in the valley. • **THE FALL**, my longest running all-time favorite band, played the Palace. **MAGNAPOP** opened trying to be quirky and poppy but never quite impressive. Lead singer reminded me of an awkward Belinda Carlisle of days of yore, dancing around a little off beat to her own music. The Fall, who are usually one of the most boring bands to see live (though being a fan so I don't mind) was actually interesting, thanks to Brix Smith, ex-wife of Mark E., who rejoined the group. If only the sound man would have turned her mike on for the first few songs. It was lots of fun when Mark decided he didn't want to sing any more so he wrote the lyrics on a piece of paper and handed them to Brix and left in the middle of the set. • **WEEN** played one of the last shows at Jack's Sugar Shack, which was closed due to turning into a Chinese restaurant or something. Shame on me for not taking advantage of such a nice venue in my hood. Ween starts off slow, grooves on, then rocks wild. I'm talkin dripping sweat – for hours. They even played our request, after much badgering, an impromptu version of Joe Dolce's "Ah Shaddap You Face" which would have been enough on its own. This show was a thousand times better then their Whiskey show a few months later, in case you saw them at the wrong place. I don't know if their last record, *Chocolate and Cheese*, did well but I recommend it. "Voodoo Lady" is a classic. • So, you must already know that **THE BLUES EXPLOSION** is the band of the now generation. You wouldn't have gotten that perhaps if you saw them at the Palace. I think you have to see this band front and center to really experience the explosion part, which was a possibility if you went the night after to Fuzzyland. Most bands burn out towards the end of a tour, while others just get more tight and more insane. The Explosion does the latter. That's some sexy shit. • Everyone told me **LUSCIOUS JACKSON** was a dull live show so I went expecting nothing and had a great time. Sure it's a little raw but they've got some beautiful songs – and fancy vocals. And they're not boring on stage. Fuck, they even do some mean breakin moves. Oh, yeah, we've got the in depth in Retro Hell part two as well. • **DIAMANDA GALAS** played the night after Luscious Jackson. Wished I could have corralled all the women-power inspired chicks from the night before and dragged them to Diamanda – show them to what extreme it could be taken. Some old time fans didn't like the new stuff, but as this was my first Diamanda experience I was too thrilled to care. • It's people like Diamanda and Ivy of **THE CRAMPS**, that bring the world down off that "cutesy-girl" cloud and into the reality of what womanhood can be. If you've seen the Cramps before, well they're the same, they're great, they're historic. And they inspire the best audience of old-time scenesters. The end of the show is always the peak. Lux and a microphone = true love forever. • Can you imagine being in a band with your brother – for 10 years? I don't think so. Luckily we caught **THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN** on one of the nights that they couldn't deal with it either. The show was going pretty smooth. They sounded good – if you like their dark poppy angst thing – which I do. (Note: Did you know most of that noise is pre-recorded?) And played for twice as long as I've ever seen them play, facing forward and everything (I guess it's been a while.) When they came back out to do encore it seemed there was some problem with what song they were going to do. William started to play something on guitar and Jim got frustrated and stormed off the stage. The tour parents convinced him to go back though and when he did he said, "Sorry about that," paused and then added, "William didn't drink tonight." It seemed pretty lighthearted but William walked over and grabbed the mike from him and said, "and Jim's a fucking prick," and threw the thing across the stage. So Jim left in a little boy huff and William, unfortunately, was left to sing. They did one more song, not a great one to end a otherwise worthwhile set. Now if I was in a band with my sister that's the kind of shit you could expect. What a drag having to hold it in for image-sake. It was nice to see the real thing. • **CACOPHONY NEW YEAR'S PARTY**: What started out as an awkward and slow evening suddenly moved swiftly along, like a train outta control. Though we were late we arrived before the bands even started. It was at the Spanish Kitchen in Downtown, LA. I was hoping for a big loft with lots of different rooms to get lost in but there was only one large room. We walked outside to reconsider, thinking we went to the wrong party, another New Year's not living up to New Year's. But after a few minutes (hours?) to sorta relax in the car we had a new clue on things and returned with a different perspective. I'll never forget walking back into the place. Everything about it changed. It felt like we were in '70s NY walking through Studio 54 or something with all the beautiful fucked up people. It was like a distorted '90s version of a Fitzgerald party if they had it in a loft and did ecstasy and heroin instead of booze and champagne. **TOO MUCH GIRL** were playing and they became the best band in the world. I never thought I'd say that but they were – it's a fact. Other people have confirmed this. It was sad indeed when they ended, but **DICK TIT** were rather entertaining as well. I missed **DON KNOTTS OVERDRIVE** – though pictures show I was standing right in front. To the Cacophony kids who put this show on – I'm so sorry I doubted you. An A+ New Year's. • On an off chance we might sneak our way in, we went to the Rock For Choice show at the Palladium (oh, so you think we're rotten for not buying a ticket. Well, you're probably right but the thing was sold out.) Our timing, impeccable as always, made access even easier than anticipated and we arrived just in time to let the cute Israeli bartender take cuts in front of us for the bathroom and, for the rest of the evening, reward us with the strongest alcoholic beverages one can consume with a mixer. **THE GERALDINE FIBBERS**, with their intense and sweet country-styled music, were the first band we saw. Of course I'm prejudiced but I was impressed with their presence on that big stage. They sounded delightful especially considering what the Palladium does to music. It was entertainment watching the kids slamming in slo mo to the Geraldine's softer numbers. Carla's got one of the most dynamic and heavy girl vocals out there, and my sincerest "go get 'em tiger" goes out to her. I love you Carla. **POSSUM DIXON** was on next. I think they played all new songs or I'm just out of the loop here or I was too drunk to know. Lots of nervous energy but they didn't "lose it" as I usually witness. Seems Rob has found his one and only and made the surprising announcement that he's giving up his single teen idol status. (I'm starting to feel so Hollywood gossip column. Show reviews are real stupid.) Then **NO DOUBT** came on. The last I remember this was a ska band. Flashbacks of the Country Club shows in the valley – didn't they play those? Isn't this the same band? I liked to think that they were 'cause it made them all the more grotesque. The music was some generic upbeat throw-away shit with a frightening lead singer who seemed more in sync with the air-headed car show cutie (workin' it to get the boys riled up) than a feminist choice supporter. In fact, one of the Rock for Choice women confessed that when she went to introduce herself to the singer all she had to say in response was, "I'm not pro-choice." Well, nice to meet you, too. She went to the upstairs balcony after their set to hang out with that equally frightening 4 Non Blondes singer. Whadda pair. Then, Brett Gurewitz's favorite band (j.k.) **FACE TO FACE** came on. Some say they also made a recent transition, transforming from a metal/glam type of outfit to the more palatable and sellable punk "Roq" band. Every song was the same song and I was having alcoholic delusions that we were at the Gong show and I had the power to make them go away. Unfortunately, I didn't. So we left for Al's Bar to see the new band with Melanie (Too Much Girl) and Charlie (Popdefect). I missed them though and no one had much good to say about them – but I think this was their first show. Uh, other things happened, but they happened more to me than with me. I'll just say this, no matter how awful the pizza is next door to Al's you should force yourself to eat it if you're really drunk and it's three in the morning cause you'll feel a whole lot better. (darby)

The Kids of Widney High rockin' live at Mondo Video. (below) The Kids pose with their fans after a roudy show.

Even vegetarians like the Cows

THE COWS, UNSANE, SUPERNOVA, THE SOUTHBAY SURFERS

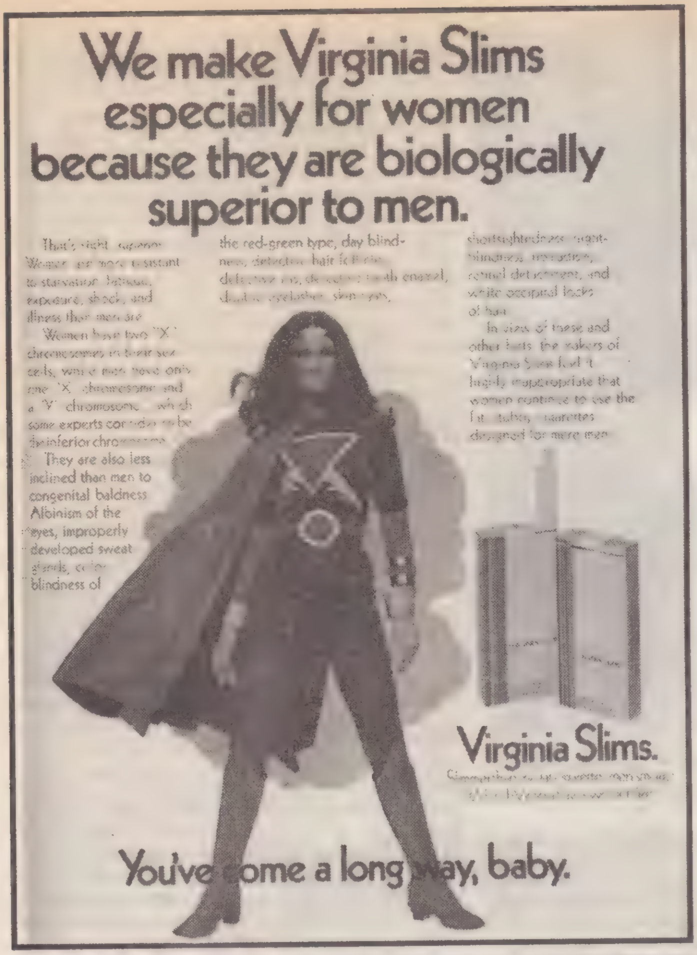
THE FOOTHILL

When we walked in The Southbay Surfers were playing. I took my new glasses off because I wasn't ready to hear people comment on them so I didn't really notice the scene. I just heard the really awful music and thought to myself, "Shit, they must be friends with the promoter. I'll get a beer and play some pinball 'til it goes away." (Just a sampling of the deep thoughts I get.) But my friend Noel advised me to go up front and center and discover the experience, and lucky for me I listen to the guy. They looked like an older, disturbed version of the movie version of Buddy Holly and the Crickets. They couldn't play their instruments too well. The sax player would play his "lead" and run out of breath and then, after a pause, would find that little burst left and the horn would give it up as if it was its dying words. The bass player was utter inspiration (ie: I can do that!), sorta plucking at a string every once in a while, while staring straight ahead seemingly in disbelief that he was actually up there. And Gary Busey as the lead would check his band out during each song, making sure they were rockin' out according to plan, turning around while he was supposed to be singing into the mike. The beauteous cacophany, of falling together and falling apart (I know I've used that line before). And you just plain ole missed out for not hearing their version of "We Wear Short Shorts."

Unsane turned out to be a much better pinball band, and a band that's better recorded than live – entertainment wise. That noisy jockish thump and grind getting old just about yesterday. Okay, they're not bad, I was just bored, and hoped Supernova would be decent even though they are a "super" band. Well, they weren't too super but I was a sucker for their cute spacemen outfits. When they were going on stage they came from behind the audience, all three holding hands sorta zig zaging up there. Dorky unpolished Devo minus the keyboards and simultaneous robotic maneuvers. They're from Costa Mesa. I don't know what else to say about them but the Cows like them a lot. They did have a certain charm and I wouldn't mind them playing at my birthday party.

But the Cows were the *only* reason why I got in my car and drove the 45 minutes to that other country known as Long Beach. At one time they were my favorite band, but then I drove 2 1/2 hours to see them in San Diego to interview them and they forgot to put me on the list and were too preoccupied to care. So in the ultimate fickle-girl "well then fuck you" fashion, I decided they weren't my favorite band anymore. I took their posters off my wall, I stopped bugging Mike Wolf at AmRep to send me rare exclusive Cows everything, I stopped writing Shannon about how I wouldn't mind if he spit on me and threw me out after having hard dirty sex all night after a drunken roudy show… Well, something like that. But I missed them so. And, as time heals all wounds (yeah right), I found myself forgiving them and wanting them all over again. I fucking drove to Long Beach. Of course, even the pits of LB are better than the Whiskey-A-Go–Go. And the Cows…(sigh) they were just as gross and scary as ever. Shannon with that William Dafoe *Wild at Heart* thing – he's certainly got the most intense front man image, with even Jon Spencer trailing his lead. I mean he is scary, isn't he? Always daring you while putting you in your place – all along not giving a shit. He's sexy and yet the thought of him sexually is as equally repulsive as it is intriguing. Anyway, I got lucky and had a nice spot left of the stage (just out of the loogie zone), right next to the bass player whom I hadn't really noticed much before. Wouldn't I have remembered that psychotic cud chewing cheek sucking thing that he does? Wouldn't I have remembered how he sings into the mike without singing? Wouldn't I have thought then, as I did this time, that I wanted to be on whatever he was on? They churned out new and old and made it all seem as if now was the moment. Noisy and nice – like the way you feel going down an old rickety roller coaster on a sweltering summer night (You've done that before, haven't you?). It was that good and I've seen them be much better. (darby)

That's kinda hard to focus on, culturally. –David Lee Roth on Talking Heads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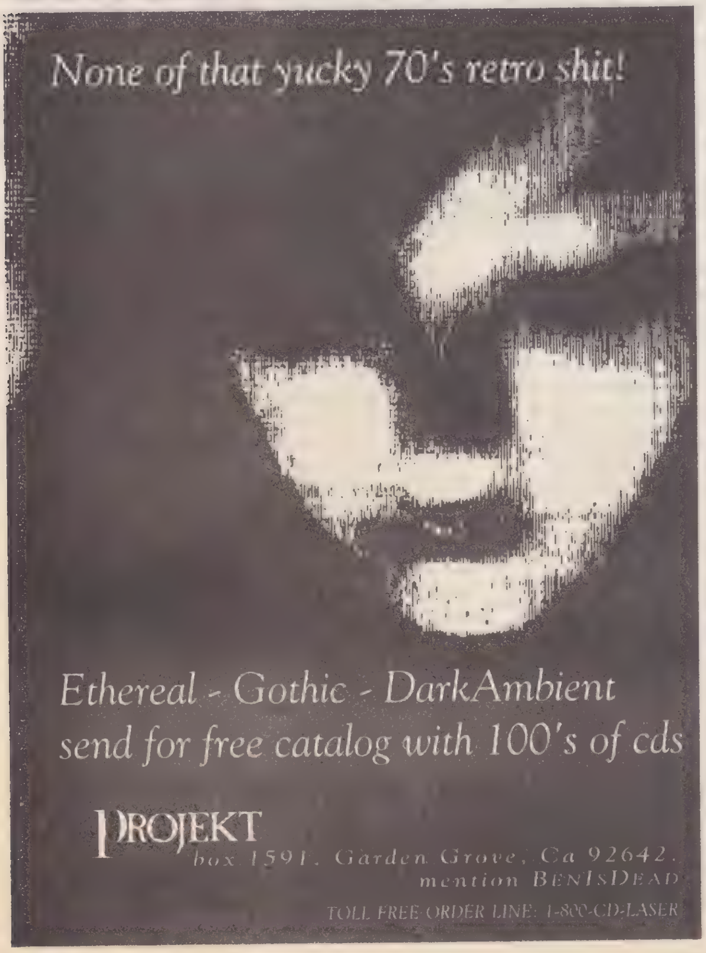
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BY JENNY SLAPPER

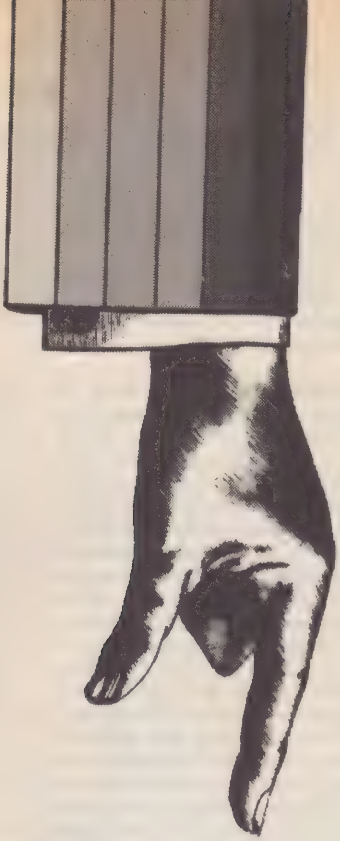
THE TIME: 1994. **THE PLACE:** London, UK. **THE PROBLEM:** NWONW. Read on.

Whereas in America almost every band seems to be a "punk rock" band, over here in Limeyland we like to be a lot more thorough in our classifications of music. The weekly music rags are infamous for creating new pigeonholes for genres and sub-genres. You name it, we've labeled it. One of the latest fads is the NWONW. That's *THE NEW WAVE OF NEW WAVE* (huh?) to you. *What it is* is an uninspired REHASH of late '70s UK Punk, created in an attempt to rehash something which hasn't already been rehashed in the last couple of years, and is *not to be confused with* NWONM – The New Wave of New Mods, or NWOM – The New Wave of Morrissey. Although this new genre consists of a mere *handful* of British bands, the MEDIA has created a whole fashion and lifestyle around it. This is probably incomprehensible to a nation with less CULTURE than a five week old YOGURT, but hey – god created the Earth in *six days*, so perhaps your littlest slapper can teach you to dress in one article. Your whole mannerism and outlook on life must also change. Think *PUNK*, think *ATTITUDE*, think *CAPITAL LETTERS*. You must learn, in particular how to be insulting correctly. ("punk rock?" Peh! We all know where PUNK ROCK came from. LONDON, that's where. We all know where STYLE came from. Fucking CARNABY STREET, that's where. Because when it comes down to it, buck, we gave you bondage trousers, and what did YOU give US? Flannel shirts, that's what.) So here it is. A much needed guide to the much hyped New Wave of New Wave and how to be a part of it. This is what you must do: 1) ADOPT A CONVINCING NWONW COCKNEY ACCENT to sing shouty songs in. Repeat after me: Gor blimey guvner, arf a pind of taters and a gram of yer finest whizz, darlin'. 2) TAKE THE RIGHT DRUGS: Speed, glue, aerosols. None of that designer bollocks. Snort regularly and bob back and forth for added NWONWer effect. (Speed tends to wither the wiener somewhat, but true NWONWers are too punk rock or too young for sex. Three minute squelches, at best.) 3) WEAR THE RIGHT CLOTHES: The fashion industry has embraced the NWONW as a way of easily being *shocking* (well! I never!) and *daring* (pvc with tartan, darling?), without being too time-consuming or costly. Specialist shops like SIGN OF THE TIMES and BOY charge Vivien Westwood groupies sixty pounds a pop for t-shirts with artfully scattered safety pins and designer rips. For girls, there are stupid pastel crop-tops with 'cute kitty'-type slogans on them. Boys wear Adidas and the sort of tracksuits and football t-shirts your school made you wear when you were eight. Both sexes should have bleached or dyed black hair and raccoon-like make-up. If in doubt, there are numerous fashions magazines, such as *Dazed & Confused*, *The Face*, and *ID*, that show you how to dress through wanky fashion shoots with daring angles – i.e. Nudity, ugly models, homosexuality. Nwonw fashion is essentially celebrating the british white, emancipated, hairless body. (some critics believe, see, that the nwonw is a rebellion against all things yankee.) 4) LISTEN TO THE RIGHT NWONW PUNK ROCK BANDS such as Flying Medallions, S.M.A.S.H., Nancy Boys, These Animal Men, Supergrass. Be seen at the front of each and every show, spitting on the singer and sniffing frenziedly. Now you are ready to start your own NWONW punk rock band. Although it should not take you long to get signed, you will need sufficient funds when starting out to bribe *NME* and *Melody Maker* journalists with large quantities of Coke in order to be cast as the hollowed SINGLE OF THE WEEK. Your single should have a suitably offensive name. Previous singles of the week have been called "Rapist," "Lady Love Your Cunt," "Paedophile" and "Caught By the Fuzz." Choose something like "Swivel on This, Pig" or "Gluesniffer ripper." When arranging your first interviews, remember that any self-respecting NWONWer is still in his teens, and pretending to be fifteen when you are in fact thirty-two is quite acceptable. Swear at the interviewer a lot. Voilá!

Note: Unfortunately, by the time you read this, the build-em-up-and-knock-em-down love of music we have over here should have already exposed those wacky NWONWers or the talentless half-wits they are. Your humble narrators here at *Slapper* and *Pork* can only eagerly await the 1980s comeback and the inevitable and triumphant rise of the new wave of New New Romantics in the meantime. (Might this not be a little awkward for Al Jourgensen?)

For a copy of Jenny's zine send $5 to Slapper, c/o Real Time, 16-18 Ramillies St., London W1V 1D1, England

The only rational way of educating a child is to be an example – of what to avoid, if one can't be the other sort. –Einstein



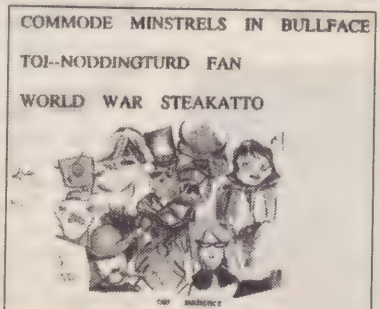
Music Reviews

We're in retro heaven and we're so glad you could join us. In this, the music world, we find an ultimate source of retromania. From the never ending swarm of tribute albums (Black Sabbath, the Carpenters, KISS, even Ween!), tributes to periods ('70s Preservation Society disco compilations, Rhino and Richard Blade's '80s new wave), to the impossible to keep up with releases of has-been's box sets (Steely Dan, Allen Ginsberg) and the exciting comebacks (Steve Perry, Adam Ant, Annabelle Lwin, Tony Bennett, and even the Sparks [most using the help of younger stars to make said comeback]). Lot's of people are taking advantage of the mood of the nation, playing it safe and cautious; re-releasing music people already feel comfortable with. Record labels are digging in their vaults to unburry hidden treasures (The Casablanca Records Story, The Best of 415 Records) while their publicists are writing up press releases that state things like, "Kids are moshing to Green Day, L7, and Rollins but who in this Lollapaloozalazed crowd knows about their punk forefathers... Sony has decided to educate today's alienated miscreants." (It's so nice they care!) Can we even keep up with the cover albums, cover bands, bands dedicated to recreating a lost sound and style (lounge, '70s rock, disco, even "punk").... Everyone's grasping for something that hasn't been dug up yet. The rule here is that the minute something's out of sight it can be ressurected. It's not all bad. It's just unavoidable if you're trying to find something new to listen to. I guess "new" is subjective. I just want to use this space to wish everyone well in their search for it. (darby)

'68 COMEBACK – GOLDEN ROGUES COLLECTION [CD]
Well, lawdy lawdy. Strip my pants off and call me Beauregard, it's monsieur Jeffrey Evans and the '68 Comeback pouring whiskey and tabasco down the throat of the thirsty record buying public. This is rock and roll cross-eyed and inbred the way we likes it. Mucho covers given that golden touch and a few originals. This record says one thing and only one thing to me, brothers and sisters, R-O-C-K! 'Scuze me while I shake one of my tail feathers. –S. Feemster (Sympathy For the Record Industry, 4901 Virginia Ave., Long Beach, CA 90805)

BABY LEMONADE – THE WONDERFUL E.P.
According to their press kit, this L.A. quartet has already been compared to every great punk, power, and psychedelic-pop icon known to man, and for good reason. The title "The Wonderful E.P." just about says it all. On their Brian Wilson-Van Dyke Parks medley "Windchimes/Wonderful," they will surely convert all the naïve naysayers out there who still think the Beach Boys music was all pre-LSD, or The Lettermen-trying-to-be-Chuck Berry drivel. On the rest of the album, they show us what The Salvation Army/Three O'Clock could have become if Pavement had ruled the airwaves in their heyday instead of Duran Duran. –Gwynne Kahn (Sympathy)

BEATNIK FILMSTARS – LAID BACK & ENGLISH [CD]
One night as I drifted in and out of sleep, my sonic sensibilities were awakened by a song on the radio. It affected me to the point that I had no choice but to phone the radio station and inquire further. To make a short story long, this band turned out to be the Beatnik Filmstars. This debut CD for the most part is a clever pastiche of white noise, driving rhythms, thrashy production, pop sensibilities and cheeky lyrics. The opening track "Ciao America No. 2" sets the tone for the record with a bouncy base line propping up enough sinuous guitar eruptions to create the illusion of standing up front at a Flaming Lips show. Of course this transpires as does many of the cuts in a little over a minute. A particular standout is "Clean" which, although containing only two verses and no chorus, glides by on the merits of two simple guitar hooks. These songs are noise pop without falling into the trendy rut of the lo-fi band wagon. Another standout, the track "Skill" manages in its' 60 seconds to evoke all the bliss of Sonic Youth's "Teen Age Riot." The refreshing thing with "Laid Back..." is the lack of self indulgence, B.F. make their point and get the fuck out of there. Check it out before N.M.E. builds them up and knocks them down. –Cliff (La Di Da Records)



BELOW SOUND – UNDERCOOL [CD]
Uh, oh. We know we're on the edge of the Apocalypse when bands are *trying* to sound like Stone Temple Pilots. Okay, let me be fair: the singer sounds like he's trying to be the singer in STP. The band sounds like it's playing paint-by-numbers rawk songs from the grunge songbook. Destroy and maim at all costs. –S. Feemster (Ivy Music, P.O. Box 61307, Seattle, WA)

Black Velvet Flag

BLACK VELVET FLAG – COME RECLINE [CD]
Keeping with the Retro Hell theme, Go Kart brings us Black Velvet Flag, doing awkward lounge versions of LA punk songs. Including interviews a lá *Decline* with savvy quotes like "That's stupid, 'Cocktail Nation,' I just think of it as punk rock 'cause, that's what it is...it's just reviving old LA punk but it's like jazzy and swingin' and fun." Finally, someone can see the obvious. Lounge is punk and punk is lounge – so let's pogo on the couch with our martinis already! You just haven't lived until you heard Black Velvet Flag's version of "Institutionalized." Gee, I wonder if Penelope's gonna like it? –Darby (GoKart, P.O. Box 20, Prince Street Station, NY, NY 10012)

BO BUD GREENE – [7"]
Semi-noodling alternative mellowish rock stuff. "Contente Fumar" kind of scared me by sounding a little pop and commercial. "In the Wall" and "Bjork/Fort" fared a little better to my ears. Closest comparison would have to be Pitchfork trying to sound like Nirvana but not quite making it. Not so bad for a band with such a stupid name. –Evan (Last Beat Records, 2819 Commerce, Dallas, TX 75226)

CAROLINER RAINBOW GRACE BLOCKS USED IN THE PLACEMENT OF THE PERSONALITY – RINGS ON THE AWKWARD SHADOW [Double LP]
Eat your monophonic hearts out, Headcoats! The Mummies are spinning in their Sarcophagi! This sonic abomination makes Doo Rag sound like fucking Steely Dan!!! You can have whatever kind of expensive stereo system you want to, and it will still sound like a cheap Victrola, because this *is* the Acme of Low-Fi: an entire double LP, mastered onto a *Wire Spool recorder*! Snippets of worn out, scratched to hell "record it yourself" records culled from the local thrift store's dumpster are the most full sounding moments on an album that sounds, for the most part, like ergot-crazed cats howling through tin funnels, accompanied by a busted violin and some buckshot on a rusty old barn roof. I can't wait for the CD! –Don Bolles (Subterranean, PO Box 2530 Berkeley, CA 94702)

CHROME – THE CLAIRAUDIENT SYNDROME [CD]
I remember back when I was a lad buying "Third From The Sun" because I thought the cover looked cool. I took it home, listened to it, couldn't quite get into it, then filed it away. A couple of years later I fished it out and listened to it again and I connected. The combination of Helios Creed's mondo-space-wah guitars with Damon Edge's acerbic sci-fi vocals and buzzing primitive synthesizers made for something like the Stooges and Suicide jamming together inside a Stanley Kubrick film. Well, Chrome is basically Damon now, and the weird push-pull of the older records seems to be mostly missing from this album. The strangeness factor is still in the sci-fi mode, but it rings like self-parody. I really wanted to like this record, but I didn't. Now, where is my copy of "Half Machine Lip Moves"..... –S. Feemster (Com-four, 7 Dunham Place Brooklyn, NY 11211)

COMMODE MINSTRELS IN BULLFACE – TOI NODDINGTURD FAN WORLD WAR STEAKATTO [7"]
Thinly disguised Caroliner project, maybe even noisier than

What kind of music do you hear at the paper cup factory? Dixieland.

Caroliner itself. Nice oversized packaging, so it won't just get lost in the 7" collection, with Grux drawings galore (at least on my copy; as for the others, who knows?) I thought this was one of the finer things the Caroliner contingent has put out, but then I read on the package that it was supposed to be played at 33 RPM. Oh well, it's still pretty darned good, and now it lasts even longer, with the new sounds much more lower pitched than before. –Don Bolles (Birdman, distributed by Subterranean, P.O. Box 2530, Berkeley, CA 94702)

DEMOLITION DOLL RODS

CRASH WORSHIP – TRIPLE MANIA [CD]
The latest tribal noise-orgy from this San Diego suburban/primitive institution. Drums, psychotic guitar blasts, drums, weird shrieks and guttural "vocal" unpleasantness, drums, overdriven "exotica" percussion doo-dads, tweaked out electronics, and... Say, did I mention DRUMS? It's all here, along with a sub-sonic swamp-blues rendering of "Get on Home," probably the most chilling cut from the "Manson Family Sings" LP: "When You See The Children With X's On Their Head, If You Dare To Look at Them, You Will Soon Be Dead." No sir, they just don't write 'em like that any more! While the CD is no substitute for the over-the-top live show that makes Santerian voodoo frenzies seem like PTA meetings, it is pretty darned bacchanalian in it's own special way, and will provide a fine soundtrack for your next Pagan Ritual or teenage creepy-crawl party. The cover art alone makes this a must-have for fans of "outsider" (read: insane) artist Henry Darger. Images from Darger's collage/paintings chronicling the exploits of the "Vivian Girls" have been faithfully reproduced on what looks like bronze or copper, making for a gorgeous, if disturbing, package. All the covers are hand done, so grab one while you can; like with their increasingly banned live shows, the effort they put out makes it well worth whatever effort you have to put out to locate it. –Don Bolles (Charnel House)

THE CREAMERS – ANYTHING WE DAMN WELL PLEASE [4-song 7"]
You've gotta hand it to Leesa Poole. Throughout nearly a decade and numerous lineup changes, she's been true to her cool, barreling through with pure buzzsaw-minimalist classic punk in the face of every fad and trend. Because of her admirable perseverance, I will swallow my ever-growing contempt for the oh-so-tired covers project trend – but only this once!

A.W.D.W.P. is an attempt to package the current lineup as an established, democratic unit: each of the four members got to design one side each of the sleeve and insert art; each got to pick one old song to cover. The new Creamers predictably bash and buzz their way through "Queen Bitch," "Little Willie," and "You're So Square" with such an authentic '77 feel, you'd swear the record was on Dangerhouse. Even the Fats Waller medley "The Viper's Drag/The Reefer Song" evokes the CBGB's cabaret-style acts of the era, particularly the more delicate side of The Patti Smith Group (and I do not bandy about the sacred name of Patti Smith lightly.) Hey, it doesn't have to be old to be classic punk! –Gwynne (Triple X Records, P.O. Box 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529)

THE CUCUMBERS – WHERE WE SLEEP TONIGHT [CD]
Two kinds of "girlie pop" bands started springing up, mostly out of England, in the late '80s: good ones and bad ones. The good ones, i.e. Poppin' Jays, Voice of the Beehive, and Darling Buds, owed much to early Blondie, the genre's prototype. The bad ones, like Transvision Vamp and The Primitives, sounded more like what Kim Fowley might have concocted had he jumped on that bandwagon (which he actually did, several times: it started with The Orchids and got steadily worse.) The Cucumbers, a five-years-plus-old duet from New Jersey, falls somewhere between the two categories. Their arrangements and musicianship are solid, but bland. They're not as cloying as Julianna Hatfield, as wispy as The Cranberries, or as Fleetwood Mac-damaged as 10,000 Maniacs; on the other hand, none of the songs are particularly memorable, and girl singer Deena Shoshkes drifts off-key a little too regularly. For once, I prefer the tracks sung by the duo's dude, Jon Fried. I give this one a "thumbs-sideways." –Gwynne (Zero Hour Records, 1600 Broadway#701, NY, NY 10019)

DARYLL-ANN – [EP/CD]
Another Dutch band that sounds like they want more than anything to be American. They even have banjo on one song. What the fuck is going on here? Don't Americans make enough cute, bouncy guitar-based pop to satisfy the world market for this shit several times over? Not even to mention the British?! Here's some advice from ol' Uncle Feemster: stay in Holland, throw away your Bread records and see if you can obtain some testicles. –S. Feemster (Vernon Yard, 114 W. 26th St. NY, NY 10001)

DAVER – REBORN b/w BRILLIANT POP [7"]
Ick, ick, ick! More stale, flaccid power pop from the midwest! The A-side is sludgy, drudgy, junkie-folkie, off-key, Lou Reed-wannabe. The B-side, "Brilliant Pop", is anything but; an attempt at Paul McCartneyism winds up sounding like a ripoff of Supertramp's "Take the Long Way Home"... except that the Supertramp song was kinda good. As if that isn't enough, this smug guy (group?) has the pretentiousness to spell his (their?) name with all lower-case letters. Had me running for the Push On Junior E.P. –Gwynne (Modern Relic, P.O. Box 637, Joliet, IL 60434-0637)

DEMOLITION DOLL RODS – WE'RE THE DOLL RODS [7"]
The reason the Doll Rods got to open for the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion on their last tour is that Mr. Spencer was moved to tears when he discovered a band who used the name of their group nine times in one song, which, while not even close to the Blues Explosion's average of 13.5 times per song (15 during the breaks in between), still showed some potential and a kindred spirit. Actually, I've always been partial to bands that have a theme song, from the Monkees to Josie and the Pussycats to Devo, and the Doll Rods have done the great tradition proud. With one beat, one chord and one verse, repeated only as needed, they certainly can't be accused of beating around the bush. "We're the Doll Rods, Demolition Doll Rods, We're the D-O-L-L-R-O-D-S – Dollrods, and we're comin' your way!" YES! And they even SPELL IT! (Show offs!) Shunning bass guitar and most of the more useless parts of a drum set, (everything but one floor tom and a busted snare drum) these two girls and a morphodite *rawk* in fine stripped-down white-trash style, and I don't just mean "stripped-down" in the musical sense! Usually clad in some sort of furry G-strings and maybe some little rubber eyeballs or sealed beam headlights on their nipples, the Doll Rods are one band not to miss when they deign to make good their musical threat to be "comin' your way." High energy and low tech (what did you expect from alumni of Motor City's legendary Gories?) they *are* the missing link between the Stooges and the Shags, between Hasil Adkins and the Runaways. And the drummer (who makes Moe Tucker sound like Neil Peart) has just got to be seen to be believed. Oh, yeah, the record: the other song on side one is almost as brilliant as the theme song, although it does have over two chords and a sort of change here and there. Side two contains the touching ballad "No Tickets, No Passes," vaguely reminiscent of the Ramones attempts at nice pretty songs, but there's a whole lot of worse things something could be vaguely reminiscent of. I certainly hope to hear more from this beautiful mess in the future. Faster, Doll Rods, Demolish! Demolish!! –Don Bolles (Past It, P.O. Box 6050, San Francisco, CA 94142)

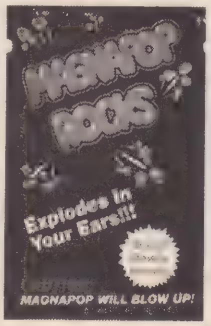
EXECUTIVE SLACKS – REPRESSED: THE BEST OF EXECUTIVE SLACKS [CD]
What now seems like a long, long time ago, I first heard Executive Slacks as a DJ at KXLU in Los Angeles about the same time I first heard Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, Einsterzende Neubaten and the Chameleons. To me it had that goth, industrial, tribal beat that later gave way to that sound that is so popular today. This is too simple of a way to describe a band with a complex, multi-layered drum and bass-heavy beat who, while not reyling on them, manage to avoid the clichés of keyboard and sampling. Somehow though, Executive Slacks became lost in the land of obscurity, never gaining the legendary status as those previously mentioned groups.

This is possibly due to their sporadic spurts of recording, performing and their ever-changing line-up that made it seem impossible for them to ever really get it together. When I was able to actually see them perform, the only original member was the drummer. "Repressed" is culled from recordings from 1982 through 1986, definitely their strongest period.

If you do remember Executive Slacks, this collection will make you very happy with their early (dare-I-call-it) goth hit "Our Lady," the rockin' "Wide Fields," "Solemn Dilemma," my favorite, the eerie, wistful "Say It Isn't So," and their wonderful, best ever version of "Rock and Roll."

COP SHOOT COP

With retro hell at its peak, it's not only Beck who's recycling *every* retro concept. Last year seemed the biggest in not only retro music, artwork, and videos but also in retro promotional giveaways: Jabberjaw's loungy drink coasters (trés chic), Reverend Horton Heat's slick playing cards, the Breeders' tube socks, Magnapop's Pop Rocks, the Beastie Boy's hacky sacs, the Vandalias' fake chrome car emblem to stick on your muscle car.... Some are ultimately comey like Luna's tarot cards, which were just a regular box of tarot cards with a sticker with the bands name stuck to it. Why!? Or Cop Shoot Cop's lighter; again just a lighter with a sticker of the band's name on it. Not very impressive. I like their baseball style cards a bit better. I don't mind bands trying to sell themselves to the press, but if they're not going to go all the way with it, it may end up working against them. For example, if bands think shitty photocopied "trading cards" are going to go anywhere besides the trash...I'm not trying to bum someone's high but honestly, what else can be done with it. So my message to any bands out there who are thinking about coming up with their own cute little giveaway concepts (retro or not): try to come up with something interesting *and* practical. Something functional. So if we don't give a shit about your band we may still keep the thing, use it, and perhaps even think of your band every once in a while – even if we're just thinking what a bad band it is. (darby)



We love you, Sergio!

A wise and tasteful move on the part of Cleopatra Records has given us, as if a gift, recordings such as these which were rare, previously only on record and so impossible to find that we've given up on them. If you are a fan of the great Eighties dark music which defied categorization then you will definitely rock with Executive Slacks. A must-have. –M.A. (Cleopatra)

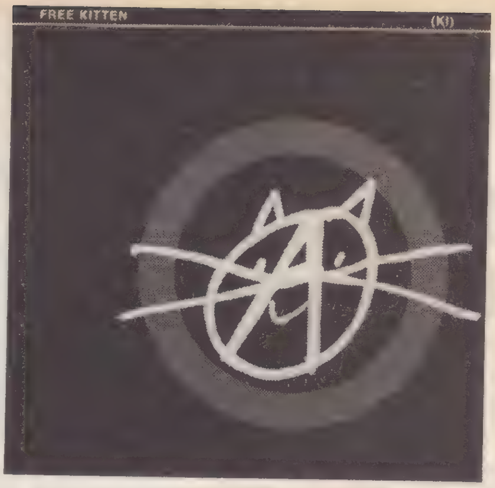
FIN – FIN [CD]
The self-produced debut from this L.A. noise duo comes in a little box with all kinds of junk and goodies. 60 minutes of collaged and cut up sounds, live performances, and sonic experiments. It's an action packed assemblage of noise, samples, loops, a few beats, with lots of inspiration and knob twisting. Well-crafted and worth buying. –damion (Catorce Index, P.O. Box 93491, Los Angeles, CA 90093)

FORESKIN 500 – MANPUSSY [cass.]
This is by far the best record I've heard this year. It's got it all: dance, slow jam, bang your head, punk. My favorite song is "Dirty Mucket." Looked up "mucket" and only found "muck" which means moist manure, anything vile or filthy. And it is true, Foreskin 500 is definitely down and dirty. Strong Ethyl Meatplow similarities in that seductive, creepy danciness but fronted by the devil instead of a sexy momma. These are love songs, twisted all around into hate and despair. Love songs centered around the writhing hell of it all. "Permatortise" conveys "Kill me, You're the one, That makes me crawl, That makes me run, Hurt me with your love, I crawl for you, I crawl for love." Or don't miss "Gasoline's" threat that "...Soon I'll be behind you, Give you all my love in gasoline, You lit a fire inside me, Now you can't deny me, I'm going to burn you down to the ground..." This record so perfectly captures the love/hate thing that only the word Manpussy could express. No heartbreaker or heartbreakee should be without this essential narrative. –Jessy (Basura!)

FUDGE TUNNEL – COMPLICATED FUTILITY OF IGNORANCE [Cass.]
This here would be a 7-layer metal sandwich. Heavy, heavy duty sludge-o-rama metal with attitude and production. This shit is so clean it shines like a new razor. Me, I got me an open mind that isn't prejudiced towards the metal race so I like it. My friends tell me it sounds like Pantera and Helmet and I might agree except I've never heard Pantera before. Are they great? I'm willing to agree with the Helmet comparison all the way. Better than their earlier stuff. –Evan (Earache, 295 Lafayette St. #195, NY, NY 10012)

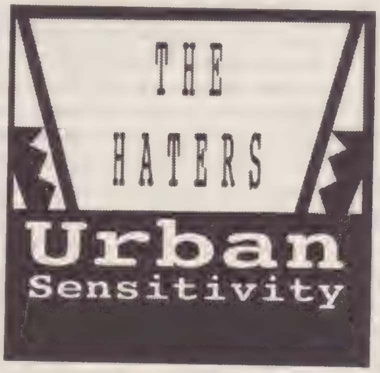
FREE KITTEN – (KI) SEX BOY B/W DARBY SPEAK [7"]
The song that made the young Don Bolles move to Los Angeles, in a powerful new incarnation, with purrfect vocals by sex girl Kim Gordon. Nice lyrics too, although they're certainly not the ones that Darby wrote. I think Kim was using the version that Bill "Pat Fear" Bartell gave Slash records for the Germs (MIA) CD lyric sheet, which bears only the merest resemblance to the actual words. It's kind of odd that anybody would actually believe that Mr. Crash ever penned the lines "Sex boy, come in my hand" or "You've gotta be above if you wanna make love", but such is the stuff that laff riots are made of. The B side, "Darby Speak" is a campy concept piece - wow, that sounds awful, but it *is* a campy concept piece, darn it, and a really cool one, at that! After a silly spanish "Hoy, hoy, hoy!" style intro, Yoshimi says a bunch of stuff that Darby spewed between songs on various live recordings. Not one to let Kim have all the creative fun, Yoshimi throws in some quips that were said by other people or, in the style of those nice folks who wrote those hilarious Japanese lyric sheets for albums by English speaking artists, stuff that she sort of accidentally made up. "All I want is a beer and cause damage," "We are Germs and we want beer," and a quote I've always attributed to Mike Muir (of Suicidal Tendencies) taken from the last Germs show at the Starwood: "Look at my nose; Look at it! They fucking grabbed me like this and say 'hippie.'"

The package is a send up of the (GI) album cover, but with a Free Kitten Anarchy logo superimposed over the obligatory blue circle on the front, and blurry pictures of the band members in each corner, like the (GI) back cover (with Yoshimi in the lower right corner where my pic was on the original. Ooowee! I'm blushin'!), and there's even a cute and sassy lil' pop up in the gatefold. The prognosis? A rollicking good time romp! Two thumbs up! –Don Bolles (Radiation Records, Apdo. 1427 – 48080 BILBAO. Phone & Fax 34 4 410 36 86)



GLENDALE – MATCHBOX MARTYR [7"]
At first I wanted to say this owed a pretty big debt to several Chicago bands of the "driving shards of sound" variety, but I'm going to take that back. There's an influence here, but these two tracks stand well enough alone as a statement by a band that could have gone in several different directions at once, had they stayed together. Good push and pull between the rhythm and noise, the melody and the thump. Good, understated artwork as well. –S. Feemster (Art Monk Construction, P.O. Box 1105, State College, PA 16804)

GRANDADDY – COMPLEX PARTY COME ALONG THEORIES [Cass.]
I left the great central valley for greener southern pastures eight years ago because it was boring and stale. A few years later a band called Pavement emerged and I gained a little respect for the region. This tape reminds me of home in a weird way, it also reminds me of Pavement. Not that they are a rip-off, but being from the same geographical area and reliant on self-amusement for entertainment, I suppose a certain amount of dreary small-town angst would surface in anyone. This tape contains 13 songs ranging from solo low-tech reflections to classy rockin' numbers. It reeks of a somehow bent personality disorder and is highly infectious. Anything I play three times in one day is definitely doing something right. Besides the above comparisons, some others that come to mind would be Neil Young, Sebadoh, Sonic Youth– get the picture? –Evan (Grandaddy, 2428 Pineridge Dr., Modesto, CA 95351)



GRENADINE – CHRISTIANSEN [7"]
A friend of mine has this problem where sometimes he can't understand English. He can speak it, he just can't understand it. A chemical imbalance or too much acid. Such is the new Grenadine 7". Side one, "The Barnacle," is a whispering from a pop position, while side two is two songs, "Snuck" and "Srew," mixed and chopped by Warren Defever of His Name Is Alive. He gives the two b-sides that haunting, fucked-up urgency of much of his own bands stuff, with great vocals from Jenny Toomey and Mark Robinson. –S. Feemster (Simple Machines, P.O. Box 10290, Arlington, VA 22210)

THE HATERS – URBAN SENSITIVITY [CD]
The fourth CD release from the champions of entropy. Four tasteful cuts. The first, "The Stuff Twitching" is the sounds of grinding live microphones with some annoying loop of banging noise in the background. The second track, "Touch Upon Inappropriateness" is where this disk really gets going. A huge, numbing, constant crackling noise hovers out of the speakers while very subtle crashes and whooshes quietly move behind it. It's really quite serene and graceful. The third, "Accidental Similarity" is made mostly from breaking glass. It sounds like several loops of different lengths were let loose with each other. They blend together and phase in and out to a very strange rhythmic affect, creating some of the most interesting material I've ever heard from The Haters. The final cut, "Slipping Between Slight" is similar in approach to the third but with different types of sounds[sic]. Overall, "Urban Sensitivity" was quite a pleasant suprise. The Haters' recordings often (not always) sound very similar to each other and their concepts dominate their aesthetic. I'm very glad to see that after 15 years The Haters are still breaking new ground, building new empty holes. Just recently for the 201st Haters performance, G.X. Jupitter-Larsen jumped out of an airplane with a drill bit and drilled a hole in the sky. –damion (Commercial Failure, 2005 Mission St. #56, San Francisco, CA 94110)

HELIOS CREED – X-RATED FAIRY TALES / SUPERIOR CATHOLIC FINGER [CD]
Even though I've had the original vinyl releases of these for years it's still rather exciting to see them released in a new ('90s) format. Will people get it this time? If you are an old fan undoubtedly your records are scratched to death by now and you can enjoy the recordings "clean" again. If you are young or an older lame ass who never caught on, it is high time you dig this. I still think "X-rated Fairy Tales" is a little fluffy new wave but deep in there is some really great stuff. "Superior Catholic Finger" is primo Creed. Putting the guitar wah way out front is what this man is all about. Trying to downplay Helios' importance in my life and his approach to guitar playing would be futile without overt worship status. I sincerely dare anyone to try to convince me that he is not the most innovative guitar player of this part of the millennium. Space rock galore on this disc, so dig in you fucks and experience what has been coming out of Helios' amplifiers for the last 15 years. So heavily recommended that words cannot describe. –Evan (Cleopatra)

KRISTIAN HOFFMAN – I DON'T LOVE MY GURU ANYMORE
First there was folk music. Then the folkies became '60s rock 'n rollers. Then the hippies went folk. Then the protest songs were coming from punk rock. Now much of L.A.'s first-generation punk/new wavers have come back full circle to folk music. In addition to Hoffman himself, the album's list of guest performers and acknowledgements includes the names of many "old timers" who have crossed over from avant-punk to folk: the notorious Phranc, Ringling Sister/Jill-of-all-trades Pleasant Gehman, and mandolin-plucking rock critic Robert Lloyd. The album is even produced by Earle Mankey, who inadvertently kick-started the L.A. alternative scene by recording the Runaways and The Quick in 1976.

Hoffman comes off as a sort of bachelor uncle of the Generation Who Cannot Be Named (I refuse to refer to it by the overused, insipid catch-phrase currently favored by Madison Avenue types!), warbling melancholy tales for the post-modern malcontent. From the excellent anti-homophobia anthem "Odd Man Out" to the song for the new Depression "Shanty Town" to the album's numerous broken-heart ballads, Hoffman's lyrics are both clever and easily digestible, if a tad heavy-handed at times. His real forte, however, is simultaneously mocking and mourning the "generic no-fault rebel yell" of counterculture idealism gone sour. "When revolution failed you for sure your heart sank/ Now the

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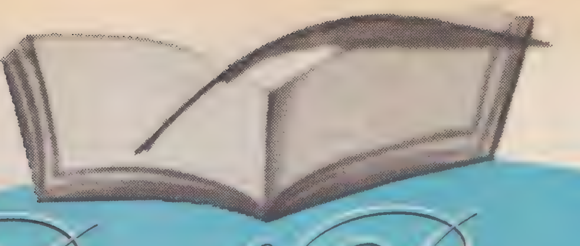
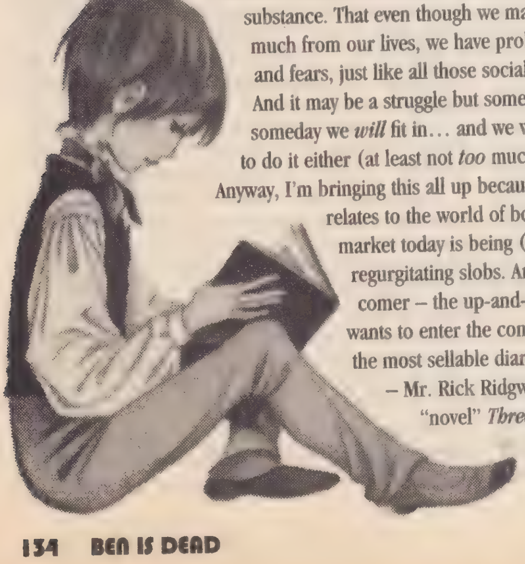


Book Reviews

THREE SQUIRT DOG[GED]
by Rick Ridgeway
St. Martin's Press
7x7 paperback, 182pgs (lots o' white space), $12.95

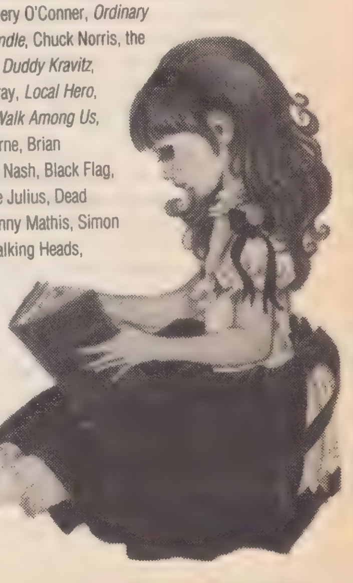
Hiding out I sometimes get pangs of fear that "I'm missing out!" On something, anything, everything. As if something ultimately spectacular happened while I was away, the thing that was destined to change me for the best, the thing that would have finally made me happy and rich and pretty forever…Oh boy! But then I see that band, or I meet that person, or I rent that movie that I'd missed out on… and it rarely lives up. So from what I've caught up on recently, specifically the shit that's suppose to represent "my" generation (the "lost" generation, right?), I feel pretty good that I haven't wasted much time on it (I'd surely be more lost if I had.) In this case I recently saw that "cute" movie *Reality Bites*. Ah, yes, Winona. Winona being Winona (which she's just about mastered), with those doe eyes and that big vein down her forehead. But as I watched this angst-ridden, touching, true-to-the-times tale, I realized it's a half-hour story with one and a half hours of filler; a weak plot woven together with brand name products, clichés, old TV shows, songs, and memorabilia. The goal divided: between telling a "love" story and holding their very own name-dropping competition. The age-old struggle of wanting to say something but not having anything to say. Peeing all over themselves to find the right things to represent "our" culture and how we *feel*. Okay, so like every one's parents are divorced. Like, we want to be slackers but the world, it's so *real*. But hey, we can still have good times man. We can dig up the past and find those old good times and, like, re-use them. We can still sing the old favorites *together*, and relish over the totally cool fact that we know the words. We *can* relate. And we can get stoned and laugh about how we're robots to our TV upbringing. And we can throw a few serious scenes in the mix so you know we've got *some* - substance. That even though we may not be producing much from our lives, we have problems and worries and fears, just like all those socially-correct beings. And it may be a struggle but somehow, some way, someday we *will* fit in… and we won't have to sell-out to do it either (at least not *too* much.)

Anyway, I'm bringing this all up because it specifically relates to the world of books – and the market today is being (ful)filled by these regurgitating slobs. And now, the newcomer – the up-and-coming "author" who wants to enter the competition in producing the most sellable diarrhea in book format – Mr. Rick Ridgway, with his new "novel" *Three Squirt Dog*. Let's give this boy a hand, shall we? For not only did he write an ultimately useless list (reference guide?) to (retro) pop-culture, he actually sold it – for money, I presume – to a book publisher, who then went so far as to produce the thing and actually sell it as a fucking novel. Weirder shit has happened.



I admit I haven't read many "modern" novels, and I've strictly steered clear of any of the ones branded "20-something" – for reasons already mentioned. And though this book may consider itself something different, it is basically a list of places, people, movies, books, *things*, that the author thinks are really cool to mention – which he then works around sex, booze, and weak scenarios in a failed attempt to turn it all into something readable. But it's just impossible to get beyond this as *just* a list. Impossible to even find the patience to figure out if this book has anything else to say at all. Here's a condensed version:

Budweiser, Mad Dog, Led Zeppelin, *The Road Warrior*, *Seven Beauties*, Old Milwaukee, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, Kleenex, Ramones, *Rocket to Russia*, Jackson Pollock, Warren Zevon, *Excitable Boy*, Thirteenth Floor Elevators, Flamin' Groovies, the Dictators, Sensational Alex Harvey Band, *The Last Gentleman*, *The Man Who Loved Children*, 7-Eleven, Takanobu's "Portrait of Taira Shigemori," *Dad*, UPS, Joni Mitchell, *The Hissing of Summer Lawns*, Lydia Lunch, Alex Chilton, *Live in London*, Henry Miller, Burger King, DNA, Motorhead, Rolling Rock, Slurpee, Black Sabbath, Richard Thompson, *Human Fly*, Tim Buckley, Chocolate Watch Band, Rhino [Records], Rolling Rock, AAA, Nietzsche, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Bartók, Stravinsky, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, the Clash, Joy Division, Se Pistols, *Anarchy in the U.K.*, Prince, *Dirty Mind*, Dave Kingman, the Mets, the Tigers, Journey, Rush, Styx, REO Speedwagon, Kajagoogoo, BTO, Grand Funk Railroad, Robyn Hitchcock, W.C. Fields, *I Often Dream of Trains*, *Annie Hall*, Mike Oldfield, Slinky, Margaret Mead, Jefferson Starship, Chicago, Dom DeLuise, Sebastian Cabot, *Falconer*, Van Halen, Eddie Van Halen, Truman Capote, Jack Kerouac, Boston, Yes, Asia, Kiss, Queen, Echo & the Bunnymen, *Crocodiles*, Meat Loaf, Canned Heat, Barry White, Dr. Pepper, Christ, *Local Hero*, Perez Prado, Martin Denny, Kool-Aid, Big Chief, R.E.M., *Chronic Town*, the Cramps, *Songs the Lord Taught Us*, Elvis Costello, *Armed Forces*, Coke, the Indians, the White Sox, Brahm, *Horn Trio*, *Symphony of Psalms*, *Penthouse*, Flannery O'Conner, *Ordinary People*, *Canon*, Mary Tyler Moore, *Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, Chuck Norris, the Germs, Mountain Dew, Leonard Cohen, Mordecai Richler, *Duddy Kravitz*, *Fifth Business*, Richard Dreyfuss, Quasimodo, Arthur Murray, *Local Hero*, *Smash Palace*, PLO, *Penthouse*, Rhine wine, *The Misfits Walk Among Us*, Robert Smith, Siouxsie Sioux, Joe Strummer, Ozzy Osbourne, Brian Johnson, Young Rascals, Procol Harum, Crosby, Stills, & Nash, Black Flag, Pere Ubu, Pat Benatar, Kansas, Iron Maiden, Elvis, Orange Julius, Dead Kennedys, *Rock 'N' Roll High School*, Johnny Rotten, Johnny Mathis, Simon and Garfunkel, Shoes, Slade, Sly and the Family Stone, Talking Heads, Tangerine Dream, Goldie Hawn, the Supremes, Sylvester, Supertramp, Suicide, Styx, *Friday the 13th in 3-D*, Reese's, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, *Year 2889*, Reader's Digest, Sir Edward Elgar, *Marjorie Morningstar*, *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, Sam Peckinpah, Kris Kristofferson, The Isley Brothers, NRBQ, Sarah Miles, Harpo Marx, Bigfoot, *Pink Panther*, Omar Shariff, *Doctor Zhivago*, *Splendor in the Grass*, Warren Beatty.



Kiss Me Deadly, The Big Sleep, Led Zeppelin, Christ, Ghandi, Malcom X, Wiffle Ball, Joey Ramone, Tennesse Williams, MTV, Sally Struthers, Culture Club, Martha Quinn, Boy George, White Castle, A Flock of Seagulls, Glenda Jackson, *Stevie, Women in Love,* Pepto Bismol, *Local Hero,* Debra Winger, *Urban Cowboy, Rolling Stone,* Bill Murray, Ted Bundy, Satan, Flannery O' Connor, "Surfin' Bird," Pop Tarts, W.C. Fields, George Romero, *Endless Love, Death on the Installment Plan,* Monty Python, I. B. Singers, *The Slave, Enemies: A Love Story,* Bernard Malamud, *The Spinoza of Market Street,* Tobacco Road blue-jeans, House of Pancakes, David Niven, *The Road Warrior,* I.R.S. Records, Mahler's *Third Symphony,* Hank Williams, Neil Young, Kleenex, Fairport Convention, Robyn Hitchcock, Fleetwood Mac, Diane Keaton, Warren Beatty, *Reds,* Henry Miller, Steppenwolf, the Ramones, Shelly Duvall, *The Hunger, The Sender,* Stroh's, Susan Sarandon, *Atlantic City, Pretty Baby,* Marianne Faithfull, *The Bell Jar,* Willie Nelson, Alka-Seltzer, Rolling Rock, Don Ho, Nina Hagen, *Creem,* Dairy Queen, Captain Ahab, Double Fudge Oreos, Muzak, "These Boots Are Made For Walking," Jell-O, Kotex, Poupon mustard, Upton Sinclair, Sugar Pops, *Return of the Jedi,* Princess Leia, Motorhead, Black Sabbath, Scorpions, Tums, Ford, Billy Joel, Jackson Browne, Neville Brothers, Chuck Berry, *Wise Blood,* Old Wilwaukee, Natassia Kinski, *Cat People,* Francis Ford Coppola, Bruce Lee, Jerry Lewis, Kaopectate, Charles Ives *Second Symphony,* Iggy Pop, Johnny Thunders, Reagan, Liz Taylor, *Ms. 45, Prophecy, The Funhouse,* Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran, Grove Press: *A Man With A Maid,* VW, Cubs, David Brenner, Bermuda shorts, Otis Redding, Alex Chilton, Al Green, Doritos, Rickie Lee Jones, 4-H, Rainbow Girls, Three Stooges, Wild Turkey, *Cujo,* Stephen King, *Finnegans Wake Part Two, Passages From Finnegans Wake, Escape From New York,* Mr. Microphone, Mountain Dew, Ohio State, Tony Bennett, Jimi Hendrix, "The Star Spangled Banner," *Hee Haw, Victory at Sea,* Def Leppard, Spanky Mc Farland, White Owl, Limburger, Al Jolson, Muhammad Ali, Woody Hayes, General George S. Patton, Lefty Frizzell, *Journey to the End of the Night, Gone With the Wind, V, As I Lay Dying, The Sound and the Fury,* Judy Garland, *Wuthering Heights,* Rona Jaffe, Ethel Waters, Patty McCormack, Nixon, George Steinbrenner, Donny Osmond, Patsy Cline, Weight Watchers, Fruit of the Loom, Cool Whip, Ritz Cracker, Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Buddy Hackett, Henny Youngman, Red Skelton, Frederick's of Hollywood, Brooke Shields, Derek and the Dominos, P-Funk, Credence Clearwater Revival, The Velvet Underground, *East of Eden,* Walkman, Christopher Cross, Grace Slick, Ping-Pong, Chipmunks, Popsickles, HBO, Showtime, Playboy, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High, Humongous, Summer Lovers,* Yes, *Giorgio,* Luciano Pavoratti, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Norman Vincent Peale, Valium, *Neighbors, Under the Rainbow, The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, Seems Like Old Times, Hell Night,* Linda Blair, *Ruckus, Endangered Species, A.N.G.E.L. of Heat,* Marilyn Chambers, ESPN, Dick Cavett, Alan King, Faye Dunaway, Hamburger Helper, Joan Baez, Schweppes, *Android, Forbidden World,* Klaus Kinski, Big Star's *Third,* Lou Reed, Rod Stewart,*Foolis Behaviour,* Joni Mitchell, Kate Bush, Motorhead, "Sweet Jane," *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life,* Motzart, Otto Klemperer, the Police, *Synchronicity,* Rick Nelson, Suzi Quatro, Bob Marley, Graham Parker, Ry Cooder, Devo, Jimmy Hoffa, MC5, Bob Dylan, *Blood on the Tracks,* Chill Wills, Magic Marker, Goofy, "The Last Supper," Mickey Spillane, Henry James, Stove Top, *Porky's Two, Superman III, Psycho II, Krull,* Richard Pryor, Norman Bates, *Local Hero, Staying Alive,* Stallone, Burt Young, Clint, Peppermint Schnapps, *Blue Thunder, Firefox,* Ronald Reagan, the Roches' *Keep on Doing, Moondance,* Van Morrison, Tabasco, *Beetle Bailey,* Howard Johnson's, Red Devil, Crisco, *Huckleberry Finn, A Death in the Family,* Richard Gere, Fig Newtons, RC Cola, John Dillinger, Budweiser, Toyota, Alice Cooper, Hank Williams, M.A.D.D., Mickey's, Mr. T, George Clinton, Oakland Raiders, *Ride the High Country,* Joel McCrea, Loch Ness Monster, Scrabble, *It's Alive, It's Alive 2,* Billy Graham, Kiwanis, Screamin Jay Hawkins, Wonder Woman… And if they just would have printed it like this they would have saved a lot of paper. (darby) (*Dr. Salenger, Jr., after thorough analysis has come to the conclusion that Mr. Ridgway is in the final stages of the disease known as "Retro" and needs immediate care in a retro-hospice for patients in the critical and declining stages of the disease. Understanding the difficult struggle he has ahead, we here at* Ben Is Dead *wish him well. Note: please read Salenger's Retro Retrospective in Retro Hell, Part 2.)*

GOOD TO GO

Edited by Deran Ludd, Alice Wheeler, and Jim Jones
Zero Hour, $9.95

This book is touted as "a groundbreaking anthology of the turbulent and obsessive confessions of the TV Generation." But don't let the over-used media terminology avert your interest in this. I admit it: I was scared of the chick on the cover with her plastic girlie barrettes and the Seattle-connection name-dropping thing. But as I browsed over the list of writers, my curiosity got the best of me and I had to give into The Grunge.

The 26 short stories contained herein are an attempt to give the reader a taste of contemporary West Coast literature. The stories range in subject matter from a heartfelt tale of a desperate attempt at a one night stand to the boring story of a "cute brunette with lusterless eyes driving a Tercel." But for the most part the stories are fresh and well-written. The first story "MonStar," by Vaginal Davis, got me over the initial hump. It's a more than amusing tale of words and sex and butt crust and Hollywood star dropping. She pummels you with a hilarious gabby prose that approaches a frenzy and leaves you begging for more.

The range in content is tremendous. Most are not meaty, spiritually enlightening lessons, but some contain important social statements or trends. Others, like Kevin Sampsell's "It Does A Body Good," are far from abstruse. It is a story told from a man's point of view about a wild woman he met and brought home, who during the passion cut her pinky off. The title comes from his idea that, "Sometimes, nothing feels and tastes better than cold, white milk inside your mouth." Deep, huh?

A lot of the stories are centered around sexuality (and drugs and rock 'n' roll – goes without saying), some are corny coming of age stories, and some fall into the incredibly overdone genre of the *Natural Born Killer*-murder-and-drug-jamboree (oh no, not again.) But thankfully, some are phenomenally explicit emotional tales such as is Deran Ludd's "The Carnage Motel." Ludd's style offers a somewhat creepy look into the life of a juvie rehab escapee named Carter and the week he spends with Johnson, who picks him up hitchhiking. It's an interesting style of storytelling because it's written in the third person but the reader really gets into Carter's heart and thought processes. Carter knows that he doesn't want to get fucked up by it all, but still he begins to fall in love. And Johnson, though he starts off a generous almost fatherly figure, turns out to be a total jerk. Carter's obsession is out of control: he fights his impulses while Johnson is "two-handed stuffing his life in his mouth and swallowing without chewing." And still Carter can't leave. Real life shit.

This is an all-around well-written and entertaining collection of work. Take a jaunt through the range of drama, humor, passion, and twisted sickness. I think this book would be a good companion on a cross country bus trip – some form of protection against the dirty old man sitting next to you. Get over the buzz words and enjoy. (Jessy)

* * *

PINK SLIP, GIRLS ONLY! (VIDEO)

Alpha Blue Archives
P.O. Box 16072, Oakland, CA 94610

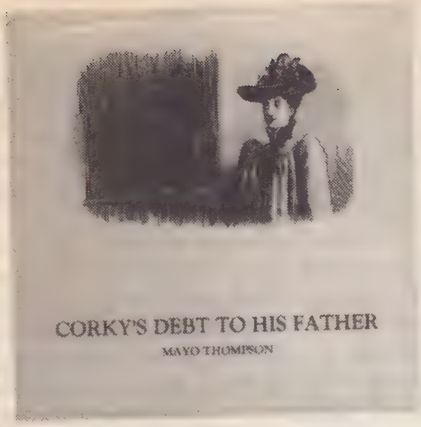
ALPHA BLUE ARCHIVES
Pink Slip
Girls Only!

The title of these six selected short films comes from the pink slip that girls had to have signed by their parents allowing them to view films which were off limits to boys. Whether it was in Health Education, P.E., or in a "Life" class, we girls were herded into a room with a fat, sexless, humorless, old broad to be taught all about becoming a woman. What the boys were doing at this time is still a mystery to me – probably playing dodge ball or something. Like they didn't have anything to learn? I must have been absent when they showed these particular "Girls Only" films at my school, because I would never have forgotten the valuable lessons they contained. Had I seen these as an impressionable pre-pubescent, I could have grown into a less disturbed teen. I could have learned of the evils of cigarettes and alcohol before it was too late. Perhaps the "beware of strangers" film could have saved me from many a fucked-up relationship. And if I had only seen the "bad girl running away from home" film, I could still be living in Tennessee where I belong. Jesus, if I had just been in school that day, my world would have been so different.

The very best film is about a retarded girl (around seven years old) who has a lot of questions about having her period. Her sister, who is menstruating, takes her into the bathroom and shows her how to use a pad. And the how-to's are repeated a million times. There's even a close up of a ketchup stained sanitary napkin! Not for the weak (or hungry).

From the subject of deciding to see a psychiatrist to learning how the female equipment works, I truly enjoyed every second of this hilarious (and educational) compilation. But my male friends seemed to appreciate "Pink Slip" way more than I ever could. It's that old curiosity, forbidden knowledge thing. I guess boys *still* don't know this stuff. But that's what makes them fun to hang out with, I guess. The superior power of womanhood! As one toothless little whippersnapper so brilliantly responds when being asked how she feels about the changes lying ahead of her: "It's better than being a boy!" Get this or go to detention indefinitely. (Jessy)

From there to here, from here to there, funny things are everywhere. –Dr. Seuss



only thing revolving is the door to the bank," he croons in "My Generation," equating through the song's title the failed upstarts of the '60s with those of the '70s and '80s. The album's title track claims, "I gotta tell you that John Doe isn't dead / He's just become an actor-model instead / And now the unheard music is feeble and it's too sick to even cause a semblance of dread." Don't worry, Kristian, at least Billy Zoom is still working in a guitar repair shop.

Hoffman's musical projects have always had a glitter-rock overtone, from his fey 1977 new-wave endeavor Lance Loud & the Mumps to the early '80s lounge act Swingin' Madisons. Likewise, this solo debut album owes as much to Sparks and David Bowie as it does to Phil Ochs and Donovan. The melodies are bright, catchy, and refreshingly hook-laden; Hoffman's vibrato-heavy voice is clear and sweet. The sparseness of the instrumentation serves to make the album sound clean, not empty. Go ahead and give this record a listen... if you're punk enough to handle folk music! –Gwynne (Eggbert Records, 2755 Via Hacienda, P.O. Box 10022, Fullerton, CA 92635)

INCREDIBLE FORCE OF JUNIOR – GREATEST THING [7"]
Side one throws a little Go-Betweens in with Galaxie 500 under a singer you want to strangle and/or beat with Lou Reed's truss. Side two is giving me that Go-Betweens comparison again with its chugging-motor pop and its entirely-more-interesting-than-side-one female schizoid vocals. Worth a throw of the dough, though. –S. Feemster (Swingset, 4202 Phinny Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103)

THE JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION – ORANGE [CD]
When BID staff-member-at-large Dave mentioned the new release, I said that I liked it as much or maybe even a little bit more than the old stuff, but I thought it was annoying how many times "Blues Explosion–OWW!" is repeated. Dave just recently returned from Australia where his band was touring with Jon Spencer so I asked him if *he* liked it, and instead of a "yes" or "no" he said that there's a drinking game that you play when JSBE is performing: You drink every time he says "B-B-Bl-Blues Explosion-OWWW!" And guess what? Everyone gets really drunk. I'm gonna try it next time. P.S. Go vinyl with this release and you get a fancy silver record – just like a giant CD. –Jessy (Matador)

MAJESTY CRUSH – SANS MUSCLES [CD]
Hmmm, these guys are American? I say this because there seems to be an Anglophile vibe going through these songs, more a Chapterhouse influence than, say, a Hüsker Dü influence. This seems unusual because these guys are from Motor City and they must be aliens there. If they can back off the slight Smashing Pumpkins influence and exploit their more spacey moments, I think we might be cooking with fire. –S. Feemster (Vulva Recordings, 240 S. Holmes, Detroit, MI 48212)

MAYO THOMPSON – CORKY'S DEBT TO HIS FATHER [CD/LP]
Up until now, this was an extremely rare and sought after LP. Originally released in 1970, this is the first of a series of Red Crayola and related "archival" re-releases to be put out by Drag City. The eleven songs range from rock to blues to ballads etc.... Pretty accessible. Thompson may sing a little out of tune here and there but I guess that's a plus. It's a great and classic forgotten piece of 1970. Sincere and worthwhile. –damion (Drag City, P.O. Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647)

MEATJACK – LLOYD GEADITZ / HOGFAT [7"]
I actually sort of like "Lloyd Geaditz", and it's rare that I like much of anything these days. Geaditz chugs along hard and pleasant for a while, and then it's done. No muss, no fuss. Hogfat, on the other hand, manages to take the same slow, slurred grunge and make it sound like Metallica at the wrong speed. Utterly unpleasant. They make a few short minutes of vinyl feel like a month in detox. So, I hear you asking, can I recommend you buy this record on the basis of Lloyd Geaditz alone? Well, no. But if you can somehow manage to get it free from the record company, like I did, or if you've got the guts to shoplift it from your local fringe-y record store, then you're probably in for a pleasant enough afternoon. –Stymie (Merkin Records)

DANIEL MENCHE
STATIC BURN [CD]
62 minutes of well-tempered and high fidelity rumble, static, drones, screeches, crackles, and unidentifiable sounds and noise skillfully layered and pieced together to make a deep and powerful listening experience. This is Daniel Menche's second CD. Menche is notorious for his incredibly loud sonic assaults during live performances. He has also done live sound work for a number of Butoh dance performances. His sounds are intense and beautiful, strong and soothing. –damion (Soleilmoon Recordings, P.O. Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT – MAKE A BABY [7"]
I'm sort of vacillating between wanting to dance like a spazz and wanting to pull someone's head off. Let's discuss the musical vignettes laid before us, shall we? Who woulda thought that all these years later, early Devo and the entire Ralph Records catalogue would hold such a grip on the nation's youth? Well, they do on these guys. This screams "Itching Brain" all over the damn place. Okay, I'll like it and dance like a spazz. –S. Feemster (Vermiform P.O. Box 12065, Richmond, VA 23241)

MERCURY REV – EVERLASTING ARM B/W DEAD MAN [CD]
This is the latest two song opus from the visionary Poughkipsee pop band. The first track eases into a nice Bowie-style-reflective-almost-cabaret sorta soundtrack. The most salient characteristic here is beautiful orchestration, from bleeding saxes, glockenspiel, trumpet, and swirling harmonies – truly tasteful. The second track features some spoken word from Alan Vega, against a soundscape of more symphonic orchestration with different instruments coming forward, and making their presence known before receding back into the shadows. Musically this treads nearer to Tom Waits' terrain. Vega's diction is an appropriate touch, which is incidentally an excerpt from his forthcoming book *Cripple*. Goes well with a Vodka Gimlet. –Cliff (Big Cat)

THE MOLES – INSTINCT [CD]
I picked this record out of the bin to review because at first glance I thought the band had given itself the amazing moniker of "The Moles Instinct." Well, I goofed and it turned out to be an experimental/ ambient record. Every once in a great while, there is experimental and ambient music that I like, such as some of Eno's. Then again, there's a lot that just rattles and hums and rolls around aimlessly, even making Muzak sound exciting. The Moles, who might be Australian (the credits are aptly, eccentrically ambiguous,) offer a little of both. The horns on "Minor Royal March" have a cool, fucked-up sound; "Raymond, Did You See the Red Queen?" gave me brief flashbacks of my college roommate's Alan Vega collection; "Treble Metal" almost sounds like a normal rock song, and an okay one at that. But dull and dreary droning abounds, too. Oh, well, even the best of artists can be victims of the "filler material" syndrome. –Gwynne (Flydaddy Records, P.O. Box 4618, Seattle, WA 98104)

MONDE BRUITS – SELECTED NOISE WORKS 93-94 [CD]
This is the first and last CD by this "Japanese noise" artist. Apparently he (Shohei Iwasaki) has quit the noise world to pursue some sort of ambient project called Vertical Galaxy with Hiroshi Hasegawa of C.C.C.C. Monde Bruits released a few cassettes and appeared on several compilation releases. This last testament is a fine example of Iwasaki's extremely hard electronic noise sound. Perhaps T. Mikawa (Incapacitants/Hijokaidan) best describes it in the liner notes; "The sound is as if creeping worms are distorting their screaming and noises caused by their random movements; each worm has it's own distortion unit and they all organized one night orchestra." That about sums it up for me. Long live Monde Bruits. –damion (Endorphine Factory/Charnel Music, P.O. Box 170277, San Francisco, CA 94117-0277)

MONDO GUANO – RETURN TO THE FATHERLAND [7"]
These fine folks are a four-piece messed up blues combo from Tucson, AZ. They feature at least one member of Doo Rag. Doo Rag's recent ascent toward stardom may have some sort of effect on the fate of good old Mondo Guano, but I don't know what. Having heard Doo Rag first, I can say that Mondo Guano sound quite similar (Bob Log on guitar) but without the bare minimum and disciplined approach of the famed duo. Mondo Guano came first and their sound is a bit more orchestrated and diverse. If you're a Doo Rag fan or like the Blues Explosion, Mondo Guano won't disappoint you. –damion (Westworld, Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733)

MORSEL – NOISE FLOOR [CD]
An incredibly original and moving banquet of sound: bizarre,

THE JOY OF FLATULENCE

Guide to the Different Types of Farts

Silent But Deadlies, Bubbling Cauldrons, Steaming Screamers, The Loud and Prouds, The Prissy Farts, Pop Pop Sizzle Hissers, The Surprisingly Milds (The kind you think will be loud and embarrassing but end up coming out smooth and cool), The Whoopsie Daisies, The Uh Ohs, The Uh Oh, Oh No's, The "It Wasn't Me's," The "Whoever Smelt It, Dealt It," The "Whoever Denied It, Supplied It," Beer Farts, Cat Farts, Dog Farts, "Grandpa's Little Accident" Early Warning Farts (or: "Whoops, sonny! Better get me a bed pan!"), Hippy Granola Farts, Lingering Acid Farts from Hell That Won't Go Away And Smell So Bad You Have A Bad Trip, The Holy Thunder of God, Your Mom's Toilet Aftermath, The Grade School Meal Ticket After Lunch Steamer, Quifes (Pussy Farts), "Silence please, everybody freeze, bah-dap da-dap dap dap!, THHHhhhhhhHHhh", Brown Yawns, Egg Farts...

art by Justin Forbes

How do you know if an album is a tribute album?

peculiar, beautiful. Live, this four piece knocked my socks off with their spooky and twisted strangeness and I was shocked to see that no one else seemed to "get it." A seemingly quiet girl with big brown eyes fronted the band and before too long, I realized she wasn't quite as innocent as I thought. She yelped and moaned and howled her guts out. I could easily be on glue, but the only musical ancestor I can come up with is Jane's Addiction if only for the noisy spirit in which this thing rises and falls. It's layered with saws and flutes (with vocals sometimes sung through the flute) and trumpets and screams and it's just enough to send me. Printed on the CD insert is a written apology from a guy, who, on acid, went to see Morsel; and he was convinced that the whole thing was set up to get him to get him to join the band. (I think I'd prefer to see them on ecstasy.) Please, if I beg you, will you just go out and buy the thing? –Jessy (Choke, Inc., 1376 W. Grand, Chicago, IL 60622)

PENNYDREADFULS – "SOONER OR LATER" B/W "SUCKED DRY" [7"]

With the plethora of inept "grrl" and waify wussy female acts dominating both the indie and mainstream markets lately, ideas about XX-chromosome musicianship have already been thrown back about thirty years. So I don't think it's belittling or infantalizing at this point in history for me to praise Pennydreadfuls for being, in the studio at least, a relatively accomplished all-female band tackling a relatively difficult style.

Pennydreadfuls' music seems to have a lot of British post-punk influences, from the swirly white noise psychedelia of Cocteau Twins to the heavy goth-rock of early Siouxsie to the art-glam of Danielle Dax. The only L.A. sound mixed in seems to be the funky Jane's Addiction backbeats, but those were all borrowed from limey ol' Led Zep anyway. This isn't my favorite style of music, and I've seen and heard the band disintegrate into tedious Zeppelinesque mush live, but the single sounds surprisingly KROQ-ready (though I don't understand why the producer did that weird distorted thing to the vocals on the "A"-side chorus that makes it sound like there's a big glob of dust on my stereo needle... maybe there *is* a big glob of dust on my needle... maybe I got a defective pressing.) And it sure kicks the shit out of the similar but truly odious Eve's Plum. I get the feeling that if Pennydreadfuls were from England, they'd already be major-label hot property. And I'd say, more power to 'em! –Gwynne (Triple X)

THE PLEASURE ELITE – BAD JUJU [CD]

Miss Thang gave me this CD to review because I had a furry crazy cat named Juju and she thought I'd get a kick out of it. The thing is that Juju could make better music scratching around in the catbox. I can't stand this kind of thing. If you like preachy pretension with a metal influence you've found your band. They promote the idea of free speech and thought yet challenge the listener to remember that we "can't control other peoples [sic] thoughts and behaviors." The Pleasure Elite suggests that if you don't "get" the musical genius contained on this CD, you should give it to someone who appreciates and comprehends the idea. So if anyone wants it, send a SASE and you can have it. It's so punk! –Jessy (Red Light Records, 800 Lee St., Ste. 208, Des Plaines, IN 60016)

PUSH ON JUNIOR – [6 song EP]

To their credit, this Minneapolis trio is capable of playing several different styles, and their overall sound is a mixture of all of them: punk, punk-funk (as in, Jane's Addiction meets the jazzier side of All), hard rock, 'mersh-grunge (Stone Temple Pearl Jam), punk-pop. The main problem here seems to be form over content: the musicianship shows a lot of fancy footwork, particularly some very tricky drum patterns, but the songs themselves don't really go anywhere. The perennial Minneapolis spectres of Soul Asylum and The Replacements occasionally hovers over them, and results in the EP's catchiest cut, "Enemies." Pleasant if unspectacular musical wallpaper. They'll probably be huge. –Gwynne (Butt Records, 3332 West 32nd St., Minneapolis, MN 55416)

SCHLONG – PUNK SIDE STORY [CD]

Actually, a record review in another magazine inspired me (amazing) to dig this out of the "maybe someday in the future" pile and stick it in my CD player. Initially I thought this to be some variation of "the badly recorded punk comp." But no, this is Schlong and friends doing a drunk punk rendition (complete with finger snaps and dialog) of the wonderful, *West Side Story*. And they did a fantastic job too. I mean, they take a casual attitude towards it in their liner notes (which tells their punkalized version of the story) but they obviously spent a good amount of time getting the details in order. I love that. I love their version of "The Dance at the Gym." Melissa MacArthur (Maria) is wicked. Jack Canada (Riff) is beautiful. I hate music. This is one of my favorite records of last year. This is the most exciting record I've heard in a while. The whole staff agrees. Natalie Wood would be proud. I can only dream that they'll go for it and do the whole play live. What I'd do to see Melissa performing "I Feel Pretty" on stage. –Darby (Hopeless Records, 15910 Ventura Blvd., 11th floor, Encino, CA 91436-2804)

Crash Worship

SEXPLOITATION – BLACK ACID JIG

The name sez it all: methodical, schwarmy, jello-y, '50s-'60s, chunka-chunka freaky acid space-out and kinda sexy. The singer's barely decipherable tribal sweatlodge vocals sound a bit like Perry Farrell in his PSI-COM days. Surprisingly good! "Golden Shower Hour Power," on the other hand is a Van Halen Hollywood-pay-to-play rock damage atrocity set to socially unacceptable lyrics about pissing on yer buddies. The stupid as all fuck guitar solo is the final nail in the coffin. Take the grinder to this cut! "Shake" is a more distant and understated piece. My advice to this group of bisexual Boston bad boys: stay away from the jock rock and go with the art phag thing. After destroying "Golden Shower Hour Power" this single is well worth the 99 cent cover price – if nothing else for the pictures of the two band members fucking the donkey on the back cover!! –Ethan (Sexploitation, P.O. Box 85, Foxboro, MA 02035)

SHEPPARD PRATT – BLOSSOM, BONE, AND STILL ALONE [CD]

Soft and sweet. Repressed girly vocals and fuzzy indie rock. This is Sheppard's first release. Not particularly my cup of tea but there are some good cuts, specifically "Green Canon." Hopefully Danny Girl will kick ex-member London May's ass in court and be able to continue with this project. –Darby (Tim Kerr, PO Box 42423, Portland, OR 97242)

THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282
STRANGERS FROM THE UNIVERSE

SKULLFLOWER – CARVED INTO ROSES [CD]

I was approached by a customer when I worked in a record storewho wanted to know what was playing. It was Skullflower's "Obsidian Shaking Codex" CD. The piece was a 25 minute long wall of droning guitars, a thick mass of chaotic rumbling. No changes, just that. I showed him the CD, he paused and said, "Well, they certainly are disciplined." I had never really thought of it that way, but he was right. Skullflower's music can be somewhat trance inducing. It's meditative and focused, droning and repetitive. Dirty sounds of guitar, bass, drums, banjo, etc....distorted and messed up but never-ending. This is Skullflower's sixth CD release. It sounds like some of the tracks are live – a rare thing from Skullflower – and they use wailing reed instruments that I haven't heard them use before. Somehow they never disappoint me. I can't get enough of them. I'm not worried though, they put things out almost a fast as I can listen to them. –damion (VHF, Box 7365, Fairfax Station, VA 22039)

A SMALL GOOD THING – SLIM WESTERNS [CD]

A side project of O Yuki Conjugate and Purr, A Small Good Thing are a trio from England. They are fascinated with "the West and it's mythology." The sound you get is like if Ennio Morricone decided to do ambient music; dreamy, spaced out electronics with lots of slide guitar, jews harp, trumpet, percussion, wildlife, even a typewriter. Modern music for old westerns. In good taste. –damion (Soleilmoon Recordings, P.O. Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

SOLID EYE – ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELD AND STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS [CD]

This is the debut CD from this L.A. trio (formerly known as Dinosaurs With Horns, ex-members of Monitor and L.A.F.M.S.). Ten pieces of dense sound cultivation. Tape loops, strange samples, analog synthesizers, and who knows how many other eagerly abused "instruments" play from what one person might call "experimental" to what another might call "very odd pseudo pop." It's good strange stuff. Quite a bit of time and loving care must have been put into making all of the sounds (and groups of sounds) appear as interesting as they do. Recently, they've been playing a lot of shows in L.A. and San Francisco and their approach has become freer and more improvised. I'm already looking forward to their next release. –damion (Senseware, c/o Amphinomics, P.O. Box 64631, Los Angeles, CA 90064)

STUPID GIRL – HOW SHE BOOGALOOED IT [8 song demo]

Nearly a decade ago, I was playing in a band called Boo! Our repertoire included thrashed-out Lancelot Link covers and originals with titles like "You're My Peppermint Rainbow." Alas, our genius was lost on slack-jawed glampuff hair-dudes and their leather brassiered chicks; our only chance of playing out was to get booked on "girl nights" with the Super Heroines, Raszebrae, and Holy Sisters of Gaga Dada, with whom we at least had 4/5 of our genders, but little else, in common. *And where the hell were these guys?* Come to think of it, where are they right now? Drummer Peter plays in Abe Lincoln Story, Dicktit, and sometimes Scratch Bongowax, but I've never seen this band listed live. Haven't they heard of the club Bubblegum Crisis?

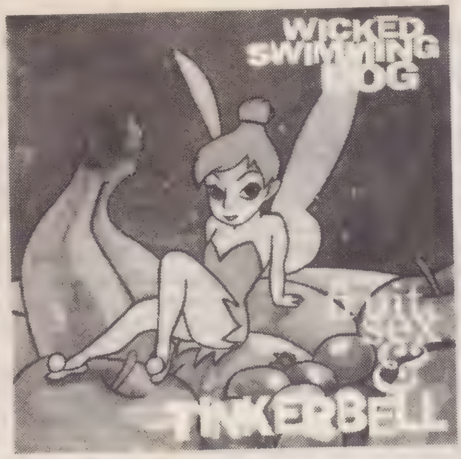
In their liner notes, Stupid Girl's scribe drops the words "metal," "J. Macsis," and "Sweet Child O' Mine," but all I hear is the Kasenetz-Katz Orchestral Circus, the Ohio Express, the Archies and Boo! "Sugarfoot" and "American Kidz" are surely outtakes from the Cattanooga Cats album, and if that isn't an actual vintage RMI Roxie Chord I hear in there, I'll eat a Bugaloo! The clever boys of Stupid Girl must have lockjaw from all the bubblegum on which they've clearly been weaned. "Big Doll" even quotes a line from The Monkees' "Randy Scouse Git" (and is the title perhaps an homage to Lancelot Link & the Evolution Revolution's "Kissin' Doll"?). Yeah, it's derivative, it's retro, and if there were thousands of bands crankin' out this style right now, this one may have slipped by me unnoticed. But the fact is: there aren't, even though it's now "okay" to be pop, and I dig this tape, and if Stupid Girl makes it big, former Boo! (and Marsupials) songwriter and co-frontperson John Kling will turn over in the living grave to which he's retired known as rural Iowa. Maybe he'll even get inspired to move back. –Gwynne (No address; ask Peter from Abe Lincoln Story.)

If Sonic Youth has a song on it.

THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282 – STRANGERS FROM THE UNIVERSE [CD]
The latest from one of those few "bands" that can't seem to repeat themselves. TFUL282 boggle my mind. Seven years along and they're still not worn out. They have a knack for really packing the quality and quantity in there. Four of the fourteen tracks were recorded in their practice space. The rest were subjected to appropriately flawless production. The guitar on a couple of the songs would feel right at home in a Javanese gamelan orchestra. They've integrated their Optigan organ into their sound as if the damn thing was invented specifically for them. I almost always hate anyone who sings, but not these guys. Somebody (probably everybody) in the band really knows how to write some good music. Pay attention, there's something going on here! Don't miss out. –damion (Matador, 676 Broadway, NY,NY 10012)

TIMCO – FRICTION TAPE [10"]
Does anyone remember the Homestead thing of the mid-Eighties? If you do, then you would have to agree that Nice Strong Arm (along with Big Black) was the shiniest star of that "scene." Years have passed and half of NSA are again making the music you missed. Kevin and his associates have a way of making both the most inspiring and depressing music at the same time. I've been mystified for years. The 10" packaging is top-notch but for those of you not quick enough, there is a CD that has a couple bonus tracks (from a single) and fuckin'-A, it's digital. So god damn subtle that it could stab you to death while you were asleep. –Evan (Basura! P.O. Box 39789, L.A., CA 90039)

THE TREBLE SPANKERS – ARABAN [CD]
Attention all fans of surf music, reverb-drenched instrumental rock, garage rock, etc. The Treble Spankers, from the Netherlands. They write songs dealing with the following subjects: older women, drinking, urinals in Chinese restaurants, drinking, smoking, biking, drinking, brunhilde, beer, and pussy. They also do a spaghetti western song and a Kraftwerk cover.They will make you want to have a tall one and dance in your underwear. Hang ten. –S. Feemster (Comfour, 7 Dunham Place, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

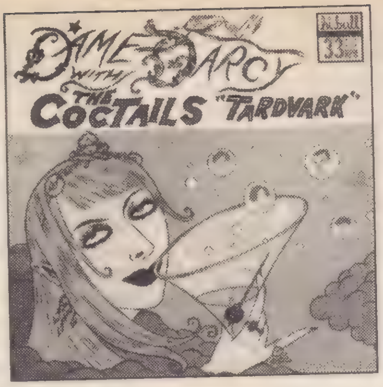


WICKED SWIMMING DOG – FRUIT, SEX AND TINKERBELL [7"]
Darby gave me a choice of records to review, and knowing I was a geek she gave me a choice between a record that had the Great Gazoo on the cover or Wicked Swimming Dog, which featured a cover with a slatternly looking Tinkerbell sitting in a bowl of fruit. I hoped that the cover with the sexy pixie was an omen of some sort of subversive fun within, so I picked Wicked Swimming Dog. Unfortunately, what I discovered is that this record could have really used a little magic Pixie dust. It's not that I *like* to trash some sorry fucker's band, but the one musical sin I can't forgive is sounding like every other crappy "alternative" song on the radio, and on that score this record is guilty, guilty, *GUILT-TEE!* It's like I put it on my turntable, and the next thing I know it's over and I haven't heard a note because the thing is just so much background noise. "Top Love Fuck" at least manages to be annoying, with it's whiny vocals and wall-of-apathy guitars, but it's bad in such a trite "college radio" way. "Ink," on the other hand, is so bland it's not even worth making fun of. I wish I'd stuck with Gazoo. –Stymie (Dealers Choice Records, 837 Keefer St., Vancouver BC, Canada V6A 1Y8)

ZEKE – HOLLEY 750 [7"]
Cool crashed car on the front cover, typically dorky band poses on the back cover. Musically this falls just behind The Dwarves and The Derelicts in the spastic snotty punk rock encyclopedia. I wouldn't listen to this everyday or anything but I won't be trading it in next week either. –Evan (IFA Records, 607 Eastlake, Seattle, WA 98109)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

CAROLINER RAINBOW/COMMODE MINSTRELS IN BULLFACE [7"]
More groovy grooves (only the ones in the record, so don't panic – it's not "funky deep house") from those folks what perform the thankless task of interpreting the song paintings of Caroliner, The Singing Bull of the 1800s, for our unworthy age. Creaky as a body could wish for, with an even more frightening array of murk is this new version of the classic Caroliner tune "Fixing and Mixing Cracked Skulls" from their LP "The Cooking Stove Beast." The Commode Minstrels in Bullface side, "Theme From the Destruction of Turd Man" is uncomfortably familiar ("Turd Man" = "Third Man," duhhh...) and deceptively friendly-like, 'til it all comes plopping down like a mudslide circus on Bandini Mountain, but by then it's too late for you anyway. –Don Bolles (P tapes, 6132 Romaine, LA, CA 90038)


DAME DARCY WITH THE COCTAILS "TARDVARK"
Highball
33⅓

CORDUROY / THE MEICES – JUST MY WAY / SISTER [7"]
Oh, goddamit. Side one has a skip on it. God, have you forsaken me? Anyway, Corduroy bring on the melodic, sludge-o-matic guitaring for a couple of songs on one side, while the Meices do about the same thing with side two, including a pumped up, goofy, (dare I say drunk?) version of that old Flock of Seagulls chesnut "I Ran." It almost makes the '80s seem attractive. –S. Feemster (Volta, P.O. Box 460338, San Francisco, CA 94146)

MISSION OF BURMA / SPORE – ACTIVE IN THE YARD [7"]
Mission of Burma does one of their own songs from 1982 and Spore does the same song on the other side in 1994. Umm, why? The Mission of Burma side is great, and Spore does a good version of the song, but it sounds almost exactly like the original! Why do a cover that sounds almost exactly like the original? Why put both versions together on the same 7"? Why, why, why?? –S. Feemster (Taang! Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166)

MUSIC TO MAKE YOUR EARS HURT TOO [CD]
This is the second installment of this label's samplers. 17 songs from 9 bands that nearly every other label wouldn't touch. Viktor 44 and the Actouts and Bloody Mess and the Scabs stand out as the most horribly untalented and uncreative. Der Lugomen could actually have promise. The rest of them fall somewhere in-between. If straight ahead 4/4 punk rock (also known as boring) is what you crave, then you need look no further. 50 bucks says some dork at MRR writes a generic review of this praising its promotion of "traditional punk rock values" or something equally retarded. –Evan (Black and Blue, Suite 152 400D Putnam Pike, Smithfield, RI, 02917)

SKARMAGEDDON – [CD]
Ska! Ska! Ska! This two-disc CD from Moon Records is a great summary of ska bands up and down the East Coast, as well as the Midwest. With 31 different bands, this single-priced CD promises a great introduction into the '90s ska sound. Overall, the compilation leaves a little to be desired. Many of these bands are new / young and sound like...well... shit. However, there are quite a few gems tucked in. Bands like the Allstonians, the Pietasters, Skavoovie & the Eptiones, and the Checkered Cabs shine. As well as Midwest bands like the Pacers and Mustard Plug. There is a wide range of ska here from the old '60s Jamaican style to a heavy guitar ska-funk-rasta-punk combo, as well as a wide range of recording quality. Either way, both old-school Rudeboy's and aspiring new ska fans will get their knees in the air for this collection. –Ben Schlaver (Moon Records, P.O. Box 1412, Cooper Station NY, NY 10276)

YOU'VE GOT LUCKY – A TRIBUTE TO TOM PETTY [CD]
This thing opens with "American Girl" which should get you in the Tom Petty groove but instead makes you wonder why these wimpy numnuts are trying to imitate Tom Petty songs when they can't even muster up enough energy to mimic. My guess is the singer smokes too much. Second song and you're being lulled to sleep with Engine Kid's version of "Breakdown." Not until Nectarine covers "Even the Losers" do we get anything remotely interesting. Moving from a sort of monotone horribly sung Beat Happening twang into a thunderous noise goof. Perfectly wretched, that way many new wave bands were. When I gave up and went downstairs "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around" came on and I could hear Jessy singing with it at the top of her lungs – possibly a good sign (who knows?). What I learned: 1) Perhaps Tom Petty didn't really inspire as much as some may have thought. 2) It's ultimately annoying to listen to a record full of people trying to imitate Tom Petty's voice. What I teach others: You're lucky if you didn't bother with this thing. –darby (Scottie Bros.)

Some other worthwhile releases:

DAME DARCY WITH THE COCTAILS, "TARDVARK" (Highball Records), FOETUS/CHROME CRANKS, "VICE SQUAD DICK" [4 song CD] (PCP/Matador), CREEDLE, "SILENT WEAPONS FOR QUIET WARS" [CD] (Cargo/Headhunter), S.W.A.T., "THE SOUNDTRACK TO THE NEW POLICE STATE" [CD compilation] (Amphetamine Reptile), CAKE LIKE, "DELICIOUS" (Avant Records), ROUGHAGE, "YEN FOR NOISE" [CD] (Scratch Records), THE BAD CAT, "FIVE" [CD comp] (coincidentally my cat threw up on this) (Big Cat Records).

P.S. We're looking for bands who do their own (cover) artwork for our comic/art issue. Please send samples to us with contact information. Thanks.

Draw Tippy!

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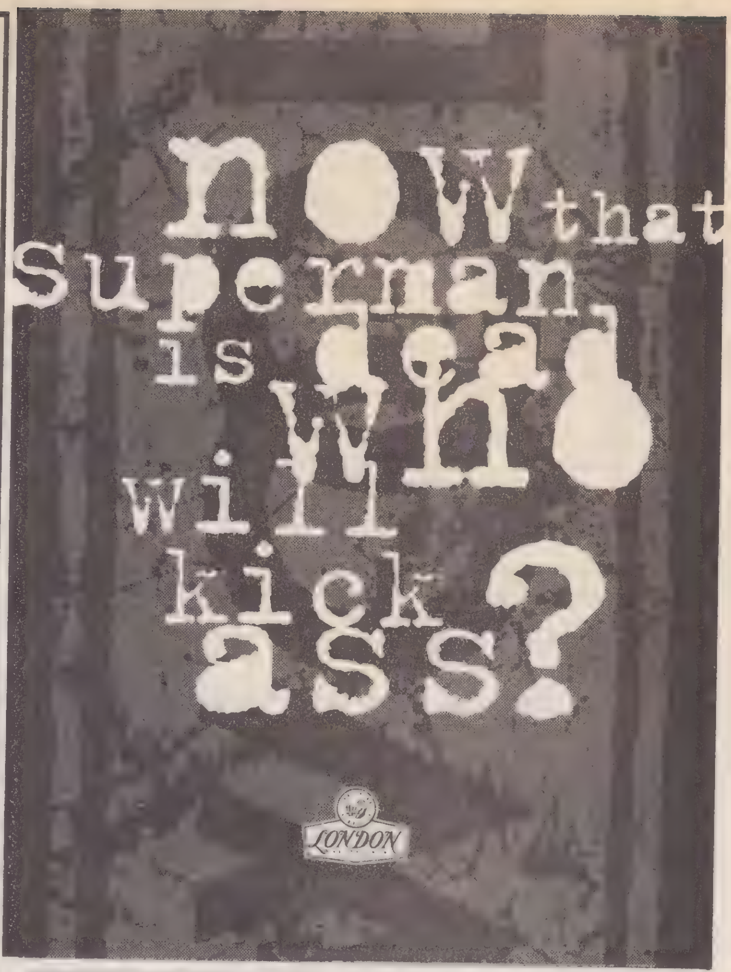
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coming soon: The Legendary Jim Bob Group and Papas Fritas

MOVIES 1968 TO 1985

These are a few must-sees or classics or movies that simply capture certain aspects of the period – which we've put together in a comprehensive list. Just like everything here it got a tiny bit obsessive. Use it as a check-off list for the video store. Thanks to Steve Martin, Don Bolles, Wendy, Noel, Jessy, and Nancy for racking their memory banks to help come up with these. (darby)

9 to 5, 10, 200 Motels, 2001. A Space Odyssey, Abby, The Abominable Dr. Phibes, The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the Eighth Dimension. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Airplane!, Airport, Airport '75. Airport '77, Alabama's Ghost. Alice, Sweet Alice. Alien, All That Jazz, All The Presidents Men, Alligator, Altered States, Amadeus, American Gigolo, American Graffiti. American Hot Wax, An American Werewolf in London, Amityville Horror. Andy Warhol's Bad. Andy Warhol's Dracula. Andy Warhol's Frankenstein, Andromeda Strain, Angel, Angel, Down We Go, Angel Unchained, Angels, Hard as They Come, Angel's Wild Women, Animal House, Annie Hall, Apocalypse Now, Armor of God I. II, Arnold, Arthur, Asphyx, Assault on Precinct 13, Asylum, Asylum of Satan, Atlantic City, The Atomic Cafe, Attack of the Killer Tomatoes, Audrey Rose, Autopsy, Avalanche, The Baby. Back to the Future, Bad News Bears, Bad News Bears in Breaking Training. Badlands. Bagina Lady, Barracuda, Barbar, Barbarella, Basket Case (1-3), Battle Beyond the Stars, Battle For the Planet of the Apes, Battlestar Galactica, The Beast Within, Beat Sheet, Beat Street, Bedazzled, Bedknobs and Broomsticks. The Bees. The Bell From Hell, Ben, Beneath the Planet of the Apes, Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixen, Benji, Berserk, Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, Beyond The Valley of the Dolls. Big Bad Mama, The Big Bus, The Big Chill, Big Trouble in Little China. Birdy. Blackenstein. Black Belt Sore, The Black Hole, Black Sunday, Blacula. Blade Runner. Blazing Saddles, Blood and Lace, Bloodline, Blood Mania, Blood Orgy of The She-Devils, Blow Out, The Blue Lagoon. Blue Sunshine, The Blues Brothers. Bob, Carol. Ted, & Alice, Body Double, Body Heat, Body Snatcher From Hell, Bonnie and Clyde. Born Innocent Boxcar Bertha, The Boy Who Cried Werewolf, Breakin'!, Breakin' Two: Electric Boogaloo, Breaker! Breaker!, Breaking Away. The Breakfast Club. Breathless. Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. The Buddy Holly Story, Bug, Bullet, Bury Me an Angel. Bustin' Loose Butterfly. Cabaret. Caddyshack, Cafe Flesh, Caged Heat. Caged Women, Caligula, Cannibal Girls, Cannonball, The Cannonball Run, Can't Stop the Music. Capricorn One, Car Wash. Carnal Knowlendge, Carnival of Blood. Carny. Carrie, The Cat From Outer Space, Cat People, Catch-22, Cat's Eye. Caveman, The Champ, Charlotte's Web. Charro. The Chase. Chelsea Girls. Children of the Corn. Children of the Damned, Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things The China Syndrome, Chinatown, CHOMPS, A Chorus Line, Chosen Survivors, Christine. Cinderella, Cinderella 2000. Class. Class of 1984 Cleopatra Jones, A Clockwork Orange. Close Encounters of the Third Kind, Coffy, Coma, Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean, Comin' at Ya!, Coming Home, Common Law Cabin, Conan, the Barbarian, The Conformist, Conquest of the Planet of the Apes, Convoy. The Corpse Grinders. Corvette Summer. Count Yorga. Vampire, The Creature Wasn't Nice, Creatures the World Forgot, Creepshow, Cujo. Cycle Savages, The Dark Crystal, Dark Star, Das Boot, Dawn of the Dead, Dawn of the Mummy The Day the Earth Moved, D.C. Cab. Deafula, Death Race 2000, Death Ride, Death Wish. Deathdream, Deathsport, Debbie Does Dallas, The Decline of Western Civilization, Deep Throat, The Deep, The Deer Hunter, Deliverance, Demon, The Demon Lover. Demon Seed, Deranged, Desperate Living, Desperately Seeking Susan, Devil's Angels, The Devil's Daughter, Devil's Rain, Diner, Dirty Harry, Diva, Doctor Detroit, Doctor's Wives, Dog Day Afternoon, Dolemite, Don't Look Now, Dreamscape, Dressed to Kill, Dr. Cook's Garden, Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine, Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde, The Doll Squad, The Earthling, Easy Rider, Eat My Dust, Eating Raoul, Eddie and the Cruisers, El Topo. The Electric Horseman. Elephant Man Embryo, Emmanuelle (many titles), Empire of the Ants, The Empire Strikes Back, The End, Endless Love, The Enforcer. Enter the Dragon, Eraserhead, Escape From Alcatraz, Escape From New York, Escape From the Planet of the Apes, Escape to Witch Mountain, E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial, Eugénie…The Story of Her Journey into Perversion, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex…But Were Afraid to Ask, Excalibur, Exorcist. the. Exorcist Two: The Heretic, The Eyes of Laura Mars, Face to Face, Faces of Death, Fame, The Fan, Fast Times at Ridgemont High, Fast Break, Faster Pussycat Kill Kill!, Fat City, Fatso, Fearless Vampire Killers, Female Trouble, The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu, Fingers Fire!, First Blood, Firestarter, Fistfull of Dollars, Five Easy Pieces, Flamingo Kid, Flashdance, Flesh, Flesh Gordon, Flesh Feast, Fletch, The Fog, Food of the Gods, For a Few Dollars More, Forbidden Zone. For the Love of Benji, For Your Eyes Only, Foxes, Freaky Friday, The French Connection, Frenzy, Friday the 13th., Fright Night, Frogs, The Funhouse, Fun with Dick and Jane. Funny Lady, Futureworld, Galaxina, Gallipoli, The Game of Death, Gas-s-s-s! Gator, Ghost Story. Ghostbusters, Godfather, The Gods Must be Crazy, Godspell, Godzilla vs. Megalon, Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster, The Good, the Bad and the Ugly. The Goodbye Girl, Goonies, The Gore Gore Girls, Guyana, Cult of the Damned, The Graduate, Grease The Great Gatsby, The Great Muppet Caper, Greek Tycoon, Gregory's Girl, Grizzly, The Gumball Rally, Gus, Hair, Halloween, The Hand, Handle With Care (a.k.a. Citizens Band), Hang 'em High, Hangar 18, The Hand. Happy Birthday to Me. The Happy Hooker, The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington, Hardbodies, Harold and Maude, Harper Valley PTA, Harrad Experiment, The Haunting of Julia, Heat, Heaven Can Wait, Heavy Metal, Hell Night, Helter Skelter, Herbie Goes Bananas. Herbie Rides Again, High Anxiety, History of the World – Part One. Hit. Hitler's Son. The Hobbit. The Holy Mountain, Hollywood Boulevard, Homebodies, The Honeymoon Killers, Hooper, Horror Express, Hospital, Hospital Massacre, Hot Stuff, Hotel New Hampshire, How to Beat the High Cost of Living. The Howling. The Humanoid, The Hunger. Hurricane, Husbands, I Am the Cheese, I Dismember Mama, I Drink Your Blood, I Eat Your Skin, Immoral Tales, Incredible Two-Headed Transplant, I Never Promised You A Rose Garden, Ice Castles. The Idlemaker, Ilsa. Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks, Ilsa. She Wolf of the S.S., Ilsa, the Wicked Warden, Ilsa, Tigress, The Incredible Shrinking Woman, Incredible Two-Headed Transplant, The Island, The Italian Job, It's Alive, The Jazz Singer, The Jerk. Jesus Christ Superstar, Justine, Kentucky Fried Movie. Killdozer, Killer Bees, Killer Elite, King Kong, King of the Gypsies, The King of Comedy, Kingdom of the Spiders, Klute, Kramer vs. Kramer, Ladies and Gentlemen ... the Fabulous Stains, Lady Frankenstein. Lady Sings The Blues. Lair of the White Worm. Laserblast. The Last American Hero, Last American Virgin, The Last Bite, The Last Detail Last Picture Show, The Last Waltz, Lazerblast, Lenny, Less Than Zero, Let's Scare Jessica to Death. Life of Brian, The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe, Lipstick. Little Darlings, The Little Prince, Live and Let Die, Locusts, Logan's Run, Lolita, Long Goodbye. Looker. Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Love at First Bite. Love Machine, Love Story, M*A*S*H, The Mack, Making Love, Mad Max, The Main Event. The Man Who Fell To Earth, Manhattan, Maniac, Manitou, Marathon Man, Martin, Mean Streets. Meaning of Life, Meatballs, Meteor, Midnight Cowboy, Midnight Express, A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy, Monty Python and the Holy Grail, Moonraker. Motel Hell, Mother's Day, Mother, Jugs & Speed, Ms. 45, Mudhoney, The Muppet Movie. Multiple Maniacs. Murder By Death, Murder on the Orient Express. My Bloody Valentine, My Bodyguard, Myra Breckenridge, My Sister My Love, Nashville, Network, New Wave Hookers, New Year's Evil, New York New York, The Nightcomers, Night Moves Night of the Lepus. Night of the Living Dead. Night of the Witches, The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia, The Night Porter, Nightschool. Nightshift. The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat, Octopussy (winner for best movie title). Odd Couple, Ode to Billy Joe, An Officer and a Gentleman. Oh, God!, Oh God! Book II, Omen, On the Right Track, One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, One Trick Pony. The Onion Field, Ordinary People, Orca, Other Side of Midnite, The Other Side of the Mountain, Our Time, Out of the Blue , The Outsiders. Over the Edge. The Paper Chase, Paper Moon, Parasite, Passengers, Personal Best, Pete and the Magic Dragon. Phantasm, Phantom of the Paradise, Pink Flamingos , The Pink Panther, The Pink Panther Strikes Again, Pippi in the South Seas, Pippi Longstocking, Pippi on the Run, Piranha, Planet of the Apes, Play Misty For Me, Point Blank, Poltergeist, Police Story, Polyester, Pom Pom Girls, The Pope of Greenwich Village. Porky's. Porky's Two. The Poseidon Adventure, Predator, Pretty Baby. Pretty in Pink, Prince of the City, Private Benjamin, Private Parts, Project A, Prophecy, Prom Night. Psych-Out. Quadrophenia. Rabid. Raging Bull, Raiders of the Lost Ark, Rat Phink a Boo-Boo. Raw Meat, Reanimator, Repulsion, The Rescuers. Resurrection, Return From Witch Mountain, Return of the Jedi, Return of the Pink Panther, Revenge of the Pink Panther, Revenge of the Nerds, Risky Business, Road Games. The Road Warrior, Rock 'n' Roll High School. Rocky. Rocky Horror Picture Show, Rollerball, Rollerboogie, Rollercoaster, The Rose, Rosemary's Baby, Rumble Fish. A Safe Place, Salem's Lot, Salo, Satan's Cheerleaders, Satan's Sadists, Satan's School For Girls Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, Saturday Night Fever. Scanners, Scarface, Scream, Blacula, Scream, The Secret of Nimh, The Seduction, Serpico, Seven, Sex on the Groove Tube, Shaft's Big Score, Shaft in Africa, Shampoo. Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in New York, The Shining. Shivers. Sid and Nancy, Silent Movie, Silkwood, SilverStreak, Sisters, Skateboard, Sleeper. A Smell of Honey, a Swallow of Brine, Smokey and the Bandit, Something Evil, The Song Remains the Same. Soylent Green. Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone, Sparkle, Spermula, Spirits of the Dead, The Spy Who Loved Me. Squirm. SSSSSSSS, Stand By Me. Star 80 Star Chamber, A Star is Born. Star Trek (I. II, III). Star Wars. Stardust, Staying Alive, The Stepford Wives, The Sting, Stir Crazy, Straw Dogs. Street Fighter (Jackie Chan), Stripes, Suburbia, The Sugarland Express, Summer Lovers, Sunday Bloody Sunday, Superfly, Superman, Super Vixen. Surf Nazis Must Die, Suspiria. The Swarm, Sybil, Tattoo, Taxi Driver, Teen Wolf, Telefon, The Tenant, Tentacles. Tex, Thank God, It's Friday, The Thing. This is Spinal Tap, Three Women, Thunderbird Six. THX 1138, Time After Time, Time Bandits, Tilt The Tingler, Tommy Tootsie, The Toxic Avenger, The Towering Inferno, Trading Places. Trash, Trial of Billy Jack. Tron. Truck Stop Women The Turning Point. Two Thousand Maniacs, An Unmarried Woman, Up!, Up in Smoke, Urban Cowboy, Valley Girl, Valley of the Dolls, The Van, Vice Squad (a.k.a. Hollywood Vice Squad with Nina Blackwood getting raped), Victor/Victoria, Videodrome, Wait Until Dark, Walk Proud, The Wall. Wanda Nevada, The Wanderers, War Games, Warriors. Watership Down, The Way We Were, Weekend, Weird Science, Westworld, What's Up Doc?, What's Up Tiger Lily?, When a Stranger Calls. Who'll Stop The Rain, The Wicker Man, Wild Angels Wild Bunch, Willard, Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory, The Wiz, Wizard of Gore A Woman Under The Influence, Women in Cages, Xanadu, You Light Up My Life, Young Frankenstein, Young Playthings, Zapped!, Zardoz, Zelig. **TV MOVIES/TV SHOWS:** 60 Minutes, 9 to 5, ABC Late Night, A-Team, Adam-12, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Aftermash, Airwolf, Alice, All in the Family, Aloha Paradise, Angel, Angie, Animal Kingdom, Apple's Way. Archer, Archie Bunker's Place, Arnie, At the Movies, Automan, The Avengers, B.J. and the Bear Bad News Bears Bad Ronald, Banyon, Barbara Mandrell and the Mandrell Sisters, Barnaby Jones, Barney Miller, Baretta. Battlestar Gallactica, The Beautiful Phyllis Diller Show, The Benny Hill Show, Benson, The Betty White Show, Beverly Hills Teens, Bewitched. Big John Little John, The (New) Bill Cosby Show, Bionic Woman, Black Noon, Blansky's Beauties, The Bob Newhart Show. The Bobby Darin Show, The Bold Ones, Bonanza, Bracken's World, The Brady Bunch. The Brady Brides. The Brady Bunch Hour Breaking Away, Bret Maverick, The Brian Kieth Show, Bridget Loves Bernie, Bronkers, Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, Buffalo Bill, The Bugaloos, Busom Buddies, Cagney and Lacey, California Fever. Call to Glory. Cannon, Captain America. The Captain and Tennille Show, The Carol Burnette Show, Carter Country, Casablanca, Cassie and Company, Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes, Centennial, Charles in Charge, Charlie's Angels, Cheers, Cher, Chico and the Man, CHiPs, Chopper One Code Red. Columbo. The Cop and the Kid, Cos, The Cosby Show, The Courtship of Eddie's Father, C.P.O. Sharkey, The D.A., Dallas, Dan August, Dance Party, The Danny Thomas Hour, Dating Game, David Cassidy – Man Undercover The Deadly Dream, The Deadly Tower, Dealer's Choice, The Dean Martin Show, Dear Dead Delilah, Death at Lovehouse, Death Cruise, The Debbie Reynold's Show. Delvecchio, The Devlin Connection, The Dick Cavett Show, Dick Clark's Live Wednesday, Diff'rent Strokes. Dog and Cat, The $1.98 Beauty Show, The Dom DeLuise Show, Don Kirshner's Rock Concert, The Don Knotts Show. The Don Rickle's Show, Donny and Marie, The Doris Day Show. Dragnet, Dreams, Dr. Suess on the Loose, Dr. Who, Duel Dukes of Hazzard, Dynasty, Easy Does It, Eight is Enough, Electric Company, Electra Women and Dyno Girl, Elvis. Emergency, The Engelbert Humperdinck Show, Facts of Life, Falcon Crest, Fall Guy, Fame, Family, Family Affair, Family Feud, The Family Holvak, Family Ties. Fantasy Island, Father Murphy, Faulty Towers, Fay, Fish, The Flip Wilson Show. The Fitzpatricks, Flo, Flood, The Flying Nun, Freebie and the Bean, Funny Face, Gentle Ben, Get Smart, Getting Together, The Ghost Busters. Ghost Story, Gidget, Gilligan's Island, Gimme A Break. The Gladys Knight and the Pips Show. The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour, Gloria, Go Ask Alice, Goliath Awaits, Gong Show, Good Times. Grady, Griff, Gunsmoke, The Great Space Coaster. The Greatest American Hero. Guyana Tragedy: The Story of Jim Jones, Happy Days, Hardcastle & McCormick, The Hardy Boys Mysteries, Harper Valley P.T.A., Harry-O, Hart to Hart, Hawaii 5-0, He & She, The Headmaster, Hec Ramsey, Hee-Haw, Hee Haw Honeys. The Helen Reddy Show , Hello Larry. Here Come the Brides Here We Go Again, Highway to Heaven, Hollywood Squares, Hotel, House Calls, The House That Wouldn't Die, HR Puff 'N Stuff, The Hudson Brothers Show, Hunter, I Dream of Jeannie, In Search Of..., The Incredible Hulk. The Interns, The Invisible Man (new), Ironside, It Takes A Thief, It's a Great Pumpkin Charlie Brown, It's A Living (Making a Living), It's Your Move. The Jacksons, James at 15, The Jayne Mansfield Story, The Jeffersons, Jem, Jessie, Jesus of Nazareth, Jigsaw, The Jim Nabors Hour, The Jimmy Stewart Show, Joanie Loves Chachi, Journey Back to Oz, Josie and the Pussycats, Kate & Allie, Knight Rider, Knots Landing, Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park, Kojak, Kolchak: The Night Stalker, Kung Fu, Lancer, Land of the Giants, The Land of the Lost, Laverne and Shirley, The Legend of Lizzie Bordon. Let's Make A Deal, The Life & Times of Grizzly Adams, Little House on the Prairie, Live Again Die Again, Lobo, Logan's Run, Lou Grant. Love, American Style, Love Sidney, Love Story. The Love Boat , The Love Connection, Lucas Tanner, The Mac Davis Show, Madigan, The Magician, Magnum P.I.. Make Your Own Kind of Music, Mama's Family. The Man and the City, A Man Called Sloan. Man From Atlantis, The Manhunter. Mannix Marcus Welby M.D., Marie, The Marty Feldman Comedy Machine, Mary Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, The Mary Tyler Moore Show. M*A*S*H, Masquerade, Maude, Max Headroom, Match Game P.M., Matt Helm, Matt Houson, Matt Lincoln, Mayberry R.F.D., McCloud. The McLean Stevenson Show , McMillan and Wife . Me and Maxx. Medical Center, Medical Story, The Men, The Merv Griffin Show, Miami Vice, Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer, The Midnight Special, Mission: Impossible, Mister Rogers, Mobile One, The Mod Squad, Moonlighting, Mork & Mindy, Mr. Merlin, The Muppet Show, MV3, Name That Tune, The Nancy Drew Mysteries, Nanny and the Professor, The New Adventures of Huck Finn, A New Kind of Family, New Micky Mouse Club, New Zoo Review, Newhart, The Newlywed Game. Night Gallery. The Night Stalker, The Odd Couple, Oh Madeline, On the Rocks, One Day at a Time, The Paper Chase, Paper Dolls, Paper Moon, The Partridge Family, Password (All Stars), The People's Court, Perry Mason, Phyllis, Pink Lady Planet of the Apes, Police Squad, Police Woman. The Prisoner, Private Benjamin, Punky Brewster, Quark, Quincy, Real People, Redd Foxx, Remington Steele. Revenge, Rhoda, Rich Man, Poor Man, The Richard Pryor Show, Riptide, The Rockford Files, The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show, The Roller Girls, The Rookies, Room 222, Roots, Ropers, Rowan & Martin's Laugh-in, Rudolf and Frosty, The Saint, The Sandy Duncan Show, Sanford, Sanford and Son, Sarge, Saturday Night Live. Scarecrow and Mrs. King. ScoobyDoo. Second City TV. Sesame Street, Seven Brides For Seven Brothers. Sha Na Na, Shaft, Shazam!, Sherlock Holmes (PBS/Mystery Theater), Shields and Yarnell, Shirley, Shirley's World. Sigmund and the Sea Monsters, Silver Spoons. Simon & Simon, Six Million Dollar Man. Skag. The Smothers Brothers Show/Comedy Hour, Smurfs. Soap, Solid Gold, Someone is Watching Me, The Sonny Comedy Revue, The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour, Space: 1999, The Spell. Spencer's Pilots. Spiderman. Square Pegs St. Elsewhere, Star Search, The Starland Vocal Band Show, Starsky & Hutch. Strawberry Shortcake, The Streets of San Fransisco, Studs Lonigan, S.W.A.T., Swamp Thing, Swiss Family Robinson, Switch, T.J. Hooker, Tabitha, Tales from the Darkside, Taxi, The Ted White Show, That Girl, That's Cat, That's Incredible, This Is Tom Jones. Those Amazing Animals, Three for the Road, Three's a Crowd, Three's Company, Thrill Seekers, Thunder, Tic Tac Dough. The Tim Conway Show, To Rome With Love. Tony Orlando and Dawn. The Tony Randall Show, Too Close for Comfort, Trapper John M.D., The $25,000 Pyramid, 240-Robert, The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau, V, Van Dyke and Company. Vegas, Voyagers, Wait 'Til Your Father Gets Home, The Waltons, Webster, Welcome Back Kotter, What's Happening!! Wheel of Fortune, Wheels, White Shadow, Who's the Boss, Wild Kingdom, Wild, Wild World of Animals, WKRP in Cincinatti, Wonder Woman, Wonderbug, Working Stiffs, A Year at the Top, The Yellow Rose, Zoom. **TODAY'S RETROish MOVIES:** Backbeat, Dazed & Confused, Hairspray, Reality Bites, Spirit of '76….

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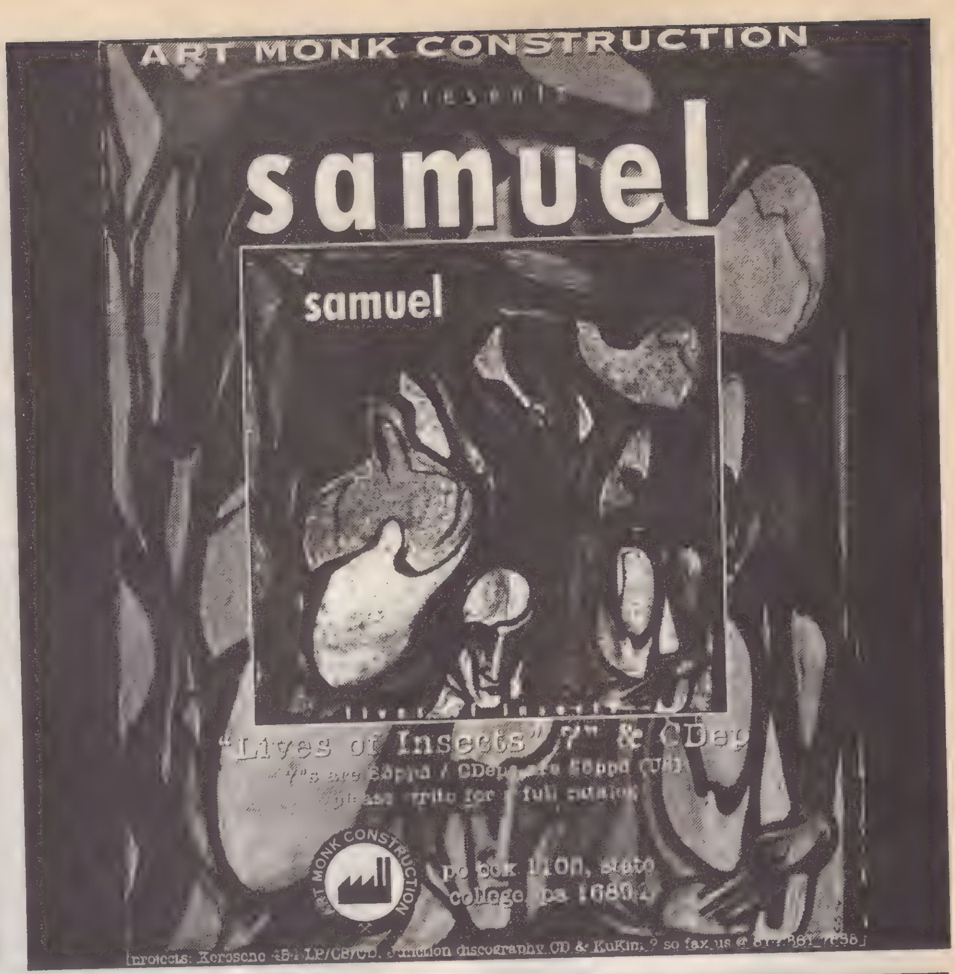

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zines 'Я' retro, too!

by Jessy Jones and Friends

Is every aspect of modern human existence being reproduced in zine format? Yes, but zines (or zine editors) are also reliving the past they long to recreate through their zines. Ergo "The Retro Zine." If you think retro zines are a bit indulgent, delving into the past for the sheer nostalgic high well, you may be right. But they can be a little more explorative than that, as Candi Strecker exhibits in her '70s culture zine *It's a Wonderful Lifestyle*:

> In May 1973, *Better Homes and Gardens* – a family-and-home-life magazine with no particular political ax to grind – printed the results of its survey on family issues. In answer to the question "What do you feel is the *single greatest threat* to family life in America today?" the top response, at 37%, was *materialism.* (By comparison, "drugs" was chosen by only 18%, with "war," "crime," and "communism" taking 4% each.) If you need proof that the Seventies state of mind differs from today's, I can think of no better evidence than this statistic. (Can you imagine modern parents worrying at all about their kids being materialistic, let alone ranking it their number one concern? These days, shared materialism is one of the warmest ties binding parents and children.) The changes that have taken place in the last twenty years run much deeper than shoe styles and dance steps. To understand what the events of the Seventies meant to the people living through them, it may be helpful to go back and learn their language.

Listed below are other zines that explore either retro pop culture or childhood memories, many from their own personal perspective, some from an historical aspect. I thought this listing would be maybe a half page but, with a little research, I found that there are a plethora of retro related zines. To make this listing as complete as possible I've included any magazines (and a few books) that deal with these themes on a regular basis.

Much thanks to the info hunters for all their help. To find out more about these (or any zine on the planet), send $6 to FS5 @ P. O. Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117. • Also, Desert Moon is beginning a mail order catalog so write to them at 1266 A Calle de Comercio, Santa Fe, NM 87505-3125 for more info. • If you order any zines please tell them you saw it in* Ben Is Dead*, thanks.

INFO HUNTER-AND-GATHERERS:

(ADM) = Antonio from Desert Moon Periodicals
(FS5) = From *Factsheet Five*
(AR) = Andy Rasmussen
(JJ) = Jessica Jones
(TFP) = Tom from Fine Print Distributors

8-TRACK MIND, c/o Russel Forster, P. O. Box 90, East Detroit, MI 48021. ($2) Mixes '70s camp and a passion for vintage technologies. (FS5)

AMERICAN MODELER, P. O. Box 1466, Raleigh, NC 27602. ($3.50) Hobby zine for model-builders. Reviews of kits, photos and descriptions of expert modeling, even comics and *Star Trek* news. (FS5)

ANARCHY: A Journal of Desire Armed, c/o B.A.L. Press, P. O. Box 2647, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC, NY 10009. ($3.50) As industrial age ideologies flake like rust off an old car, you can be sure that the anarchists still crawl under every political rock. Get the latest updates from this, the most prolific of anarchist zines. (ADM)

ANCIENT AMERICAN, P. O. Box 370, Colfax, WI 54730. (price unknown) A marvelous journal focusing on the archaeological enigmas found in the Americas. From petroglyphs to weird rock formations to skeletons. (ADM)

ARMADILLO DROPPINGS: The Alternative Entertainment Quarterly, c/o Keith Houghton, RR 6, Box 105, Schenectady, NY 12306. (1 stamp) Reviews of toy stores, games, and figurines. (FS5)

BAD TRIP!, 742 Piedmont Ave., #3, Atlanta, GA 30308-1424. ($3) Like wildfire, this mag has been burnin' quite a trailer for itself. An inspirational read on cool shit happening today with reverent touches to yesteryear. Fuzztones, Stooges, Blue Cheer, Makers, Witchdoctors, and The Chocolate Watchband are a few legendary names that have been witnessed in print. (AR)

BEATLEFAN, P. O. Box 33515, Decatur, GA 30033. ($3) This is a testament to the tenacity of a band that broke up over 20 years ago. As each generation rediscovers the Beatles, zines like this remain a vital resource and monument to the most popular music group of the century. A must for all purists. (ADM)

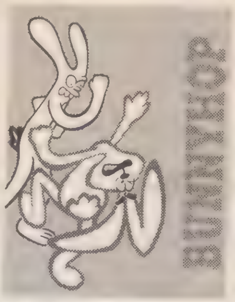
BLUE SUEDE NEWS

THE BEATLES BEAT, c/o Dennis Schultz, P. O. Box 591, Stillwater, MN 55117. Beatles fanzine with clips, news, memories. (FS5)

THE BETTY PAGES ANNUAL, c/o Pure Imagination, 88 Lexington Ave., ZE, NYC, NY 10016. ($20) Slick and terrific perfect-bound book dedicated to Betty herself and a few other queens of the tease. Some nudity. (ADM)

BLUE SUEDE NEWS, c/o Marc, Box 25, Duvall, WA 98109. ($4) The house organ of the Church of Rock 'n' Roll. A reverential look at the greats as they were. Chuck Berry, The Birds, Janis & Jimi – they're all here. (ADM)

BRAIN DAMAGE: The International Pink Floyd Magazine, P.O. Box 109, Westmont, IL 60559. ($4.95) The ultimate Pink Floyd zine for enthusiasts everywhere. The latest news, CDs, videos, books and tour info. For the consummate fan. (ADM)



BUNNYHOP, c/o Noel Tolentino, P. O. Box 421073, San Francisco, CA 94142. ($5) My hero Noel serves up his newest undertaking focused on the most fundamental high school conflict: geeks vs. jocks. Interviews with everyday folks and bands, in a yearbook format, about our collective teen disunity. Interviews and articles include Mister Rogers, Kerri Kenney, Anthony Michael Hall, Snapple's Detention Boy, the Cows, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Pavement, Combustible Edison, Daniel Clowes, Hi-Skool Power Trip, fake IDs, Death Rock, Guide to Geek Guys, Jock Itch, and lots more. Limited-edition silver cover with super fancy embossing makes this book an extra special treat! A+. (JJ)

CAD: A Handbook For Heels, c/o Adam, P. O. Box 3466, Portland, OR 97208. ($14.95) This book is a humorous, well-illustrated guide to how a real man "handles" his ladies. The sexy photos from the '50s alone are well worth the price. Viva la cocktail revolution! (ADM)

CAUGHT IN FLUX, c/o Mike Appelstein, P. O. Box 7088, New York, NY 10116. ($2.50) First songs people remember hearing, how as kids we got turned onto punk rock, with stories and comics. (FS5)

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Chip's
Closet Cleaner

CHIP'S CLOSET CLEANER, c/o Chip Rowe, 175 N. Harbor Dr., #1308, Chicago, IL 60601-7358. ($4) Where can you get a Weekly World News tabloid index, and find out about collecting sand, Avon, and spark plugs? "One man's junk is another man's junk plus his own junk." Besides collectibles it includes movies, music, and television reviews, plus Walter Cronkite's favorite color. (ADM)

CRYPTIC TIMES/ULTRA VIXEN, 1011 N. Boren Ave., #114, Seattle, WA 98104. ($5) Practically synonymous with the word *garage*, this is the zine for garage fans to grab. Always features great crap from '60s madness to present day champions of fuzz. When I say grab, do so with swift speed because its days are numbered and back issues are movin' quick! Last issue had a fab Wailers interview! Editor Alan is getting *Ultra Vixen* off the ground and promises it to be ultra boss too. Give 'em a write! (AR)

CULT MOVIES, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Ste. 152, Hollywood, CA 90028. ($4.95) From Ed Wood to giant gila monsters, this zine covers the celluloid fringe with in-depth reviews and news. An exploitation film buff's dream! (ADM)

CUMBERLAND GENERAL STORE: Old Time General Merchandise, Rte. 3, Crossville, TN 38555. ($3) Reading this is

What ever you do DON'T turn the page. There's a monster at the end of this magazine!

like looking through an old Sears catalog. But antiquity is not their only purpose, for much of the products they sell are made with the same fine craftsmanship that used to be employed when manufacturing. It makes one nostalgic for the good old days when things had style and were made to last. A massive perfect-bound catalog well worth the price. (ADM)

Hey There, Barbie Girl!

DISCOVERIES, Box 255, Port Townsend, WA 98368. ($2.50) Emphasizing the hobby of music collecting. (TFP)

DON'T SAY OH-OH!, c/o Maria Goodman, 3328 Poplar St., Port Huron, MI 48060. (price unknown) All we know is that in one issue she discussed childhood tapes that she made with her brothers and sisters. (JJ)

THE DOORS COLLECTORS MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 1441, Orem, UT 84059. ($5) More than a quarter of a century later, the Doors are still the focus of a thriving and growing sea of fans. Check out this incredible tribute to cultural endurance and connect with the vast community of current Doors fanatics. (ADM)

DUH DUH DIARRHEA, c/o Jeff Townser, 136 S. Bonsall St., Philadelphia, PA 19103. (Letter+stamps) A silly zine about butts and poops. It's fairly well done and not as smelly as one would imagine. (FS5)

THE DUPLEX PLANET, c/o David Greenberger, P. O. Box 1230, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866. ($2) Transcripts of senior citizens telling life stories about the good old days, and some of the bad. (ADM)

DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS, P. O. Box 936, North Hampton, MA 01060. ($3.95) Virtual clearinghouse on Grateful Dead news and views. (ADM)

EAST END LIGHTS: The Quarterly Magazine for Elton John Fans, c/o Tom, Box 760, New Baltimore, MI 48047. ($5) Elton John fans of the world, relax! You now have your very own fanzine loaded with nothing but news and reviews about the Croc Rock man's amazing and still active career. Professionally produced. (ADM)

ELVIS INTERNATIONAL FORUM, c/o Darwin Lamm, P. O. Box 3373, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359. ($3.95) This slick fanzine keeps The King alive in the world's blue suede soul. (ADM)

FEAR OF CHANGE, c/o Mally Salter, 26 Colonial Dr., Peterborough, NH 03458. ($1.50) A series of sophisticated rants critiquing the commodification of youth culture and other serious topics. (FS5)

FLIPSIDE, P. O. Box 60790, Pasedena, CA 91116. ($2.50) Punk's dead? Yeah, right. This essential magazine was around before the word "retro" was even invented. (JJ)

FIRSTS, c/o Katheryn Smiley, P. O. Box 65166, Tuscon, AZ 85781. ($3.95) The monthly guide magazine for book collectors and enthusiasts. (TFP)

FREAKBEAT, P. O. Box 1288, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, England SL9 OAN. ($6.95) A psychedelic magazine intended for the '90s raver. Each issue is packed with interviews and articles on '60s through '90s garage/psychedelic/progressive bands. The alternative to the executive bootlicking, bland, commercial trend-mongering, mainstream music press. (ADM)

Cocoa Freakies

THE FREAKIE MAGNET. A Cereal Funzine, c/o Kevin Meisner, 92B North Bedford St., Arlington, VA 22201. ($4) Dedicated to people in pursuit of collecting cereal boxes and the prizes therein. (FS5)

FROSTBITE FALLS FAR FLUNG FLIER, c/o Gary David, P. O. Box 39, Macedonia, OH 44056. ($10/4 issues) Unofficial newsletter dedicated to Rocky, Bullwinkle, and other Jay Ward productions. Interviews, episode guides, video reviews, and trivia quizzes. (FS5)

FUCK YEAH!, 255 #5 G St., Chula Vista, CA 91910. (50¢) What've you got to lose? An inspired mini-zine on cool bands happening today. If its raunchy, surfy, psychedelic, or just plain lame it's here. Issue #10 promises a great girl band extravaganza featuring The Brood. Trashwomen. Whistlebait and much, much mucho! (AR)

GEARHEAD, P. O. Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142-1219. ($5) Male adolescent car obsession: drag races, tour of tenderloin bars, intro to hot rod record albums, pull-out centerfold rating '60s biker movies. (FS5) A great read on a cool hot-rod bent. The requirements are there: fun, furious, sweaty, and dangerous ditties/reviews/mythological rantings on music, cars, cars, music, cars, music, and more cars! Includes a flexi with every issue, so get one and see what all the fuzz is about! (AR)

GOOD DAY SUNSHINE, c/o Charles F. Rosenay, Liverpool Productions, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511-4013. ($3) Hard-core Beatles fans have been called "cultish," but anyone who loves the Fab Four has to be harmless. This is their bible, and it is well worth the read, even if you're just a tinkerer. Find out where to get the latest bootlegs. (ADM)

THE HARVEYVILLE FUN TIMES, c/o Mark Arnold, 1464 La Playa #105, San Francisco, CA 94122. ($3) A zine for fans of Harvey cartoons. You know, like Casper, Richie Rich, The Jetsons, Tom & Jerry … (FS5)

HEAVY ROTATION, c/o Bob Suren, 3421 SE Micanopy Terr., Stuart, FL 34997. ($1.50) Introducing "Brady Psychology" or the art of understanding yourself by understanding the Brady character you most identify with. (FS5)

HERMENAUT: The Digest of Heady Philosophy for Teens, c/o Joshua Glenn, Shapely Mind Press, 3010 Hennepin Ave. S. #165, Minneapolis, MN 55408. ($3) '70s culture with articles on women in '70s literature, review of Jerry Lewis' *The Day The Clown Cried*, an analysis of Burt Reynold's 1973 record and more. (FS5)

HEY THERE, BARBIE GIRL, c/o Barbara, P. O. Box 819, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC, NY 10009. ($2) Articles all about the 11" fashion doll filled lots of delicacies – from a center "spread" with Barbie looking "down there" to a sad and touching story of Prostitute Barbie and more. (FS5)

Highball
The Definitive Guide

HOLLYWOOD HIGHBALL, c/o Jeff, P. O. Box 85771, Los Angeles, CA 90072. ($3.50) Slick mag about boozin' it up like in the good old days when the cars were bigger and tougher (check out spread on Dodge Darts in premier issue) and the babes were voluptuously more scrumptious. A bounty of straight forward manly-man stuff: cars, dames, and the sauce. I split my sides open laughing to an article entitled, "Corpse Watch 2000: The Joy Of Celebrity Mortality." Also articles on surfing and did I mention the abundance of nude chicks? Yowza. P.S. Produced by *Die Evan Dando Die* creator. (JJ)

HOLLYWOOD HORROR CLASSICS: Lycanthropy Journal, c/o David, 2174 S. 300 East #18, Salt Lake City, UT 84115. ($3.50) If werewolves are your thing, than don't miss out on the only Lycanthropy journal we've seen. This, of course, is only dedicated to the sub-genre of werewolf films, and not the real thing, but we get a kick out of reading the fanatic's approach to this underrated film genre. (ADM)

I (HEART) AMY CARTER, c/o Tammy Rae, *(Note new address)* 241 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211. ($3) Tammy Rae's left Long Beach and ran away as far as she could. Her infamous zine includes tabloid clippings, original and reprinted articles of Jimmy Carter's only daughter, dreams of Neil Diamond, Amy fantasies, more. Silly, sexual… sick? (JJ)

INKY TRAIL NEWS, c/o Jamie Calton, P. O. Box 134, Alvada, OH 44802. ($1) A gentle and fun pen-pal magazine designed primarily for children (but everyone is encouraged to participate). (FS5)

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFESTYLE, 590 Lisbon, San Francisco, CA 94112. ($4) Probably a social studies or communications major, Candi Strecker proceeds to tackle American popular culture in the '70s in a holistic and comprehensive manner. "As we rediscover the meanings and associations once packed into these ordinary words, we will also uncover the decade's themes and dreams, obsessions, and concerns." Intelligent and concise. Altogether an impressive work. There are three meaty (one still in progress) volumes. You name it '70s and it's in here. (BID)

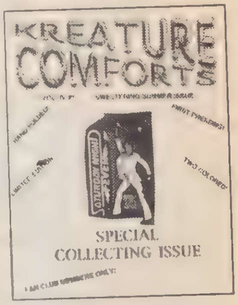
It's A Wonderful Lifestyle
4
$4.88

KENNEDY QUARTERLY, c/o Michael Jameson, 3811 Eaton Dr., Dallas, TX 75220. ($4.80) At last, a paper devoted solely to the Kennedy assassination. Unlike most conspiracy zines, this one provides a level-headed reading of the evidence and surveys over 60 different theories. Also, don't miss the map that is sold separately. (ADM)

KICKS, P. O. Box 646 Cooper Station, NY, NY 10003. ($5) Always a satisfying read, Issue #7 includes a tough Trashmen interview, news from the Crossfires (pre-Turtles) & more. The editors are also Norton Records chieftains and members of the amazing A-Bones. They definitely know their shit. (AR)

KOKOPELLI NOTES, P. O. Box 8186, Ashville, NC 28814. ($4) Trashes cars and seeks to bring in a golden era of bicycling. Includes plans for bikeways and alternative forms of urban renewal. (ADM)

KRAUSE PUBLICATIONS, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990. They do *Goldmine*, *Sports Collectors Digest*, *Comics Buyers Weekly*, and about a billion more magazines. Write them! They're so friendly it's sick. (TFP)



KREATURE COMFORTS, 1916 Madison Ave., Memphis, TN 38104. ($1.52) Oh my god! These people are out of their minds! They have a book and record store along with rooms with floatation tanks and a '70s museum in the bathroom. Next time you're at Elvis', I suggest you stop by. This zine pays homage to these and many other piquant interests. Suits me fine. (JJ)

LEGEND OF THE MIND, c/o Jeff Hopp, 940 W. Isabella, Mesa, AZ 85210. ($2.95) A powerful comic completely devoted to the work of the late Philip K. Dick. Surreal, fantastic, and dynamic artwork. A brilliant foray into the genius mind of this century's greatest SF writer. (ADM)

LOUNGE LOS ANGELES, c/o David Corrick, P. O. Box 39532, Los Angeles, CA 90039. ($1) Covers the trendy lounge scene in L.A., also concerned with the historical qualities of the lounges themselves. (FS5)

LOWRIDER, P. O. Box 648, Walnut, CA 91788-0648. ($3.95) Need we say more? (ADM)

LYSERGIC WORLD, 906 Samuel Dr., Petuluma, CA 94952. ($5) A tabloid-sized periodical devoted to fans and researchers of LSD. Contains historical info, plus the latest research and vignettes of those in the field tripping their way through life. One story documents how Pirate's pitcher Doc Ellis pitched a no-hitter in 1970 on LSD. "Wow, did you see the trails off of that one?" (ADM)

MAKE-OUT SESSION, c/o Julie Wolff, 1043 Blue Ridge Ave., Atlanta, GA 30306. ($2) Comes bound inside the cover of an old children's book with an illustrated article on '80s haircuts and a bonus pattern for making your own string bikini. (FS5)

MARK A. MAYNARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, P. O. Box 675283, Marietta, GA 30067-0013. ($3) Seemingly innocent and gentle at first glance, this zine quickly exposes the true inner workings that make up a tormented human being. It was initially designed by Mark for the purpose of explaining some of the symbols in his paintings, but it ends up telling you everything you ever wanted to know (and then some) about his evolution. Stories about growing up with mental and learning dysfunctions… abundantly personal and lovable. (JJ)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL, P. O. Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. ($2) The quintessential punk rock rag that standardized punk attitudes and protocol for a whole generation. It's still around in the Nineties, so we figure it's here to stay. (ADM)

MOBILIA: The Marketplace for Automobilia, #2 Maple St., Ste. 7, Middlebury, VT 05743. ($3.95) What's a car culture without hobbyists to collect, covet, and catalog the various byproducts of our steel legacy? This is the place for model makers, toy collectors, glue sniffers, and all the other possible uses of car-mania. (ADM)

MULTIBALL, 2525 Arapahoe Ave., Ste. E4-170, Boulder, CO 80302. ($1) Ah! The beauty! This incredibly well-written zine is about pinball and the things a pinball-indulgent person might desire: like interviews with know-it-alls, places to thrift store shop, intelligent articles, 7" reviews (only), comix and fiction. The Bride of Pinbot would undoubtedly approve. (JJ)

MUPPETZINE, c/o Danny Horn, 4708 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143. ($2.50) All the latest news about Jim Henson Productions with how-to puppet making, episode guides, script excerpts, merchandise reports, a visit to the Muppet Workshop, more. (FS5)

MYSTERY DATE, c/o Lynn Perril, P. O. Box 641592, San Francisco, CA 94164. ($1) Mainly about the impact the game *Mystery Date* had on her life. Discusses differences between '65 and '72 versions, and related girls' socialization games. There's also a look at vintage sex education records and reviews of books from the past. (FS5)

NANCY'S MAGAZINE, c/o Nancy Bonnell-Kangas, P. O. Box 02108, Columbus, OH 43202. ($3) The children's issue, like a good episode of *Schoolhouse Rock*, informs as it entertains. (FS5)

NEW WORLD RISING, c/o Fred, 71 Hope St., Box 33, Providence, RI 02906. ($10/4 issues) Deadhead-type newspaper that's full of contacts and resources. (FS5)

NO FUTURE, c/o Justin Gregoritis, 101 Harrisburg Pike, Dillsburg, PA 17019. ($2) This is a fan mag dedicated to the music and inspiration of Sid Vicious. (FS5)

THE OFF CENTER RECORD, c/o Craig Anderson, P. O. Box 20589, Baltimore, MD 21223. ($6) Devoted to exploring unusual recordings that barely get respect or get played on the radio. (FS5)

OFF THE WALL, 1602 D Santa Elliot Ave., Aurora, MO 65606. ($5) An amazing publication devoted to concert posters with a remarkable format that folds out into a poster. With a hand-screened look you must see to believe. (ADM)

OUTLAW BIKER, c/o Ken, 450 7th Ave., NYC, NY 10123. ($4.99) The life, the bikes, the babes, the tattoos. The vanguard of sleaze and freedom. (ADM)

PROPAGANDA, P. O. Box 296, New Hyde Park, NY 11040. ($4.50) The leading exponent of the Gothic and Industrial subcultures in every aspect from music to literature. Famous for its brilliant black & white photography and its vampiric and apocalyptic world view. (ADM)

PROXIMITY: Led Zeppelin Collectors Journal, c/o Hugh Jones, P. O. Box 45541, Seattle, WA 98145. ($3) It was said this band would sink like a "Lead Zeppelin," hence the name of this prolific group. The world's most famous institution of rock now has its own fanzine. The ultimate collector's resource. (ADM)

PSYCHOTRONIC VIDEO, 3309 Rt. 97, Narrowsburg, NY 12764. ($4) The leader of the pack in weird movie zines, with reports and interviews, video release news and guaranteed interesting miscellany on those films we find so necessary in our decaying culture. (ADM)

PUSSYCAT! MAGAZINE, c/o Mark Weddington, 39 Cedar Terrace Rd., Chapel Hill, NC 27516. ($1.50) Pretty kitty thing that includes but is not limited to: interviews with cult authors, model kit builders, stories on Blaxploitation, memorabilia, new/old fashion, past/present countercultures, cult TV from the '60s to the '80s, and anything else they want. (JJ)

RADIO ACTIVE: **Radio Survey Collector**, c/o Dennis Burns, 10248 Lola Court, Concord Twp., OH 44077. (SASE) For collectors of stuff associated with vintage '50s, '60s, and '70s radio, and/or stations from those eras. (FS5)

RHINO RECORDS CATALOG, 10635 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90025. ($2.49) The most comprehensive list of re-issues in the universe. (ADM)

ROCK AND ROLL TATTOOS, 462 Broadway, Ste. 4000, NYC, NY 10013. ($4.99) Best looking rock 'n' roll dudes and their tattoos. This should really appeal to those who like guys with long hair and tight pants. Super glossy for easy wipe-offs. (ADM)

SCARLET STREET: The Magazine of Mystery and Horror, c/o Jill and Jesse, 271 Sarrant Terr., Teaneck, NJ 07666. ($5.95) An excellent publication covering the many elements of mystery and horror. Full scope covering literature new and old, video and movies as well. (ADM)

SCHLOCK! 3481 4th Ave., #192, San Diego, CA 92103. ($1) Includes the skinny on top-notch video entertainment and trash culture. Now a monthly tome, you'll be ahead of the pack in street smarts and seedy theater etiquette. Includes movie reviews, music news, interviews. (AR)

SOCIETY PAGES: **The Magazine of the International Frank Zappa Society**, c/o Rob Samler, P. O. Box 395 Dept. F, Deer Park, NY 11729. ($5) Everything Frank Zappa with lots of pictures, news, quotes, and reviews of recent Zappa-related music. (FS5) Zappa fans are true fanatics, so you can imagine the plethora of obscure info in this zine. (ADM)

SPACEGIRLS, c/o Brooke Simpson, 104 1/2 W. Jackson, Muncie, IN 47305. UFOs paranormal activities, ghost stories, etc. (JJ)

SPEED KILLS c/o Scott Rutherford, P. O. Box 14561, Chicago, IL 60614. ($4) Featuring interviews with drag racers and punk rockers, right alongside each other. Cool 7" with each one. (TFP)

SUSAN ATKINS: A Novella By Kurt Nimmo, c/o PNG Books, 46000 Geddes Road, #86, Canton, MI 48188. ($4.95) An incredibly funny and creative fantasy about Susan Atkins, one of the women involved in the Manson murders. Includes extras about Cybill Shepperd, Patti Hearst, Princess Stephanie. Imaginary TV scripts and letters and all kinds of other fucked up shit. (JJ)

T'MERSHI DUWEEN: Zappa Fanzine, c/o Fred Tomsett, P. O. Box 86, Sheffield, S11 8XN, England. ($25/6 issues) News, interviews, reviews, reader polls, photos about Frank Zappa. (FS5)

TEASE, Box 669902, Marietta, GA 30062 ($6) This one truly glorifies women of the golden pin-up era of the '40s and '50s. Brought to us by the Betty Page folks, this features great artwork and photos making a resurgence of Vargas girls and the like in the sex-starved '90s. Classy. (ADM)

TEENAGE GANG DEBS, P. O. Box 1754, Bethesda, MD 20827. ($ unknown) Published about once a year, this one's hard to find. Brady Bunch and '70s pop culture.

THIRD FORCE: Issues And Action In Communities Of Color, 1218 21st St., Oakland, CA 94606. ($4) Retro left-wing politics. (ADM)

THRASHER, P. O. Box 884570, San Francisco, CA 94188. ($3.25) The oldest and most comprehensive skateboard zine around. Still informative, slick and necessary. (ADM)

THRIFT SCORE: A Zine About Thriftin', c/o Al (girl reporter), P.O. Box 90282, Pittsburgh, PA 15224. ($1) "It's about the glory, the score, the stuff, the method, and the madness!" Amusing zine that is full of tips for those of us obsessed with thrift store looting. If you're like me and can't collect enough crap, get this to find out what the hell you just purchased. Other "thrift army" advice, personal stories, anecdotes, contributors from around the globe. Stuff stuff stuff! I think I'm in love. (JJ)

$1
HOW DID WE GET SO MUCH STUFF?!?
Thrift SCORE

TINY TIM TIMES: **The Official Newsletter of the Tiny Tim Fan Club**, c/o Gregor P. Brune, 1432 Brook, Lawrence, KS 66044. ($1) Lots of info on this unique singer including poems, gossip, stories, and news. (FS5)

UGLY THINGS, 405 West Washington St., #237, San Diego, CA 92103. ($4.99) Issue 13 is the best yet with an exclusive interview with the (English) Birds, news on the ever-suave Downliners Sect, Pretty things, Q65, Spider and the Mustangs, et al. plus the last unpublished Brian Jones photos! (AR)

VIEW CAMERA, 2774 Harkness St., Sacremento, CA 95818. ($5.50) Explores the wonderful world of large format photography. A classy and artistic tribute to this generally neglected field. (ADM)

WAGONS OF STEEL, P. O. Box 1435, Vashon, WA 98070. ($2) Interesting automotive phenomena and automotive horoscopes crowd the pages of this nostalgic jaunt through station wagon heaven. A unique insight into this bizarre cultural obsession. (ADM)

THE WHOLE TRUTH, c/o Rob Delker, P. O. Box 68321, Milwaukee, OR 97268. ($4.50) Definitive *Brady Bunch* zine with an interview with the show's creator, a complete script, a trivia quiz, collector's notes, and a guide to Brady references in the media and more. (FS5)

WONDER, c/o Rod Bennett, 2770 Fairlane Dr., Atlanta, GA 30340. ($4.95) The children's magazine for grown ups. (TFP)

WRAPPED IN PLASTIC, c/o Win-Mill Productions, 1912 E. Timberview Ln., Arlington, TX 76014. ($3.50) *Twin Peaks*: the show is over and you've seen the movie 37 times. Now what to do until weekly TV syndication starts? Read this fanzine! It's well produced and covers the minutia of the legend of David Lynch. (ADM)

WRESTLING THEN & NOW, c/o Evan Ginzburg, P. O. Box 471, Oakland Gardens Station, Flushing, NY 11364. ($1.25) Reprints of promotional flyers, programs, and newspaper articles from the '40s to the '80s. (FS5)

SHE WAS SO BAD...

SEÑORITA SIN

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CLASSIFIEDS

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THE RAYMOND PETTIBONE FILMS starring Mike Watt, Thurston Moore, Kim Gordon, Joe Cole, Dez Cadena, and other superswingers are now in videotape release. Send SASE for illustrated catalog to Provisional, P.O. Box 476750, Chicago, IL 60647. New titles by fall!

THE CACOPHONY SOCIETY IS GOOD. Send $10 to subscribe to their monthly newsletter/calender of events. The Zone, 7019 Melrose Ave.. #166, L.A.,CA 90038 / (213)937-2759.

FOR LOS ANGELES SHOW INFO call 310/CUT-FOOT. Eric Brown and friends are (usually) on top of things and know where you should go to lose it in Los Angeles.

DID YOU MAKE TAPE recordings of yourself when you were 14 or younger? Do you still have them? *Ben Is Dead* is compiling a "Kiddie Comp Cassette" filled with such recordings to come out *soon*. Please send yours in with a photo and a brief story of the recording concept/scenario and a small bio of what you're doing today.

HEY! COOL MUSIC FROM NORTH CAROLINA. Write for a free Huel Records catalog. Squatweiler, Daub, IQ Nine, Soda Can, and others... great eleven band NC comp as well. Write: Huel P.O. Box 21134 Winston-Salem, NC 27120.

RARE PUNK RECORDS, CASSETTES, CDs, shirts, badges and stickers for sale at LOW prices. Everything from Adolescents to Zounds. For our gigantic 16 page catalogue, send two stamps to Dr. Strange Records PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma CA 91701. If we don't have what you want, we'll steal it!

ERRORS #24

Any typos in the "Comics" article were probably our fault and not Michelle Andersen's (especially any sex words – *she* knows how to spell them all.)

In my dreams I turned Glen Meadmore into a bisexual, when it should have been refering to Gacy being bisexual. I love you Glen, I'm sorry. Anyway, girls, please stop calling Glen, he's a pure-bred gay boy, okay.

In "The Beauty of Black Beauty" interview with Mrs. Mike Glass on Mrs. Glass' List of Black Beauties, Pam Grear and her fabulous film *Cofey* were both mis-spelled.

Sea of Reeds. Couldn't get ahold of my dad. He said Sea of Reeds during the interview but I changed it to Red Sea 'cause I wasn't sure. "There is no Red Sea. Goyims call it the Red Sea." So you know, I got a bunch of goyims helping me edit this thing...

I forgot to thank Jen Eric for helping me with research on nursing homes for my "Golden Years" article in the last issue. Thank you.

All collagés used for Rev. Al's articles are produced by the Reverend himself.

I was going to mention it, perfect for the Black issue, but *Bitter Moon* was the best movie out last year (fuck what everyone says) and if you missed it on the big screen it's now out on video. If you have a disturbed sense of sex and humor and love you might relate. One review said "Love Boat meets Last Tango in Paris." I'd say don't watch it with an ex-lover unless you're over it or craving that bitter mood.

Oh, and if you were in mourning please stop – Nick Zedd isn't dead yet.

ADULT VIDEOS FROM AROUND THE WORLD with all the fetishes!! Most tapes $8.00!!! For your 60+ minute XXX sample video and catalogue of $8 movies send $8 plus $2 postage to: Texas Toys, Dept B1, PO Box 338, Slaton TX 79364-0338.

COMIC/ARTISTS please send all contributions to our delayed comic issue. You've got until May 1st. *Ben Is Dead*, P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028. P.S. We're looking for bands who do their own artwork and we're looking for artists who draw kiddie art.

MELVINS VIDEO 1 hour $15. Steel Pole Bath Tub video 1 hour, live in Europe $15. Both have good sound, full color sleeves. Checks to Jeff Smith. Box Dog, P.O. Box 9609 Seattle, WA 98109. Send 32¢ stamp for a catalogue.

I'M PUTTIN TOGETHER A ONE-SHOT ZINE based on the book *Kids America*. It will be a collection of crafts, recipes, scary ghost stories, disgusting kiddy food, games and stuff. Please send in all contributions by May 1st to Liz WIng, 7457 Swan Point Way, Columbia, MD 21045.

FREE ZINE! Stupid Loser computer zine is an electronic zine for IBM compatibles. #4 features databases of over 1,200 zines and 600 record labels, plus zine reviews, music reviews, articles, useful contacts and more. This is a full color zine with pictures and nice layouts. You can get it by sending one blank 3.5 high density disk and $1 postage to: Loozers! 22 Dorchester Ave. Dept 2, Geneva, NY 14456-2315. Labels, stores, distributors get in touch.

COOL GUY SEEKS COOL GIRL penpal. You should be at least one of the following - bright, smart, sassy, cute, erotic, open-minded, or fun. Write today! I'm waiting! Send to F.H., P.O. Box 241, La Canada, CA 91012-0241.

SIBERIA CALLING! 27 year old male, bisexual, into techno (trance, ambient), gay t-dance, visual arts, pagan ethnos, theatre, ethic music, creativity and synergy. Will open a club in Yakutsk and would like to hear from anyone who can support us. Send letters, stories, flyers, tapes powered by your energy, lipsticks and everything that can be mailed. Lillys and self-made models please send photos if possible: Michael c/o Sakha Arts, Ozdjonikidze Str. 40/1, Pokrovsk, Yakutia-sakha, 678010, Russia.

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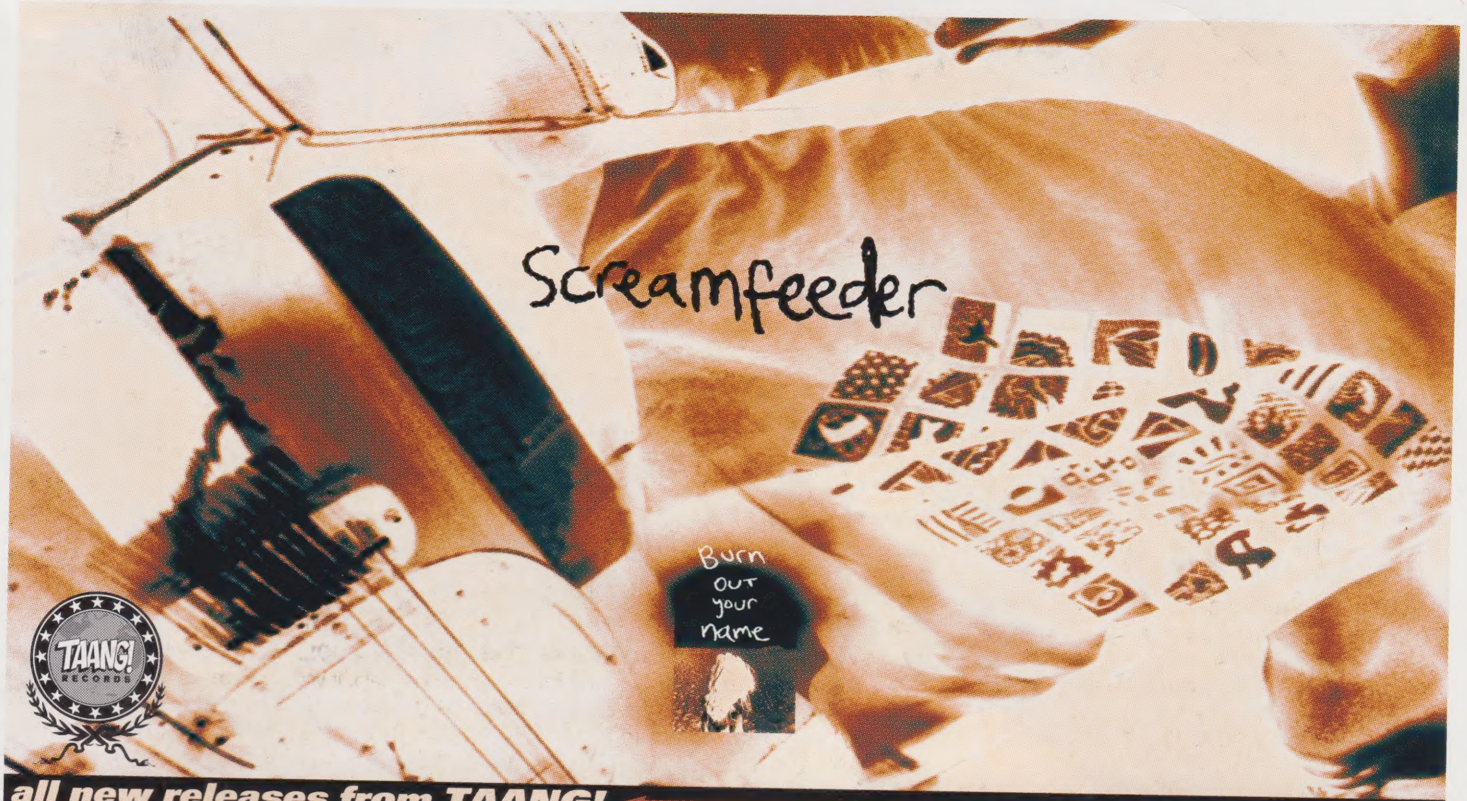
K.I.T. and have a bitchen summer...and don't ever change!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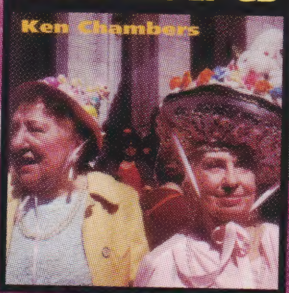
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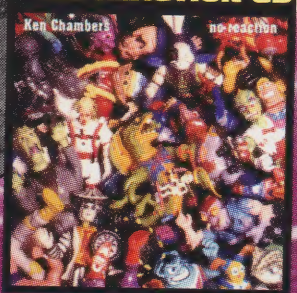
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